July 22, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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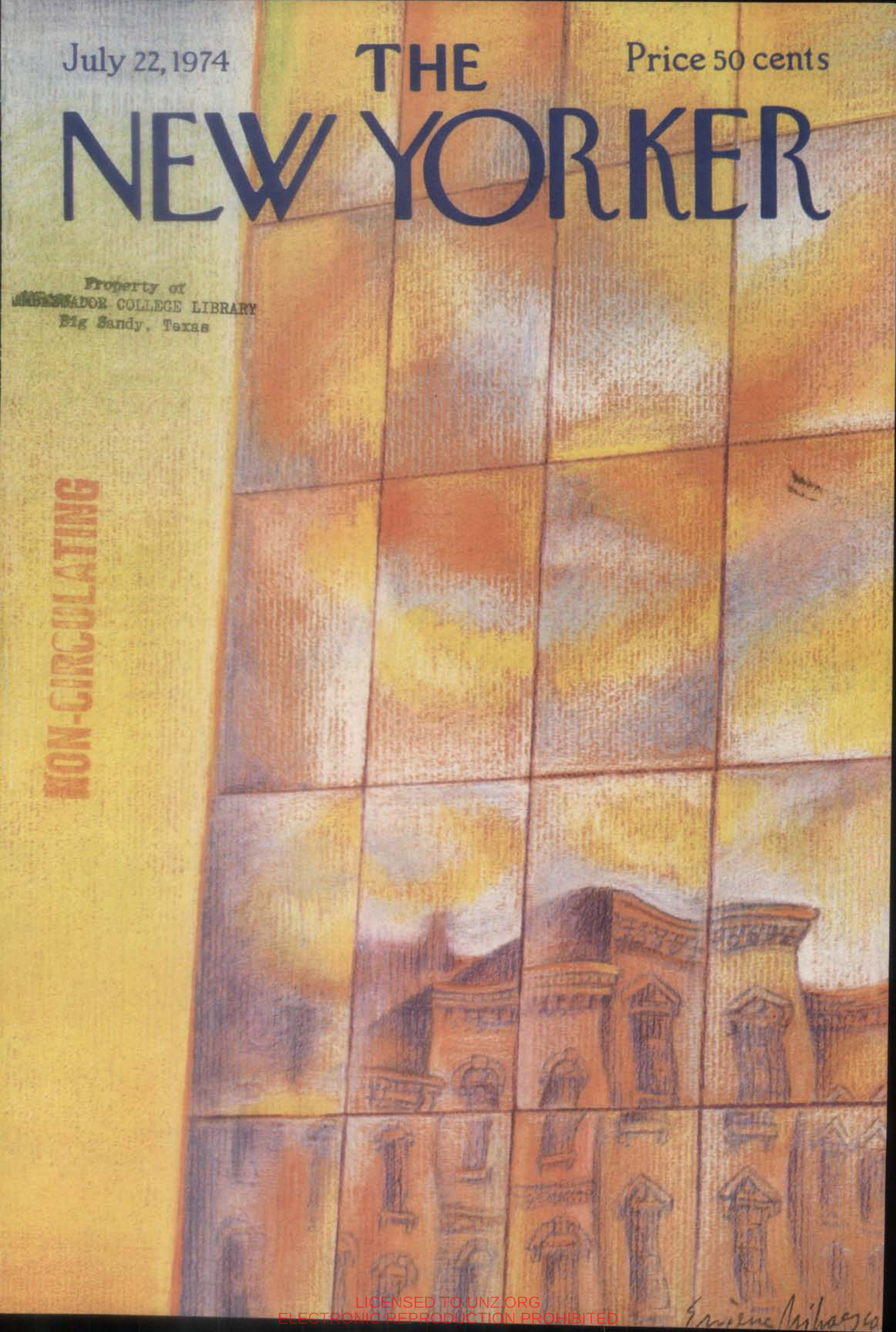
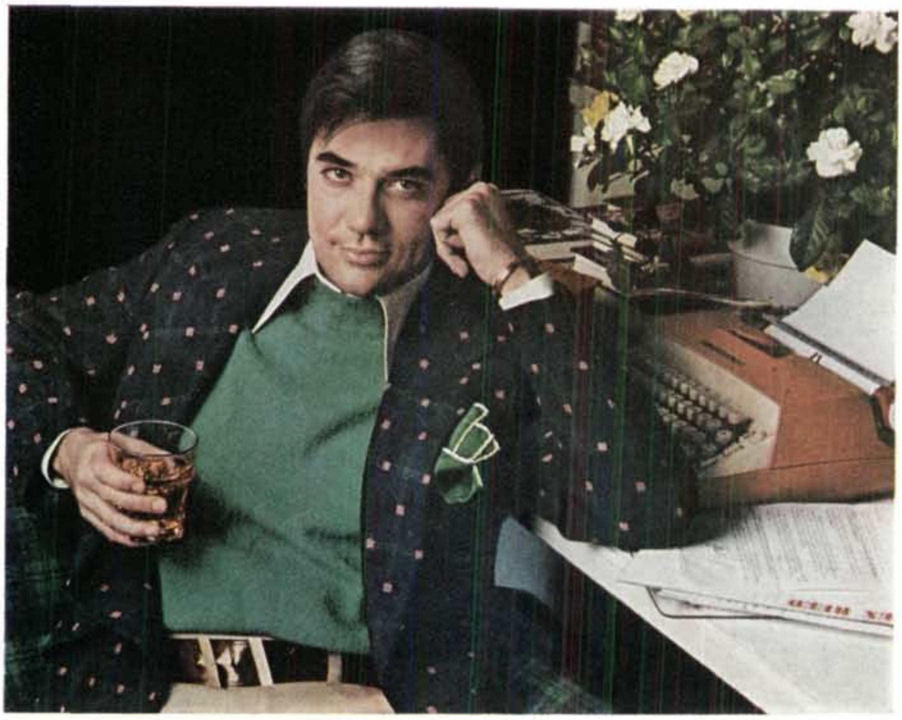


Eugène Mihaesco

Half the fun of writing this critique was becoming totally immersed in the subject matter

BY REX REED



THE ASSIGNMENT was the same as hundreds of others I've had in the past. I was to write a critical evaluation on a given subject.

As always, I would have to first get to know my subject by soaking up as much information as possible about it. I knew this wouldn't be too difficult because this time my subject was Teacher's Scotch.

I've reviewed hundreds of movies and interviewed hundreds of stars in the last few years. Recently, I went through three galaxies of them for my new book, *People Are Crazy Here*.

I usually like to get to know my subject over a few drinks. It helps break the ice. And loosen the tongue.

So, that's what I decided to do. Is there a better way to get to know a scotch than over a few drinks?

I was at an advantage this time. Teacher's wasn't a total stranger.

Our first meeting took place at an opening night party in Beverly Hills. Beverly Hills, by the way, is the only place in the world where the police have an unlisted phone number.

I forget the name of the movie that opened that night. A lot of people must have. Because that night we also celebrated its closing.

I do remember someone coming up to me, giving me a scotch and leaving.

There I was, drinking alone. Critics do that a lot you know.

I wondered what kind of budget the movie had if they were serving scotch instead of champagne.

I consoled myself with the fact that the scotch they were serving was Teacher's Scotch. That showed very good taste in my opinion. As a matter of fact, it was the only thing I saw all night that did.

Most opening night parties are a bore. I go because people say things at parties that you don't normally see in the papers. And if you do see them in the papers, it's because I go to the parties.

I spent most of the night observing people. You can tell a lot from the way a person holds a scotch glass.

Most people at Hollywood parties use the classic four finger hold and nurse their scotch. I think this is fitting. I've always considered Hollywood an artificial nursery.

Anyway, back to the subject at hand. What I think of Teacher' Scotch.

When the Teacher's people gav me the assignment of writing this critique, they also gave me a bottle o their scotch for research.

We were to have our own littl opening night party.

Once again, I was drinking alone. I poured the first drink. I liked it.

I then proceeded to drink it straight, on the rocks, I even tried it with a twist. I tried it with water, soda. I even tried one in an oversized wine glass . . . veddy British.

I don't generally like the idea of awards but if they ever give one for best performance as a scotch, Teacher's should get it. It also produces great technical effects. And even Technicolor couldn't improve on the way it looks.

I've always said, I write what I see, sense, smell and taste. And that's exactly what I did here.

You might say that while writing this critique, there wasn't a moment when I wasn't completely absorbed in my work.

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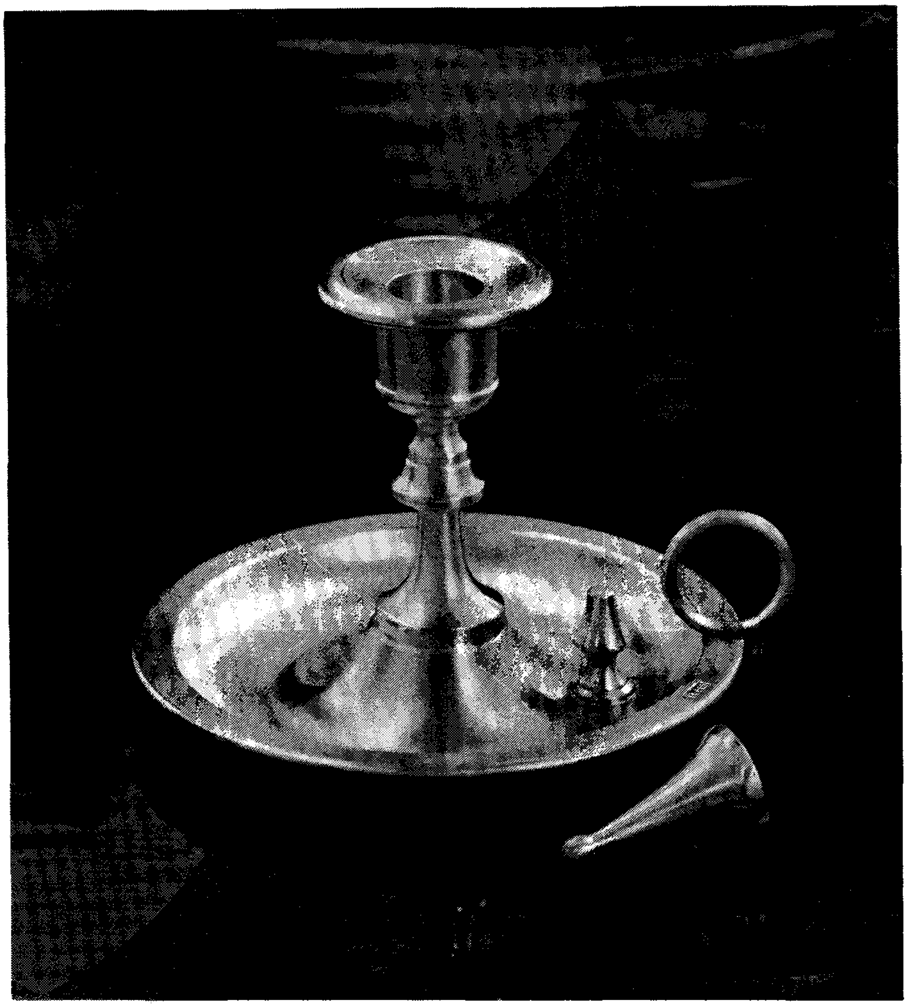

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Doris Belack and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Candide—A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat, but the effort is worth it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lorelei—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Closed for seven weeks; scheduled to reopen at the Morosco Theatre, 215 W. 45th St., on Tuesday, Sept. 3.

My Fat Friend—Lynn Redgrave and George Rose are as clever as can be in a frail English comedy by Charles Laurence. Directed by Robert Moore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Sister, My Sister—Blending fantasy and realism (and considerable sympathy and humor), Ray Aranha tells the story of a black girl ensnared by circumstances, many of them beyond her control. The performances are excellent. Seret Scott plays the heroine, Barbara Montgomery plays her mother, and Frank Adu plays both her father and her lover. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Over Here!—A musical that claims to tell us what it was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Prodigal Sister—A musical with a book by J. E. Franklin, music by Micki Grant, and lyrics by them both. Directed by Shauneille Perry. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 28. Free.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by members of the Young Vic company, on loan to us from London. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sea Horse—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Edward J. Moore (who wrote the play) and Conchata Ferrell are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Short Eyes—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, July 21.)

The Sirens—A tale of three women, all black, and of their men, past and present. The setting is Newark. The play, by Richard Wesley, is absorbing and ever credible, and it is well done, under William Lathan's direction. Veronica Redd gives a fine performance as a cynical whore whose husband returns after having deserted her ten years before, and Roscoe Orman is very good as the husband.

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(Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Thieves—A comedy about life in a high-rise apartment house. The author is Herb Gardner and the chief reason for seeing the show is Marlo Thomas. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. Elizabeth Sturges is especially good as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Tuesdays at 7:30 and 9:45, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Words and Music—The eminent lyric-writer Sammy Cahn literally strutting his stuff. He is assisted by some pleasant young singers and a good piano player. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

The World of Lenny Bruce—Frank Speiser in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,921 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **IRENE:** A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, William Daniels, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, July 17: "Tales of Hoffmann."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 18: "The River," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Le Baiser de la Fée" (company première).... ¶ Friday evening, July 19: "The River," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Le Baiser de la Fée."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 20, and Monday evening, July 22: "Coppélia."... ¶ Tuesday evening, July 23: "Petrouchka," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Le Baiser de la Fée." ... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 24: "The River," "Apollo," and "Le Baiser de la Fée."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 25: "La Bayadère," "Billy the Kid," "Diana and Acteon," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Friday evening, July 26, and Saturday matinée, July 27: "Petrouchka," "La Bayadère," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty." ... ¶ Saturday evening, July 27: "Giselle," with Mikhail Barishnikov, formerly of the Kirov Ballet. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 10.)

National Ballet of Canada—With Rudolf Nureyev, in a three-week engagement that starts Tuesday, July 23, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 10. "The Sleeping Beauty" will be performed through Sunday, July 28. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—Final performances of a five-week engagement by a hundred and twenty dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 20.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Singing together, after nine-thirty. Beginning Monday, July 22.

Blossom Dearie—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Singing at the piano, between five-thirty and seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three.

Lee Konitz—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, leading a trio. Wednesday and Thursday, July 17-18, from nine-thirty to three... ¶ Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St (371-2220). Sunday, July 21, from five-thirt to seven-thirty and from nine-thirty t twelve-thirty.

Charles Lloyd—Village Vanguard, 178 Sevent Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds, leading a quartet, at ten, through Sunday, July 21

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading septet, through Saturday, July 20.

Zoot Sims—*Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586* 5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet. From nine-thirty, through Saturday, July 20.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Joe Williams—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Blues singer with the Roland Hanna trio, beginning Monday, July 22.

Teddy Wilson—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St (PL 8-2272). Piano with bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., from nine to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

•

(A few places where the notable performers and others, are performing.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm into this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collard greens, and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who appear here from time to time. Ray Bryant, a versatile mainstream pianist, heads up a trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Monday, July 22, Keno Duke's Contemporaries, a quintet comprising Duke on drums, tenor saxophonist George Coleman, alto saxophonist Frank Strozier, pianist Harold Mabern, and Lisle Atkinson on bass, performs for the avid jazz audience here. Music from nine to three.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club in New York brings to mind an image of hordes of bodies glued together in an indoor Woodstockian setting. But at the new Bottom Line the seating is ample, the décor is simple but pleasant, and the commitments to the sound system and lighting are admirable. Cold Blood, a respectable jazz-and-rock-and-soul big band, warms up on Wednesday, July 17. On Thursday and Friday, July 18-19, the Colorado-based Nitty Gritty Dirt Band pumps out eloquently rocking bluegrass, blues, and country. Singer Richard Torrance will open the show on Friday, July 19. On Wednesday, July 24, Jobriath, the latest surrealistic-glitter entry in the endless rock-and-roll-superstar sweepstakes, will bring in his band for two performances. Shows begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Bobby Dorough on piano, and bassist Bill Takas provide the music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine to one, are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard—composer, New England Conservatory professor, and multifaceted jazzman—along with the bass of Major Holley. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Whiz-bang drummer Buddy Rich's club is one of the most agreeable spots in town: a warm, red-carpeted square room with a helpful, amiable staff. There is, in addition, no problem with committed conversationalists or hecklers, thanks to the outspokenness of Rich, who makes short work of restoring order. His septet is exciting and talented: saxophonists Sonny Fortune and

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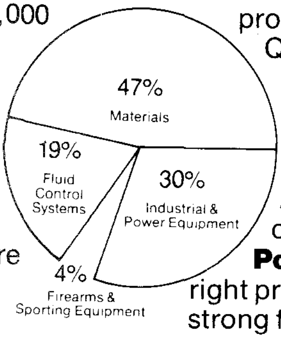

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Sal Nistico, John Bunch on piano, guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Anthony Jackson, and, on the congas, Jimmy Maeulin. Rich and the septet take a vacation after Saturday, July 20, leaving the bandstand in capable hands. Urbane bluesman Joe Williams and a stalwart backup trio—pianist Roland Hanna, bassist Richard Davis, and Freddie Waits on drums—take over starting Monday, July 22. Two shows weeknights; three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—West Coast pianist Calvin Jackson, who spends most of his time leading his thirty-one-piece symphonic jazz orchestra in California, is here by himself to collaborate with bassist Rusty Gilder Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays, Chuck Folds takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A spacious night spot quartered on the ground floor of one of those large, sturdy apartment fortresses that proliferated on the upper West Side forty and fifty years ago. Impressionist and comedienne Daphne Davis holds forth through Saturday, July 20. Marta Heflin—a loose, casual performer whose credits include parts in "Jesus Christ Superstar" and "Hair"—sings on Sunday, July 21. Her material ranges from pop to lightweight rock (of the calibre of the above-mentioned productions) to compositions by her husband, Peter Link, and is supported by a backup trio that includes Link on guitar and harmonica. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Nightly shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny bar is a warm, unruffled refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood. Through the bamboo shades that cover the picture-window walls, one can watch the nighttime traffic surge up First Avenue. Or one can listen as a lively swing trio leaps into what amounts to a tribute to the late Duke Ellington. The senior member of the threesome, drummer Sonny Greer, worked with Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-two-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, generating much of the excitement. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, July 21, lyrical alto saxophonist Lee Konitz works with his trio from five-thirty to seven-thirty and from nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Norma Shepherd, backed by bassist Johnny Williams, sings at the piano on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. The usual double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables and the banquette-lined wall. Driving tenorman Zoot Sims is here with his quartet through Saturday, July 20. Pianist Lee Shaw's trio trades sets with Sims and remains to alternate with the long-established but still youthful-looking singing duo Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, who arrive Monday, July 22. At a time when many young performers—Bette Midler, Barry Manilow, and the Pointer Sisters, to name a few—have taken to imitating the trailblazing vocal somersaults associated with King Pleasure and Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, it's gratifying to listen to Jackie and Roy, who have been doing stylish jazz vocals for over twenty-five years. Music from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays, and on Sundays, Jane Ballentine, an English jazz singer, performs with Hayward. Music from nine-thirty to three.

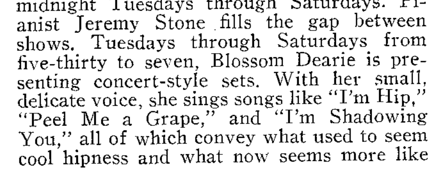
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, other musicians stop in.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—That these cramped, humid, second-story quarters could be considered a night club must stand as a tribute to the imagination of the owner and to the talents of the folk, blues, and rock celebrities who squeeze through the crowd onto the stage night after night. Al Kooper, a rocking-and-rolling, wheeling-and-dealing musician-personality of the sixties, ends his latest visit to the city on Monday, July 22. On Wednesday, July 24, two third-generation bluesmen begin swapping sets: Luther Allison, whose recent recordings evince the kiss of soul and Motown, leads his combo; and Larry Johnson, who was born in Georgia and who studied the blues in New York both on the street and with the legendary blues singer and guitarist, the late Reverend Gary Davis, performs a more traditional variety of twelve-bar blues. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—This harmlessly Anglophile restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round Antonioni-red phone box, is, more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. Jazz pianist Teddy Wilson, who did wonders for Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday nearly forty years ago, does quite well for himself, too. He's here with bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., from nine to one. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Junior Mance, master of the bluesy piano, leads a trio Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from ten until three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A speakeasy during the twenties, this lively West Village cabaret is now a pleasant mishmash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans. The front dining room, a considerable distance from the stage, is decorated with red-checked tablecloths and is provided with speakers and a closed-circuit-television monitor, which pipes in the show that is progressing in the Paradise Room, a roofed-over, brick-walled garden, with mammoth potted palms, a campy neon sign, and a black-and-white-tiled stage. The adjacent bar, comfortably fitted out with red-leather banquettes and armchairs, offers a view of the stage for patrons paying only a short visit. Singer John C. Attle bubbles over with fun and energy and overgestures, arms flailing—he might be considered the cutesy Mick Jagger of the cabaret circuit. Opposite John C. is a fine gospel-inspired group guided by singer Denise Rogers. Through Saturday, July 20. On Tuesday, July 23, another singer, Lynn Kellogg, begins doing as much to advance the cause of folk and pop as "Hair" (in which she appeared on Broadway) did for rock. Coming in with her, Michael Federal, who used to be backup guitarist for Bette Midler, sings appealing, deep-rooted, if somewhat urbanized, country songs. Shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Jeremy Stone fills the gap between shows. Tuesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, Blossom Dearie is presenting concert-style sets. With her small, delicate voice, she sings songs like "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," and "I'm Shadowing You," all of which convey what used to seem cool hipness and what now seems more like innocence. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.



Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli plays chord-dominated solos opposite singer and pianist Diane Leslie (who leaves after Saturday, July 20) from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper-West Side outpost devoted to live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm and blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Other points of interest include recessed yellow ceiling lights and a flamboyant bartender. Lee Konitz and his trio play Wednesday and Thursday, July 17-18, followed by pianist Jimmy Sidey and his tripartite organization on Friday and Saturday, July 19-20. Sundays are claimed by the smooth guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music from nine-thirty until three Wednesdays through Saturdays, and from nine until two on Sundays. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on some of the best jazz around. Reedman and, lately, jazz-rock vocalist Charles Lloyd, either a charlatan or a genius, feeds the controversy through Sunday, July 21, when he performs with his quartet. On Tuesday, July 23, the Joe Farrell-Joe Beck quartet, co-piloted by a vigorous, intense saxophonist and a cool, inventive, wah-wah-peddling guitarist, respectively, descends the stairs. The entertainment begins at ten. Closed Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially of Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Dinner.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. The patrons here—still for the most part students—form an interested and enthusiastic audience for saxophonist and clarinettist Russell Procope, trumpeter Franc Williams, drummer Sam Woodyard, and pianist Dill Jones, on Monday and Tuesday nights. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, an outfit led by clarinettist Art Miller, works Wednesdays. Sammy Price, the boogie-woogie piano-playing pride of Honey Grove, Texas (where he was born in 1908), takes over on Thursday and Friday, July 18-19, with a trio. In the forties, Price made solo appearances at Café Society and led the "Texas Blusicians," a recording aggregation that included Lester Young, and in the fifties he backed the great blues singer Jimmy Rushing. Saturdays and Sundays, a quartet headed by ex-Basie tenorman Paul Quinichette and ex-Illinois Jacquet trumpeter Ed Lewis takes over. All this and food at student prices, starting at nine.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the newly refurbished **PLAZA RESTAURANT,** from six to ten, Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** pianists Joan St. James and Ruth Andrews play Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to midnight. Saturdays from five to midnight and Sundays from four to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The Ahmad Jamal quartet will be onstage at dinner and supper through Saturday, July 20. Monday, July 22, brings on singer Helen Forrest. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords harp music by Eleanor Fell, from seven to eleven, every night but Monday.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra (led by

Lee Castle and featuring vocalist Bob Eberly) provides listening music for dinner and supper, and dance music the rest of the evening, spelled by Anthony Terini's trio. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 o between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Georges Lacombe (1868-1916)—Mostly black-and-colored-crayon drawings of figures and landscapes, by a member of the Nabi group. Through July 31. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Monday mornings; open Saturdays.)

. Addison Richards (1820-1900)—Small, idyllic landscape drawings from the eighteen-fifties, based on the artist's peregrinations in the East and Southeast of this country. A number became illustrations for *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, for which he also wrote. Through Friday, July 26. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pennerton West (1913-65)—Paintings spanning the artist's career. Through Aug. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by gallery and guest artists. Through Aug. 1. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 to 5.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: More than two hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the Museo del Oro, in Bogotá, Colombia, including pieces from seven archeological regions. Through July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent acquisitions—Ernst, Magritte, Masson, Miró, and Tanguy. Through Friday, July 26. . . . **ESMAN**, 24 E. 80th St.: Drawings, collages, and paintings by thirteen artists emphasizing various approaches to paper (folding, cutting, spraying, punching, or whatever). Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Small paintings, drawings, and watercolors by Thomas Hart Benton, Thomas Cole, Max Weber, and others. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Drawings by Wyndham Lewis, Jules Pascin, and other European and American artists. Through July 31. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: American folk art. American contemporary artists, and European and American paintings from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 30. . . . **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.: More than a hundred and fifty paintings by Rockwell Kent, Walter Stuempfig, Kaffe Fassett, and others. Through Aug. 31. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Sports and Games," an exhibition of cartoons, watercolors, and drawings by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Wednesday, July 24. (Closed mornings.) . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings by German Expressionists, including Feininger, Klee, Beckmann, Grosz, and Nolde. Through Sept. 14. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Twentieth-century graphics, drawings, and watercolors by Gaston Lachaise, Sally Spofford, Robert Mueller, and others. Through Aug. 2.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Lyman Kipp / Tadaaki Kuwayama—Two large sculptures of bolted aluminum sheets, one painted fire-engine red and the other royal blue. / Three large, geometrically shaped canvases of gray and beige metallic paint, divided by metal strips into rigid geometric areas. Through Friday, July 19. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of recent work in ceramics by leading members of what used to be called the Funk Art movement when it emerged in California in the late sixties. The name hasn't stuck, but ceramicists of this school remain firmly committed to the lunatic humor that characterized their early work. "Dangerous Brain Experiment," by Clayton Bailey, is a lump of something pink and unappetizing, with tubes and wires and a hypodermic needle sticking out of it, sitting in a big dish of water that every twenty seconds or so begins to bubble furiously. David Gilhooley's preoccupation with frogs is undiminished, and he is represented by, among other works, "Erotic Frog Cups," which are cups filled with frogs making love. Robert Arneson's preoccupation with toilets and sex organs has faded, and he has lately taken to doing busts of himself; the one on view here, called "Audio Visual," shows him holding a telephone in one hand and pressing a telescope to his eye with the other. A drawing by Arneson of himself—bearded, wearing sunglasses, and with a cigar in his mouth—in the pose of Vitruvian Man, makes up for the bust. Other works are Richard Notkin's "Stopping the Godless Aggressors," and an assemblage by Peter Vandenberg involving some large ceramic carrots watching TV in a box filled with real soil in which some real leguminous seedlings are wanly growing. Also on view are paintings by gallery artists Philip Pearlstein, Jack Beal, Willard Midgette, and William T. Wiley. Through July 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Tapestries, drawings, paintings, sculptures, and banners by Victor Vasarely, Maria Laskiewicz, José Grau-Garriga, and others. Through Sept. 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: "Western American Art," a show of paintings, bronzes, and drawings by Remington, Bierstadt, Moran, and others. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Still-lifes by Kuhn, Hartley, Demuth, and others. Through Aug. 30. . . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American painters, including Bierstadt, Sully, and Hart. Through Sept. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Nathan Hale, and other gallery artists. Through Aug. 30.

Sculpture—Contemporary examples in a wide range of mediums. Through Friday, July 26. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

William Finneran / Brian Kazlov / Avital Oz—Conceptual sculptures. / Paintings. / Sculptures. Through Friday, July 26. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed mornings.)

Alan Peters / Rob Wynn / Arthur Krim—A three-man show of collages made from postcards. Through Friday, July 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed mornings.)

Group Show—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by gallery artists. Through Friday, July 26. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Edward Gorey—Twenty-five drawings used as illustrations for Howard Moss's "Instant Lives." Through July 31. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Saturdays.)

José Guadalupe Posada (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Aug. 31. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Stewart Waltzer—Sprayed and poured acrylic on canvas. Through Aug. 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Four contemporary African artists, from Mozambique, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Sudan. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.: Gallery artists, including Hirschfeld, Gikow, and Will Barnet. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Works on and of paper by four New York City artists. Through Thursday, July 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 7.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Paul Strand—A group of twenty gravures of photographs published a few years ago by the Da Capo press under the name of "The Mexican Portfolio," in an edition of a thousand copies, has been put on view here, and conveys a sense of the greatness of this photographer which the hundreds of photographs at the Metropolitan Museum's retrospective last year never managed to. The prints at the museum show were (with a few exceptions) big, cold-tone, and newly made, and they imparted a quality of slickness and remoteness to the photographs that—as these gravures, based on Strand's original small sepia-tone prints, confirm—wasn't inherent in them. The gravures have a delicacy and richness of tone and a kind of tentativeness of edge that oddly heighten the realism of the pictures. These,

Fine and mellow: it's Bonwit's length of lush fleece robing!
Great length to go to to feel warm, cozy and pretty...our soft, long fleece kimono by Royal Robes. In triacetate and nylon fleece with matching satin piping, it's pretty poolside or after a shower in sea-foam green, peony pink or pale peach. For P, S, M or L sizes, 26.00 Robes Add 1.35 outside regular delivery area. Bonwit Teller Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York and all stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

taken in the thirties, are of Mexican peasants and religious statuary, and they poignantly express the tragic stasis of the peasants' lives and the high emotionalism of the folk-baroque saints and virgins. Through Aug. 4. (SoHo Photo, 30 W. 13th St. Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

ANSEL ADAMS—A retrospective of the seventy-two-year-old master photographer known for his landscapes of the Western wilderness. Through July 31. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and *Thursday evenings until 8.*)

EDWARD S. CURTIS (1868-1952) / **A. J. RUSSELL** (1831-96)—Gravures of Sioux Indians./ Photographs from 1868 and 1869. Through July 28. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

LOTTE JACOBI—Photographic abstractions by a seventy-eight-year-old German-born photographer known for her portraits. Through July 31. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD STEICHEN (1879-1973)—Fifty photographs, featuring early Photo-Secession works and aerial views of First World War battlefields. Through Friday, July 26. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **LIGHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show of excellent and innovative work by four young photographers—John McWilliam, Chris Enos, Robbert Flick, and Steve Salmieri. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Fifty photographs of public institutions (hospitals, fire and police departments, schools, and the like) taken between 1890 and 1906, and drawn from the Harvard Social Ethics Collection, where they are used as documents for sociology students. Through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A large show of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "The Art of the Portrait Photograph": nearly two hundred examples in an exhibition that spans the entire history of photography. Through Friday, July 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Works by Albert Boyance, John Hershey, Vincent Pucciarelli, and Michael Rhodes. Through Aug. 4. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

The all-summer exhibitions at the Guggenheim, the Whitney, and the Museum of Modern Art of works that normally reside in the lumber rooms of their respective owner-institutions are almost reason enough to abjure Southampton for Beameville. The rarely (if ever) seen Hoppers, Scheelers, Sloans, Lachaises, Oldenburgs, Frankenthalers, etc., at the Whitney; the Klees, Picassos, Mondrians, Kandinskys, Légers, etc., at the Guggenheim; and the French drawings at the Modern Museum are a gratifying reminder of the enormousness of our museums' holdings. But they also, less happily, bring up the space-and-money problems that beset major American museums, and oblige them to reduce the impact of their permanent collections to that of the sound in the Arctic.

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—After the Alma-Tadema exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum last year, one felt that the ultimate in wicked pleasure had been extended to the public, but in the show here of nineteenth-century paintings from the Museo de Arte de Ponce of Puerto Rico, there is a painting by Gustave Doré—"Day-Dream," showing a pensive young monk posing at the organ in a dark cathedral, as a hooded procession carrying tapers scurries down the nave and the livid ghost of a pretty girl hovers over his toupee—that produces just as great a sensation of awful joy. The Museo de Arte opened only eight years ago in a building designed by Edward Durell Stone, and its collection, hurriedly assembled in ten years' time, as Wayne Anderson points out in the catalogue, "is especially rich in superb works by lesser-known masters, and by artists whose styles, having waned in popularity, are now emerging with renewed importance." William Holman Hunt, William Adolphe Bouguereau, Jaroslav Czermak, William Etty, Jean Léon Gérome, Anne Louis Girodet-Trioson, Eugène Isabey, John Everett Millais, and James Joseph Jacques Tissot are other of the "lesser-known" (and, could it be, lesser-priced?) masters in the show, which represents the majority of the museum's nineteenth-century holdings. Through Aug. 18. ... ¶ An exhibition of memorabilia commemorating the hundred-and-first anniversary of the birth of the German director Max Reinhardt (1873-1943). Through Aug. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

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MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—The exhibition here of craft objects from six private collections is a tribute to the collectors' discernment, and a corrective to the dismal view of the American craft movement that emerges from craft fairs. This is the best that has been done over the last three decades, and a great deal of it is very good. One of the collections (rugs, jewelry, ceramics, and sculptures by contemporary American Indians) doesn't properly belong with the five other collections—work by non-folk artists, most of them associated with universities. It is also (dauntingly or naturally enough) the best collection in the exhibition. Through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred paintings by Venetian artists of the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ Twelve examples of the *American art of quiltmaking* of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ "The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects *illustrating the legends of fifty saints.* Through Sept. 3.... ¶ Sketches, models, and enlarged photographs of twenty-two public sculptures (by Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, and others), erected in New York City during the nineteenth century. Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of almost two hundred works surveying seven decades of drawing in France, beginning in the eighteen-eighties with Seurat and Redon and concluding with the death of Matisse in 1954. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ "Printed, Cut, Folded, and Torn," a show of works on and of paper by Lucio Fontana, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Aug. 11. ... ¶ Recently acquired drawings by contemporary European and American artists. Through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Mondrian, Brancusi, Léger, Delaunay, Chagall, and Marc, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings and sculptures by American artists, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Fifty-four paintings, prints, and drawings by Edward Hopper (1882-1967), from the more than two thousand works bequeathed to the museum by the artist and his wife. Through Aug. 19. (Mon*days through Fridays, 11 to 3.*)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29.... ¶ Puerto Rican stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs of African children and of children of African descent in the Caribbean, South America, and the United States. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Fifty medieval manuscripts acquired by Pierpont Morgan from 1899 until 1913 (the year of his death) as well as medieval art objects with which he adorned the west room of the library. Foremost of the latter is the Stavelot Triptych, a reliquary containing six Mosan enamels of the twelfth century. Through July 31.... ¶ Forty Rembrandt etchings. The exhibit is noteworthy in that it includes not only a number of celebrated prints but, in several instances, different states and differently inked impressions of the same subject. Through July 31.... ¶ Musical manuscripts from the collection of Robert O. Lehman. Through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

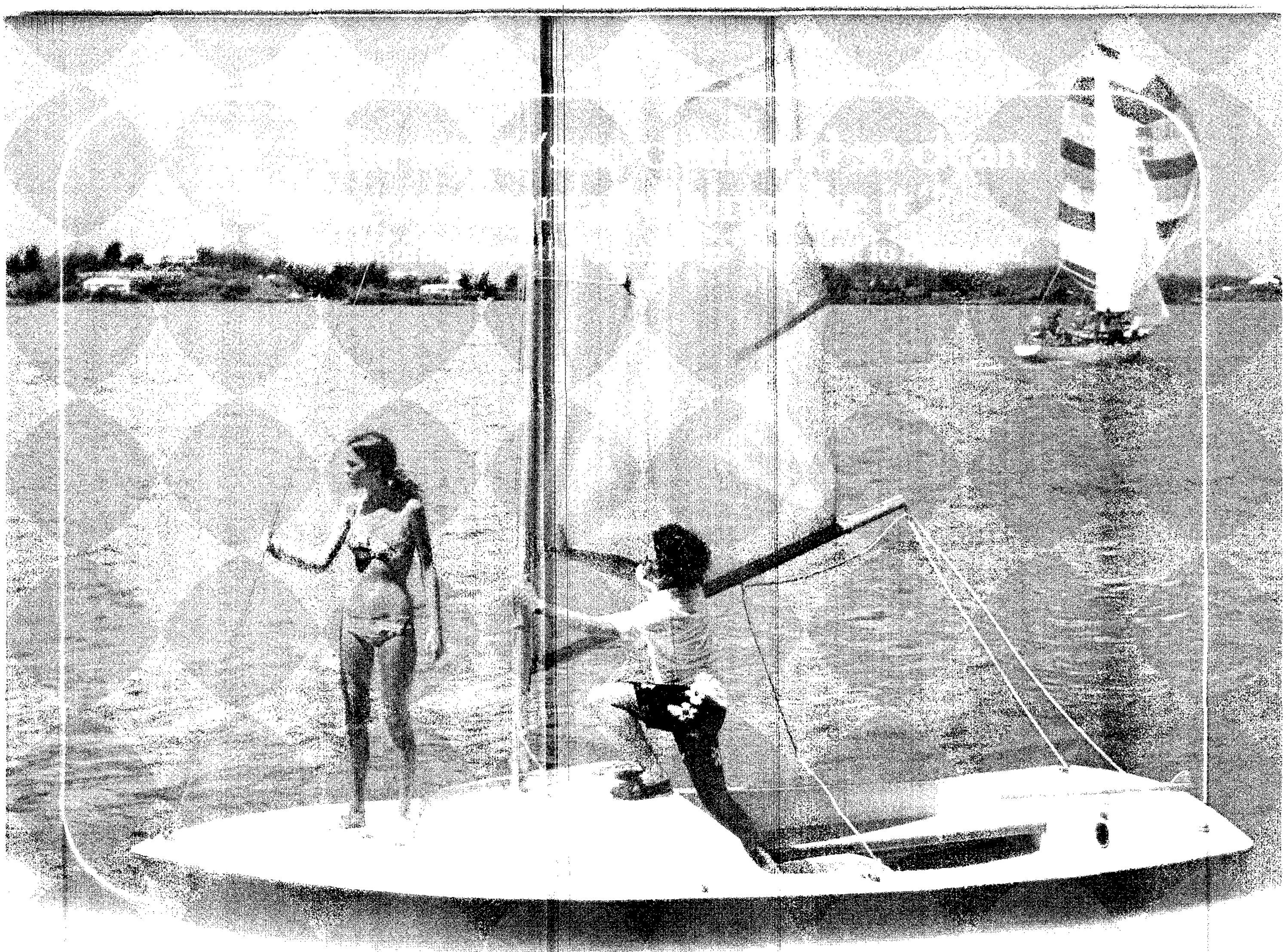
MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1920, for instance). Through Sept. 29.... ¶ "Toys From the Attic," a selection, never previously shown, from the museum's collection. Among the array of dolls, games, puppets, and doll houses are some fabric dolls by Dorothy Heiser, which are remarkable portraits of contemporary British royal personages. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An extensive exhibition devoted to Washington Irving. Among several hundred items on display are the only known portion of the manuscript of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow;" unpublished sketches for Irving's works by F. O. C. Darley, the mid-nineteenth-century book illustrator; and rare editions of *Salmagundi* and "The Sketch Book." Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—An exhibition of scenic and costume designs by Alexandra Exter (1882-1949). Through Aug. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Opening performances of a five-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 24—Monday, July 22, and Wednesday, July 24: David Zinman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano.... ¶ Tuesday, July 23: An all-Mozart program played by Alexander Schneider, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Claude Frank, piano. ... ¶ Thursday, July 25: The New York Chamber Soloists, with Jean Hakes, soprano;



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Charles Bressler, tenor; and Raymond Murcell, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 26-27: Anthony Newman conducting the orchestra and acting as harpsichord soloist, with Paula Robison, flute; Ani Kavafian, violin; and Susanne Shapiro and Edward Brewer, also harpsichord. An hour before the concert on Friday, Mr. Newman will give a half-hour all-Bach organ recital. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

ICREDIBLE STRING BAND—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Thursday, July 18, at 8.

IL SCOTT-HERON, CHARLES EARLAND, AND NORMAN CONNORS—With Dee Dee Bridgewater and Pat Martino. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, July 19, at 8.)

AVID BOWIE—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, at 9.

LL WITHERS—With Novella Nelson. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, July 20, at 8:30.)

RGIL FOX—"Heavy Organ." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1730. Thursday, July 25, at 8:30.)

ACKSON FIVE—With the Ohio Players and M.D.L.T. Willis. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, July 27, at 8.)

OHN COLTRANE EXHIBIT—Photographs, poetry, original art work, memorabilia, and a tape of the music of the tenor and soprano saxophonist, who died in 1967. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 7. Optional contribution for admission.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 19, at 7: A piano recital of nineteenth-century romantic music by Raymond Lewenthal. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 9: Eugen Jochum conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Brahms program, with Hans Richter-Haaser, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: Eugen Jochum conducting a Schubert-Bruckner program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 2:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting and acting as piano soloist in a varied program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26: The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Serge Koussevitzky. At 6, Gunther Schuller will direct the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. At 7, Leonard Bernstein will conduct the World Youth Orchestra, with Vera Zorina narrating Schoenberg's "A Survivor from Warsaw." At 9:30, Aaron Copland will conduct the Boston Symphony in his own "Quiet City," to be followed by Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Marita Napier, soprano; Joy Davidson, mezzo-soprano; John Alexander, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 2:30: Bernard Haitink conducting a varied program; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

ARAMOOR FESTIVAL—A season devoted to music from Vienna. Friday, July 19, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a double bill of comic operas—Mozart's "Der Schauspieldirektor" ("The Impresario") and Salieri's "Prima la Musica e Poi le Parole" ("Which First? Music or Words?")—both in English. With Karan Armstrong and Ruth Welting, sopranos; Nico Castel, tenor; Spiro Malas and Monte Jaffe, basses; and Francis Robinson, in a speaking role as the Impresario. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: Julius Rudel directing Kálmán's "Countess Maritza," in concert form and in English, with Mary Costa, soprano; Evelyn Petros, mezzo-soprano; Andrea Velis, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; and the Caramoor Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 5:30: A recital by Donald Gramm, bass-baritone. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 25. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Tentative schedule of final performances by the New York City Ballet—Wednesday evening, July 17 (company première); Thursday and Friday evenings, July 18-19; and Saturday matinée and evening, July 20: "Coppélia.". . . [**NOTE:** A special concert will be given by Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass on Sunday evening, July 21.]. . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 23: "Illuminations," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 24: "Illuminations," "Violin Concerto," and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 25: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "An Evening's Waltzes.". . . ¶ Friday evening, July 26: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 27: "La Valse," "Violin Concerto," and "Symphony in C." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2. Through Sunday, Sept. 15. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 20: The Nikolais Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 23-27: The Eliot Feld Ballet and the Mimi Garrard Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Wednesday and Thursday, July 17-18, at 8 (benefit performances): Edward Villella and Anna Aragno, Ritha Devi, and the Chuck Davis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 18, at 9, and Friday, July 19, at 11: Meredith Monk/The House. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, at 8: The Louis Falco Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, at 8: Bella Lewitzky, Jennifer Muller, Manuel Alum, and Nancy Meehan, with members of their companies. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 7:30: The Pilobolus Dance Theatre and Laura Dean and Dance Company. (New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—**METS:** Vs. Montreal, Saturday, July 27, at 8:05. . . . **YANKEES:** Vs. Texas, Wednesday, July 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Thursday and Friday, July 18-19, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, July 20-21, at 2. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Thursday and Friday, July 25-26, at 8.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—The opening game here of the World Football League—New York Stars vs. Birmingham Americans. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Wednesday, July 17, at 8. For tickets, call 355-1213.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 27. The Hempstead Handicap, Wednesday, July 17; the Suburban Handicap, Saturday, July 20; the Tremont, Wednesday, July 24; and the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 27. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Sorority, Saturday, July 27. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

TENNIS—**AMATEUR MATCHES:** U.S.L.T.A. Men's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, July 21.). . . **PROFESSIONAL MATCHES:** World Team Tennis. Thursday, July 18: New York Sets vs. Florida Flamingos. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 23: New York Sets vs. San Francisco Golden Gaters. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26: New York Sets vs. Philadelphia Freedoms. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For tickets, call 800 243-6363.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, July 20. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8, from Monday, July 22, through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 20.). . . ¶ America's Cup observation trials. (Newport. Through Wednesday, July 24.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—**PERICLES,** Shakespeare's meandering romance, makes a very lively show, under Edward Berkeley's imaginative direction. Randall Duk Kim is splendid in the title role, and he is well supported by Barnard Hughes, Lenny Baker, Sasha von Scherler, and Marybeth Hurt, among others. Free performances will be given through Sunday, July 21. . . . **THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,** with Barnard Hughes, Cynthia Harris, and Marcia Rodd, will be the second of two plays by the company. Directed by David Margulies. Opens Thursday, July 25, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 25. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Andre Kostelanetz will conduct the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW,** Tuesday, July 23, at 8:30. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens, Wednesday, July 24, at 8:30. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn, Thursday, July 25, at 8:30. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** Bronx, Saturday, July 27, at 8:30.

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting, with Evelyn Lear, soprano. (Prospect Park Pagoda, Brooklyn. Sunday, July 21, at 5.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 11.)

WOLLMAN RINK—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 17, at 7: America and Ian Matthews. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 7: Linda Ronstadt and Martin Mull. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 7: Tom Rush and Janis Ian. . . . ¶ Monday, July 22, at 6:30: B. B. King and Bobby Blue Bland. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 24, at 7: Harry Chapin. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 7: Poco. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 7: Blood, Sweat and Tears and also Tim Buckley. (Through Saturday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the second and third in a series of four concerts. (Thursday, July 18, at 8:30, with Frederick Zlotkin, cello; and Thursday, July 25, at 8:30, with John Marco, clarinet. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

JAZZ ON THE RIVER—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Wednesday, July 17, at 7:30, Joe Cuba, Junior Mance, and the New York Jazz Quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 24, at 7:30, the Onzy Matthews orchestra and the Harold Ousley quintet. (Slip 3, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF,** with Norman Atkins and Geraldine Brooks. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

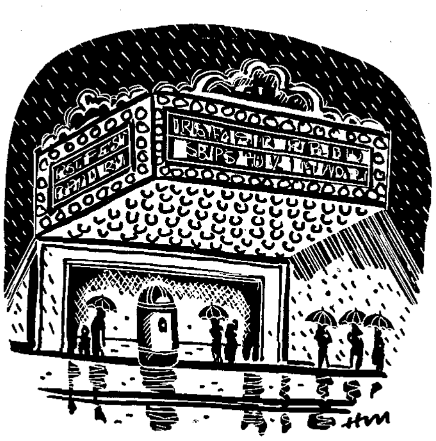
WALKING TOUR—Henry Hope Reed and other guides will conduct a walking tour of the Audubon Terrace on Sunday, July 21. Meets at the Hispanic Society of America, Broadway and 155th St., at 2:30. For information about tickets, call EM 1-0171.

MOVIES IN THE PARK—A program of regular and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Sundays through Fridays, except July 19, through Friday, July 26. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 23: "The Exorcist."
From July 24: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through July 20: "Cleopatra" and "Madame Satan."
July 21-23: "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and "Hello, Frisco, Hello."
From July 24: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" and "Tarzan and His Mate."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through July 23: "Cinderella Liberty" and "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
From July 24: "The Poseidon Adventure" and another feature, to be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"A Very Natural Thing."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 23: "The Exorcist."
From July 24: "Cinderella Liberty" and "Sleuth."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"My Name Is Nobody."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Mr. Majestyk."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Animal Crackers."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through July 23: "Claudine."
From July 24: "Daisy Miller."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
July 17: "Night and Day."
July 18: "Mississippi."
July 19: "Cover Girl."
July 20: "Hans Christian Andersen."
July 21: "Blue Skies."
July 22: "The Love Parade."
July 23: "The Firefly."
July 24: "Stormy Weather." (No evening performances.)
July 25: "Birth of the Blues."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through July 23: "The Gravy Train."
From July 24: "Blazing Saddles."

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Golden Needles."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"A Very Natural Thing."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Parallax View."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Going Places."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"Promised Lands."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through July 23: "S*P*Y*S."
From July 24: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"For Pete's Sake."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Carnal Knowledge."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through July 20: "For Pete's Sake."
From July 21: "The White Dawn."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 23: "The Poseidon Adventure."
From July 24: "Cinderella Liberty."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Conversation."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Mr. Majestyk."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"My Name Is Nobody."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through July 23: "Three the Hard Way."
From July 24: "Death Wish."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Uptown Saturday Night."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Education of Sonny Carson."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Golden Needles."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 23: "The Conversation."
From July 24: "Daisy Miller."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 23: "The Shop on Main Street" and "Loves of a Blonde."
From July 24: "Le Sex Shop" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 23: To be announced.
From July 24: "For Pete's Sake."

QUAD CINEMAS I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through July 23 at one or another of the theatres: "The Great Gatsby"/"Wedding in Blood" and "Le Boucher."... ¶ Through July 20: "Blackmail" and "Sabotage"/"Casablanca" and "The Maltese Falcon."... ¶ July 21-23: "The Clairvoyant" and "The Most Dangerous Game"/"Dark Passage" and "Key Largo."
From July 24: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 17: "Seven Chances."
July 18-20: "The Long Goodbye" and "Brewster McCloud."
July 21-22: "The Harder They Come" and "Where's Poppa?"
July 23: "King of Hearts" and "La Chamade."
July 24: "Go West."
From July 25: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Little Murders."

23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through July 23: "Cinderella Liberty" and "The Last American Hero."
From July 24: "Mame."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
July 17: "Dirty Mary Crazy Larry."
From July 18: "Walking Tall."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Tamarind Seed."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 23: "Fantasia."
From July 24: "Old Yeller" and "The Incredible Journey."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Exorcist."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Malizia."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
July 17: "Days and Nights in the Forest' and "The Music Room."
July 18: "Moulin Rouge" and "Lust for Life."
July 19: "Deep End" and "If . . ."
July 20: "A Day at the Races" and "A Nigh at the Opera."
July 21: "Der Rosenkavalier."
July 22: "Pretty Poison" and "Lord Love a Duck."
July 23: "The Earrings of Madame De . . .' and "Le Plaisir."
July 24: "Antonio das Mortes" and "Macunaima."
July 25: "Walkabout" and "Outback."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Free Woman."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through July 23: "Cinderella Liberty" and "Sleuth."
From July 24: "Le Sex Shop" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
July 17: "The 400 Blows" and "Two English Girls."
July 18-22: "Grand Illusion" and "Jules and Jim."
July 23-24: "Rules of the Game" and "The Passion of Joan of Arc."
From July 25: "Pygmalion" and "Smiles of a Summer Night."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 23: To be announced.
From July 24: "The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 23: "Travels with My Aunt" and "Kazablan."
From July 24: "The Sting."

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob." (No performances on Thursday, July 25.)

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through July 23: "The Gravy Train."
From July 24: To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 23: "Duel in the Sun" and "A Bill of Divorcement."
From July 24: "Le Sex Shop" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Exorcist."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 23: "Cinderella Liberty" and "The Laughing Policeman."
From July 24: "Thieves Like Us" and "Cops and Robbers."

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 17 at 2: "The Shout" (1968), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Leobardo López Aretche.... ¶ July 17 at 5:30: "Under the Red Robe" (1937), directed by Victor Sjöström, with Annabella and Conrad Veidt.... ¶ July 18 at 5:30: "Change" (1971), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Alfredo Joskowicz.... ¶ July 18 at 8: "Living on Credit" (1969), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Gustavo Alatriste.... ¶ July 19 at 2: "Months and Days" (1971), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Alberto Bojórquez.... ¶ July 19 at 5:30 and July 20 at noon: Charlie Chaplin at Keystone, Essanay, and Mutual.... ¶ July 20 at 3: "The Mexican Way" (1971), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Luis Alcoriza.... ¶ July 20 at 5:30: "Castle of Purity" (1972), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Arturo Ripstein.... ¶ July 21 at 2: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (1936), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper.... ¶ July 21 at 5:30: "Holy Office" (1974), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Arturo Ripstein.... ¶ July 22 at 2: "The Shout."... ¶ July 22 at 5:30: "Take It As You Want It" (1969), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Carlos Gonzáles Morantes. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2: "Ukigusa Monogatari" (1934), a Japanese film, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; no English titles. . . . ¶ July 23 at 5:30: "Victorino" (1973), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Gustavo Alatriste; no English titles. . . . ¶ July 24 at 2: "Against Reason and by Force" (1973), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Carlos Ortíz Tejeda; no titles. . . . ¶ July 24 at 5:30: "Ukigusa Monogatari." . . . ¶ July 25 at 5:30: "The Children's Hour" (1969), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Arturo Ripstein. . . . ¶ July 25 at 8: "Holy Office." (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—July 17: "Imitation of Life" (1934), directed by John Stahl, with Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ July 18: "Hold Back the Dawn" (1941), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Olivia de Havilland and Charles Boyer. . . . ¶ July 19: "The Lawless Breed" (1952), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Rock Hudson and Julia Adams. . . . ¶ July 20: "Quality Street" (1937), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone. . . . ¶ July 21: "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn. . . . ¶ July 24: "The Reckless Moment" (1949), directed by Max Ophuls, with James Mason and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ July 25: "Caught" (1949), directed by Max Ophuls, with Barbara Bel Geddes, James Mason, and Robert Ryan. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (34th St. East, and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Sutton.)

Antonio das Mortes (1970)—Glauber Rocha, the leader of Brazil's *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 24.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—A Canadian film, with Richard Dreyfuss. Directed by Ted Kotcheff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—It always creaked of classy, overcivilized theatre; it's based on a play by Clemence Dane about a father and daughter doomed by hereditary insanity—the kind of play in which the daughter is named Sydney Fairchild, her father Hilary Fairchild, and the daughter's boyfriend Kit. But as Sydney, Katharine Hepburn, in her film début, was like nothing that had ever been seen on the screen. It wasn't that she was good, exactly (in fact, her acting was mostly awful), but she was so angular and mannered, with her mouth a scar of suffering, that she was riveting. And John Barrymore, who plays the father, was a fairly riveting performer himself—though his role here is drearily subservient. Young George Cukor directed, in the insolated style all too appropriate to the vehicle; with David Manners (Kit, of course), Billie Burke, Bramwell Fletcher, and Elizabeth Patterson. (New Yorker; through July 23.)

Birth of the Blues (1941)—Harmless enough, though the trip from Basin Street recorded here is a puny, disingenuous fairy tale, cluttered up with tiresome stuff about a struggling band and the usual love confusions. Mary Martin is cast as the singer who first makes the Dixieland style a public success! Bing Crosby (with his clarinet playing dubbed by Danny Polo) comes off considerably better, and among the cast are Jack Teagarden and Harry Barris, along with Eddie Anderson and Brian Donlevy (with his trumpet playing dubbed by Poky Carriere). The songs—a mixed bag—include "St. James Infirmary," "That's Why They Call Me Shine," "The Waiter and the Porter and the Upstairs Maid," and "Cuddle Up a Little Closer." Directed by Victor Schertzinger, who is probably responsible for the nauseating full-choir rendition of "St. Louis Blues." (Plaza; July 25.)

Blackmail (1929)—A London-set Hitchcock silent thriller that was in part reshot and in part dubbed so that it became a sound film—and an unusually imaginative and innovative one. With its trick shots in the British Museum and a chase on the museum roof, the film seems almost German in its pictorial style, and the heroine is indeed played by the German actress Anny Ondra, who married Max Schmeling. (Her voice is dubbed.) Cyril Ritchard, who doesn't look very different now, played the artist who tries to rape the heroine; with Sara Allgood, John Longden, and Donald Callthorp. Hitchcock turns up being pestered by a little boy while he tries to read a book. (Quad Cinema; through July 20.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Reviewed in these pages 2/18/74.) (East 59th Street I; starting July 24.)

Blue Skies (1946)—With Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Joan Caulfield, directed by Stuart Heisler. The Irving Berlin songs include "Heat Wave," "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," "How Deep Is the Ocean," "Always." The story is about a night-club proprietor who undermines his wife's faith by selling every bistro he gets hold of as soon as he has made a success of it, which she solemnly takes to be an indication that he has no real stability. Joan Caulfield's performance could be reënacted in Peck & Peck's window without exactly stopping Fifth Avenue traffic, but Bing and Astaire flourish. (Plaza; July 21.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Quad Cinema; through July 23.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Elgin; July 18-20.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Art, and Columbia I; starting July 24.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Beekman.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Quad Cinema; through July 20.)

La Chamade (1969)—From a Françoise Sagan story. Catherine Deneuve is the mistress of a rich older lover and has lots of beautiful Yves Saint Laurent clothes; she runs off with a poor younger lover, taking with her only her Yves Saint Laurent skirts and sweaters. After a bit, her older lover accepts her back. She thinks she hasn't a thing to wear, but luckily everything is newly ironed. Clothes-interest. In French. (Elgin; July 23.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross, Faye Dunaway a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to track down the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful, funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Coronet.)

Cinderella Liberty—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (1/21/74) (St. Marks Cinema, 23rd St. Cinema, Paramount, and Olympia; through July 23. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting July 24.)

The Clairvoyant (1935)—Also known as "The Evil Mind." Claude Rains seemed to have a better time being the Invisible Man than he does being clairvoyant, but the picture has a few moments. With Fay Wray; directed by Maurice Elvey. (Quad Cinema; July 21-23.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Fine Arts; through July 23.)

Cleopatra (1934)—The dialogue sounds like gossip over back-yard clotheslines, with occasional Shakespearean overtones—flattened, of course. ("Her infinite variety" becomes "She's always new.") In this De Mille version, the actors' diction provides such dividends as Caesar (Warren William) saying "Nope" to the senators, and Antony (stalwart Henry Wilcoxon) mumbling "I'm dying, Egypt, dying" in the inflection of "I gotta pain." The extravaganza is moderate, with too much Rome and too little Egypt, and the usual Roman holidays, processions, and atrium orgies, with Cleopatra (Claudette Colbert) in the capital wiggling her slim hips and wondering if her dress is becoming. It is, and the big bash aboard her barge has its own dreamy chic. A netful of beautiful adagio dancers is hauled out of the sea, which certainly beats popping out of a giant cake. Like the later, longer Elizabeth Taylor version, it's terrible and yet compulsively watchable. With Gertrude Michael, Joseph Schildkraut, Ian Keith, Irving Pichel, little Ferdinand Gotts-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chalk, and John Carradine. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 20.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Waverly; through July 23.)

Cops and Robbers—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life. (8/27/73) (Olympia; starting July 24.)

Cover Girl (1944)—The plot is a shambles, and there's a prolonged flashback that is almost ruinous, but this big, bright, Technicolor musical from Columbia has a lot to recommend it: Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, and songs by Ira Gershwin and Jerome Kern, including "Put Me to the Test," and the slurpy but affecting "Long Ago and Far Away." Kelly and Silvers are a better team than Kelly and Hayworth, though she does look sumptuous, and her big smile could be the emblem of the period. The cast includes Lee Bowman, Otto Kruger, Jinx Falkenburg, and dozens of celebrated models. Charles Vidor directed. (Plaza; July 19.)

Daisy Miller—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels: she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Fine Arts, and Waverly; starting July 24.)

Dark Passage (1947)—"Dark" in a movie title generally seems to be an attempt to give some sinister allure to opacity and confusion, as in "The Dark Corner," "Dark Waters," "The Dark Mirror." And this Bogart-Bacall bummer is no exception. Throughout most of the miserably plotted picture, Bogart, accused of murder, hides out in Bacall's fashionable San Francisco apartment while recovering from plastic surgery; with his head bandaged, he can't do much except nod appreciatively while Bacall feeds him through a glass straw. In moments of stress, she dilates her nostrils; he's so trussed up he can't even do that, which puts him ahead of her, but not very far. The picture is an almost total drag, though Agnes Moorehead, as the villainess, has a sensational exit through plate-glass windows. Written and directed by Delmar Daves, from a David Goodis story. (Quad Cinema; July 21-23.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 20.)

Days and Nights in the Forest (1969)—On the surface, this Satyajit Ray film is a lyrical romantic comedy about four educated young men from Calcutta, driving together for a few days in the country, and the women they meet. The subtext is perhaps the subtlest, most plangent study of the cultural tragedy of imperialism; the young men are self-parodies—clowns who ape the worst snobberies of the British. A major film by one of the great film artists, starring Soumitra Chatterjee and the incomparably graceful Sharmila Tagore. In Bengali. (3/17/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)

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Death Wish—With Charles Bronson, directed by Michael Winner. (Loews Ciné; starting July 24.)

Deep End (1971)—Drama in a public bath. Jerzy Skolimowski, a gifted Pole in exile who has the Polish black trick of pretending to be less serious than he is, makes a halfway-meant film about a desperate young voyeur (John Moulder-Brown) and an enragingly prissy redhead (Jane Asher). The film is supposed to be set in London. It looks like Munich. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 19.)

Dirty Mary Crazy Larry—With Peter Fonda and Susan George, directed by John Hough. (Guild; July 17.)

Duel in the Sun (1947)—Hilariously florid, sometimes called "Lust in the Dust." A Wagnerian Western, with Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones as lovers so passionate they kill each other. She's Pearl Chavez, a half-breed wench, and so, by Hollywood convention, uncontrollably sexy, and Peck actually manages to bestir himself enough to play a hunk of egotistic hot stuff—maybe the name Lewt McCanles got to him, or maybe the producer, David O. Selznick, used electric prods. Set in Texas, it's a lavish, sensual spectacle; the director, King Vidor, can't keep it from being absurdly hammy, but he gives much of it a bravura excitement, and the hokum is irresistibly entertaining. With Joseph Cotten, Charles Bickford, Lillian Gish, Butterfly McQueen, Walter Huston, Herbert Marshall, Lionel Barrymore, Harry Carey, Sidney Blackmer, and many other celebrated names. (New Yorker; through July 23.)

The Earrings of Madame De . . . (1945)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinary romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 23.)

The Education of Sonny Carson—With Rony Clanton, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays (1972)—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (12/23/72) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 23.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Playboy, and Symphony. . . . ¶ Art, and Gramercy; through July 23.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Festival; through July 23.)

The Firefly (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones in a lavish musical monstrosity from M-G-M. Strictly for those who are prepared to listen to such songs as "Love Is Like a Firefly" and "He Who Loves and Runs Away" and "When a Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart"—and, of course, Allan Jones going at "The Donkey Serenade." Rudolf Friml dominates the music department; Robert Z. Leonard directed fairly energetically. (Plaza; July 23.)

For Pete's Sake—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine borrowed for an investment in pork-bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches strung together, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (7/8/74) (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through July 20. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting July 24.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's amazing, eloquent, indispensable first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Cinema Studio; July 17.)

A Free Woman—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (Paris.)

Going Places—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Cinema II.)

Golden Needles—With Joe Don Baker and Elizabeth Ashley, directed by Robert Clouse. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Go West (1925)—Unique among the Buster Keaton comedies in that it aims for intense pathos; however it's sad and funny at the same time—which wasn't true of Chaplin's pathos. Keaton plays Friendless—a lonely, buffeted, uncomplaining drifter without home, country, or dime. Having found the city's heart cold, he hides in a freight train going to Arizona, and there among the cacti he finds his first and only comfort and fellowship in a sad-eyed cow. Together they weather it through storm and sunshine. Keaton is so unembarrassed and so unself-consciously stoic in adversity that the pathos is never offensive—not even when a dog he tries to pat moves away from him. It's a strange, beautiful movie, directed and partly written by Keaton right after the breakup of the team he had been working with since his two-reeler days. There's an extraordinary finale, in which Friendless and Brown Eyes

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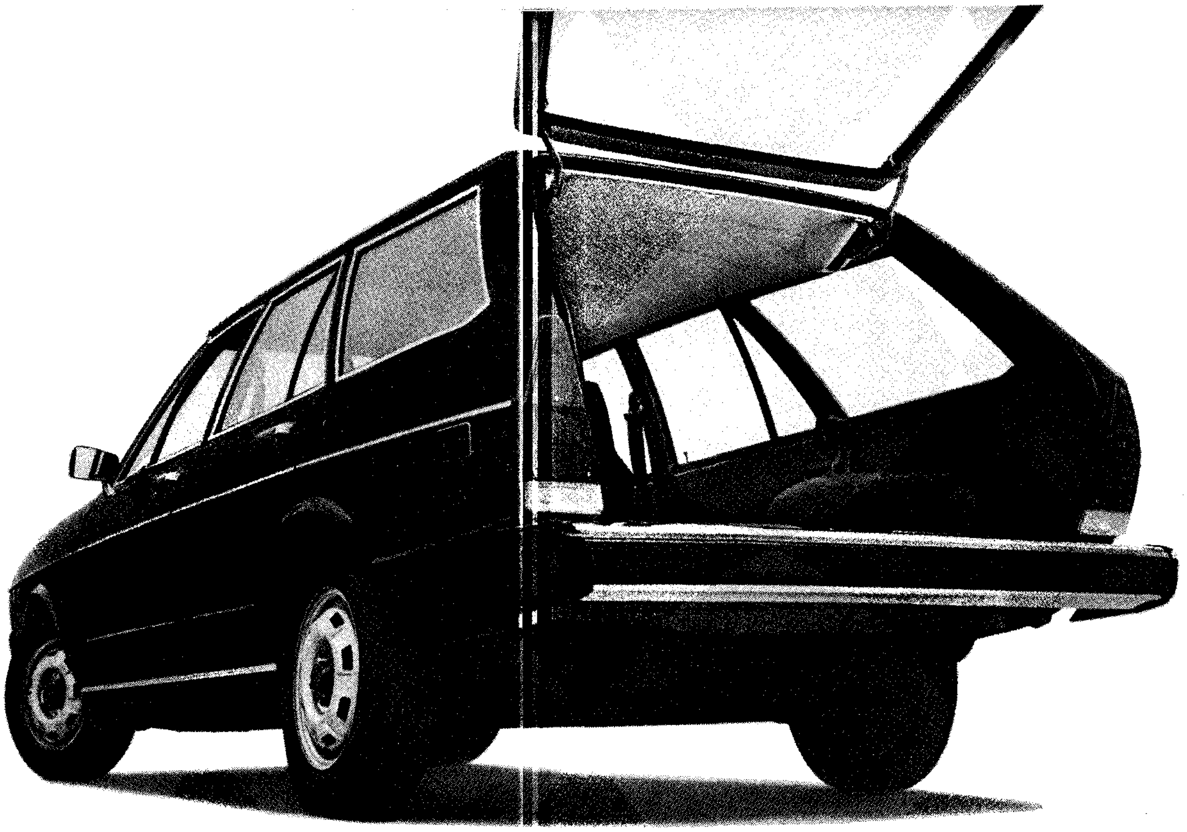

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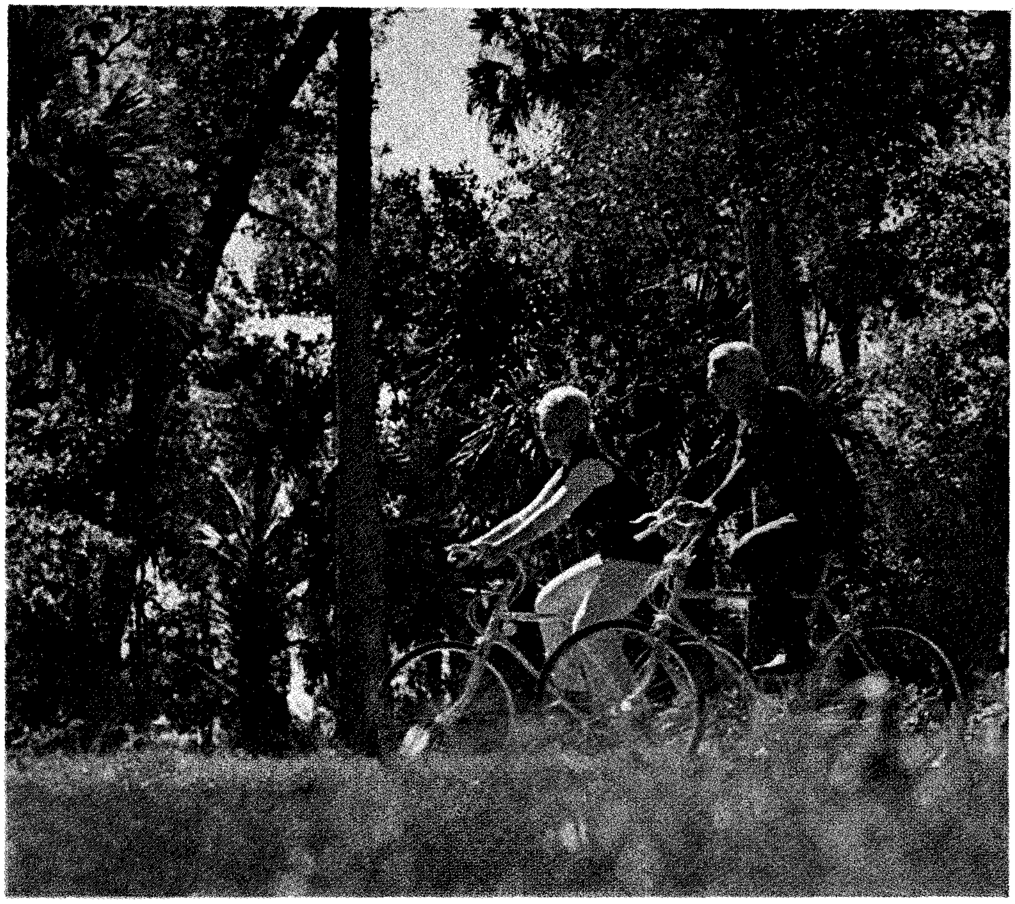

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the Cow round up hundreds of steers that are bellowing through the streets of Los Angeles. (Elgin; July 24.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Cinema Studio; July 18-22.)

The Gravy Train—With Stacy Keach and Frederic Forrest, directed by Jack Starrett. (East 59th Street I, and Loews 83rd St.: through July 23.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good. Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Quad Cinema; through July 23.)

Hans Christian Andersen (1952)—Lavish, cloying, pseudo-whimsical monstrosity, contrived by Moss Hart and directed by Charles Vidor under the aegis of Samuel Goldwyn. It's the conceit of the movie to make Andersen (Danny Kaye) a simpleton bordering on active idiocy. With Zizi Jeanmaire, Roland Petit, Erik Bruhn, Joey Walsh, Farley Granger, and Jane Wyman. The drippy songs are by Frank Loesser. (Plaza; July 20.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (2/24/73) (Elgin; July 21-22.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia.)

Heavy Traffic—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about lives in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (8/20/73) (Regency; starting July 24.)

Hello, Frisco, Hello (1943)—Mediocrity enshrined. A moderately sickening tinsel musical from Fox, with Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, Laird Cregar, June Havoc, and Lynn Bari. The paste-up score ranges from "You'll Never Know" and "Hello Ma Baby" to such lethal jobs as "It's Tulip Time in Holland." Bruce Humberstone directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 21-23.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 19.)

The Incredible Journey (1963)—The journey of three animals, shot in Canada, by the Disney studios. Directed by Fletcher Markle. (Festival; starting July 24.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Cinema Studio; July 18-22.)

Kazablan—An Israeli musical, in English, directed by Menahem Golan. (Embassy 72nd St.; through July 23.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Quad Cinema; July 21-23.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; July 23.)

The Last American Hero (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on backroads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't just about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (23rd St. Cinema; through July 23.)

The Laughing Policeman—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (1/21/74) (Olympia; through July 23.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Elgin; starting July 25.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (5/6/74) (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Elgin; July 18-20.)

Lord Love a Duck (1966)—George Axelrod's malicious and funny survey of late-sixties teen-aging. With Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 22.)

The Love Parade (1929)—Lubitsch's first true sound film, but he wasn't technically sure enough of himself to give the picture much confidence. Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald. (Plaza; July 22.)

Loves of a Blonde (1965)—Miloš Forman has made a nice, old-fashioned comedy about a girl and a boy and her desire to fall in love and his desire not to. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 23.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. Pretty lousy, with a lot of emphasis on the ear. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 18.)

Macunaima (1972)—A satirical fairy-tale extravaganza from Brazil, directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 24.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Directed by Gérard Oury. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Beacon. No performances on Thursday, July 25.)

Madame Satan (1930)—A hodgepodge by Cecil B. De Mille, featuring an extravagant costume party aboard an enormous dirigible. When the dirigible is struck by lightning, the guests parachute down, except the parachuteless hero, Reginald Denny, who jumps to safety in the Central Park Reservoir—a stunt that the movies have never repeated. There are lots of songs and dances, and even a ballet in the dirigible. Lillian Roth, buxom and

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dimpled before she boozed and repented and told all ("I'll Cry Tomorrow"), is energetic as the wild showgirl Trixie. Kay Johnson plays the noble heroine. With Roland Young and Martha Sleeper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 20.)

Malizia—Directed by Salvatore Samperi: A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance, inappropriate sexual longings clownishly dealt with, small boys' voyeurism, financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse, and an intense sense of the class system. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. In Italian. (6/17/74) (Little Carnegie.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economical—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Quad Cinema; through July 20.)

Mame—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (23rd St. Cinema; starting July 24.)

Mississippi (1935)—W. C. Fields is Commodore Jackson, an unemployable-looking boss of a riverboat, tie and collar wrenched by sex-crazed girls but the lettering "CAPTAIN" firmly on his cap. Bing Crosby, Joan Bennett, Gail Patrick. The grumpy commodore cheerfully exploits Bing Crosby, whom he calls "the singing killer." Score by Rodgers and Hart. Don't miss. (Plaza; July 18.)

Mr. Majestyk—With Charles Bronson and Al Lettieri, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Eastside Cinema, and U.A. East.)

The Most Dangerous Game (1932)—An amusing classic suspense melodrama; the plot was used several times, but this version, directed by Irving Pichel and Ernest Schoedsack, is the most entertaining. Leslie Banks (with his schizoid face—one half suave Englishman, the other half twisted and with suggestions of exotic evil) is the mad hunter who stalks human prey, and Joel McCrea is his target. Fay Wray does her usual charming terrified heroine. (Quad Cinema; July 21-23.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 18.)

The Music Room (1958)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)

My Name Is Nobody—With Henry Fonda and Terence Hill, directed by Tonino Valerii. (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Night and Day (1946)—William Bowers, one of the three scenarists, has recently said that he was so ashamed of this picture that about a year after it came out he called Cole Porter, whose biography it purported to be, and told him how sorry he was, and Porter said, "Loved it. Just loved it. Oh, I thought it was marvellous." Bowers says that he told Oscar Hammerstein how puzzled he was by this, and Hammerstein said, "How many of his songs did you have in it?" Bowers answered "Twenty-seven," and Hammerstein said, "Well of course, he loved it. They only turned out to be twenty-seven of the greatest songs of all time. You don't *think* he heard that stuff that went on between his songs, do you?" This utterly wretched movie is possibly endurable to others who can blank out on that stuff in between, which involves Cary Grant as the composer, starting as an excruciatingly unconvincing bouncy Yale undergraduate. Later on, Grant embraces Alexis Smith from time to time, but nervously, unwillingly—as if she were a carrier of Rocky Mountain fever. No doubt the movie was trying to tell us something. Michael Curtiz directed; with Monty Woolley and many other unfortunates. (Plaza; July 17.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 20.)

The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat—An animated film, directed by Robert Taylor. A sequel to "Fritz the Cat," this time R-rated, and not nearly as good, because of the absence here of the brilliant creative talent of Ralph Bakshi. (Regency; starting July 24.)

Old Yeller (1957)—From the Disney studios, with Dorothy McGuire and Fess Parker. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (Festival; starting July 24.)

Outback (1972)—A good subject—comradeship among white men in the Australian desert, their boredom, and their erratic, senseless destructiveness. The film, directed by Ted Kotcheff, spends too much time on the melodramatic ordeals of a sensitive but arrogant male schoolteacher (Gary Bond) who hates the coarse life he's trapped in, but the material on the primitivism of the master race is vivid and authentic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. The way out here—very carefully nourishing no particular political enmity—is to attribute the assassination to a chest-beating secret brotherhood bent on a kids' manhood game of seeing who can hold out the longest: the one who cracks up is out. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (Cinema I.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—One of the few truly great films. Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—links eroticism and religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Cinema Studio; July 23-24.)

Le Plaisir (1952)—This Max Ophuls omnibus film, based on three de Maupassant stories, sounds better than it is; the stories allow him to display his virtuoso technique, but two of the three turn out too thin and hokey. The first, "The Mask," famous for the Palais de Danse sequence, is about a man trying to retain the illusion of youth; Gaby Morlay and Claude Dauphin are in it. "The Model" is about an artist (Daniel Gélin) who quarrels with his mistress-model (Simone Simon). The most satisfying, "The House of Madame Tellier," which was often referred to in the obituaries of Edith Piaf because it parallels an episode in her life, is about the temporary closing of a brothel. The madame (Madeleine Renaud) and her girls go to the country to attend the first communion of the madame's niece; the cast includes Jean Gabin, Danielle Darrieux, Pierre Brasseur, Ginette Leclerc, Mila Parély, and Louis Seigneur. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 23.)

The Poseidon Adventure (1972)—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (12/16/72) (72nd Street East; through July 23. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting July 24.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 22.)

Promised Lands—Susan Sontag's cool, detached documentary, put together with her usual modesty and brain, about the Yom Kippur war of 1973. The sandy scenes—dry, bright, sheared by the sun—are the counterparts of the minds that clarify the film. Like Ulster, but even more so, Israel is a land promised to too many people. We're being shown, in a film rendered tranquil by sanity, a country in a state of advanced neurological disease, uncontrolled in its movements, yelling and jerking in its dreams. (7/15/74) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Cinema Studio; starting July 25.)

Der Rosenkavalier (1963)—A Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 21.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Cinema Studio; July 23-24.)

Sabotage (1936; called "The Woman Alone" in the United States)—Hitchcock thinks that he erred in this one—and that this explains why the picture wasn't a hit. But he's wrong: this adaptation of a Joseph Conrad spy novel may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are the married pair, the Verlocses, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verlocs' younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb for her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verlocs, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Quad Cinema; through July 20.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. Why can't they all get on? "They're all cousins!" he shouts, throwing himself face down in the sand, crying out for another scheme of things. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Seven Chances (1925)—The plot gimmick—the hero must be married in a few hours in order to collect an inheritance—is an antique, and the play flopped on Broadway, but what Buster Keaton and his gag writers managed to do with the material will be everlastingly fresh. When the news of the shy hero's need to wed is published in the papers, prospective brides arrive, singly at first and then in droves, and the distraught man, fleeing them, dislodges a boulder, which dislodges others, and soon he is pursued by hundreds of huge boulders. It's a lovely comedy, imaginatively—possibly faultlessly—directed by Keaton. With Snitz Edwards and Ruth Dwyer. (Elgin; July 17.)

Le Sex Shop—A film written and directed by Claude Berri, and starring Berri himself as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. In French. (8/6/73) (8th St. Playhouse, Paramount, and New Yorker; starting July 24.)

The Shop on Main Street (1964)—An exceptionally fine film from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 23.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Elgin; starting July 25.)

Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (12/23/72) (Paramount; through July 23. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting July 24.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Cinema Studio; starting July 25.)

S*P*Y*S—With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Columbia I; through July 23.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 24.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Terrible story but great performers. Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Bill Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin' "), and Eddie Anderson. Andrew Stone directed, like a stone. (Plaza; July 24. No evening performances.)

Sweet Rosie O'Grady (1943)—By the time Betty Grable became a full-fledged musical star at Fox, the studio was grinding out routinized nostalgic celebrations of the rowdy old music-hall days. This one is no better than most of the others; in fact, it's one of the worst. With Robert Young, Adolphe Menjou, Phil Regan, Virginia Grey, and Reginald Gardiner. The songs by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren are not of their best; Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 21-23.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (8th St. Playhouse, Paramount, and New Yorker; starting July 24.)

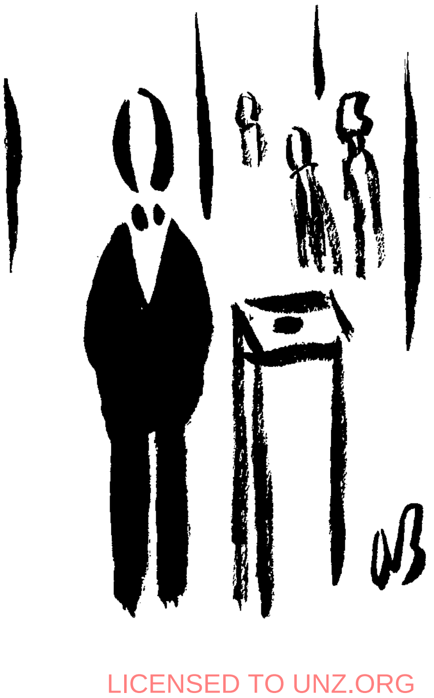
The Tamarind Seed—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They meet twice in Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Music Hall.)

Tarzan, the Ape Man (1932)—Johnny Weissmuller of the body beautiful—making his movie bow in a loincloth—and pretty, likeably coy Maureen O'Sullivan. There is something irresistibly funny about the predicament of a ladylike young lady abducted by a man who has lived like an ape, and who pokes and pummels her with the gestures of an ape. The picture, which is (and always was) great, parodistic fun, doesn't attempt to be realistic about jungle life; it's an entertaining romantic adventure—lighthearted and agreeable. W. S. Van Dyke directed; based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' durable kitsch. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 24.)

Tarzan and His Mate (1934)—Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the second of the Weissmuller Tarzan series. This one is cheerful and outrageously preposterous. You are right in the heart of the craziest Africa ever contrived for your entertainment; not a wild beast ever misses a cue. Tarzan's mate has adapted herself to her husband's mode of living with true Victorian propriety; snug in her tree houses, she has a devoted gorilla for her personal maid. Everything is idyllic, though some old Mayfair friends of hers turn up and make trouble for a while. Directed by Cedric Gibbons and Jack Conway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 24.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals, starting with a montage of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in snatches from the days of "Say, let's put on our own show! That'd be different!"—all comically the same. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Thieves Like Us—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Olympia; starting July 24.)



Three the Hard Way—With Jim Brown, Jim Kelly, and Fred Williamson, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews Ciné; through July 23.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (1/13/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; through July 23.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (10/14/72) (Cinema Studio; July 17.)

Uptown Saturday Night—Directed by Sidney Poitier. Black is fun, says this film revolutionarily, communicating the idea with an attractive infectiousness. The men in the film, including a Sidney Poitier looking amiably smaller than usual, have the air of youngsters on a spree playing hooky, and the wives seem wiser and older, which is a classic black film-and-stage situation. A lottery ticket gets lost in a stickup and found again. In a white film, it would have disappeared for good. That's the difference. Life is hauled up by the bootstraps, and a broad grin appears on dandily dressed rival gangsters' faces. Solid fun. (6/17/74) (86th St. East.)

A Very Natural Thing—With Robert Joel and Curt Gareth, directed by Christopher Larkin. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu.)

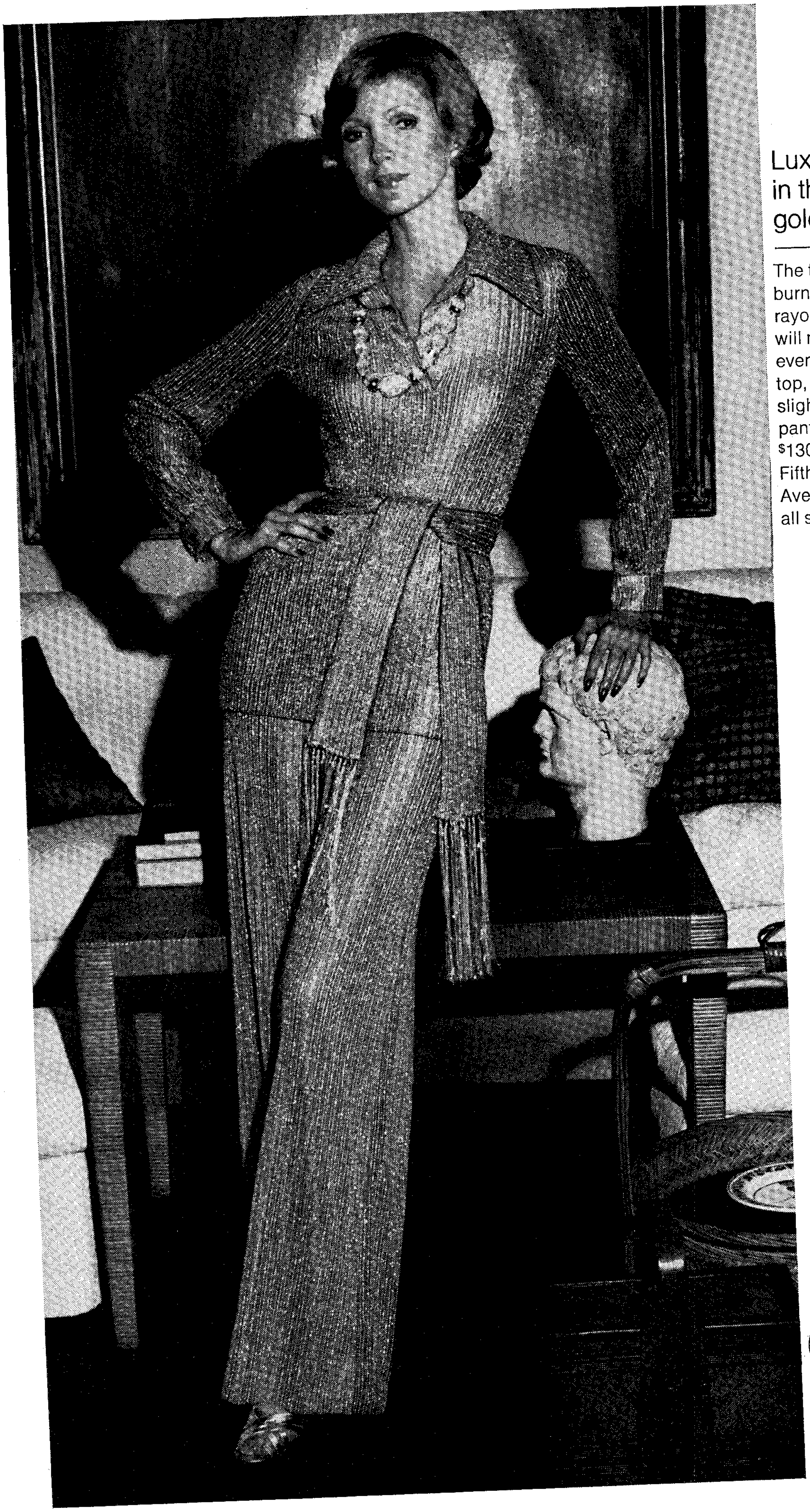
Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicholas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.)

Walking Tall—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—there *is* a Buford Pusser, and he's out promoting the movie—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Guild; starting July 18.)

Wedding in Blood—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (6/3/74) (Quad Cinema; through July 23.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingénue, Trish Van Devere. (Elgin; July 21-22.)

The White Dawn—With Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett, directed by Philip Kaufman. (Loews Tower East; starting July 21.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

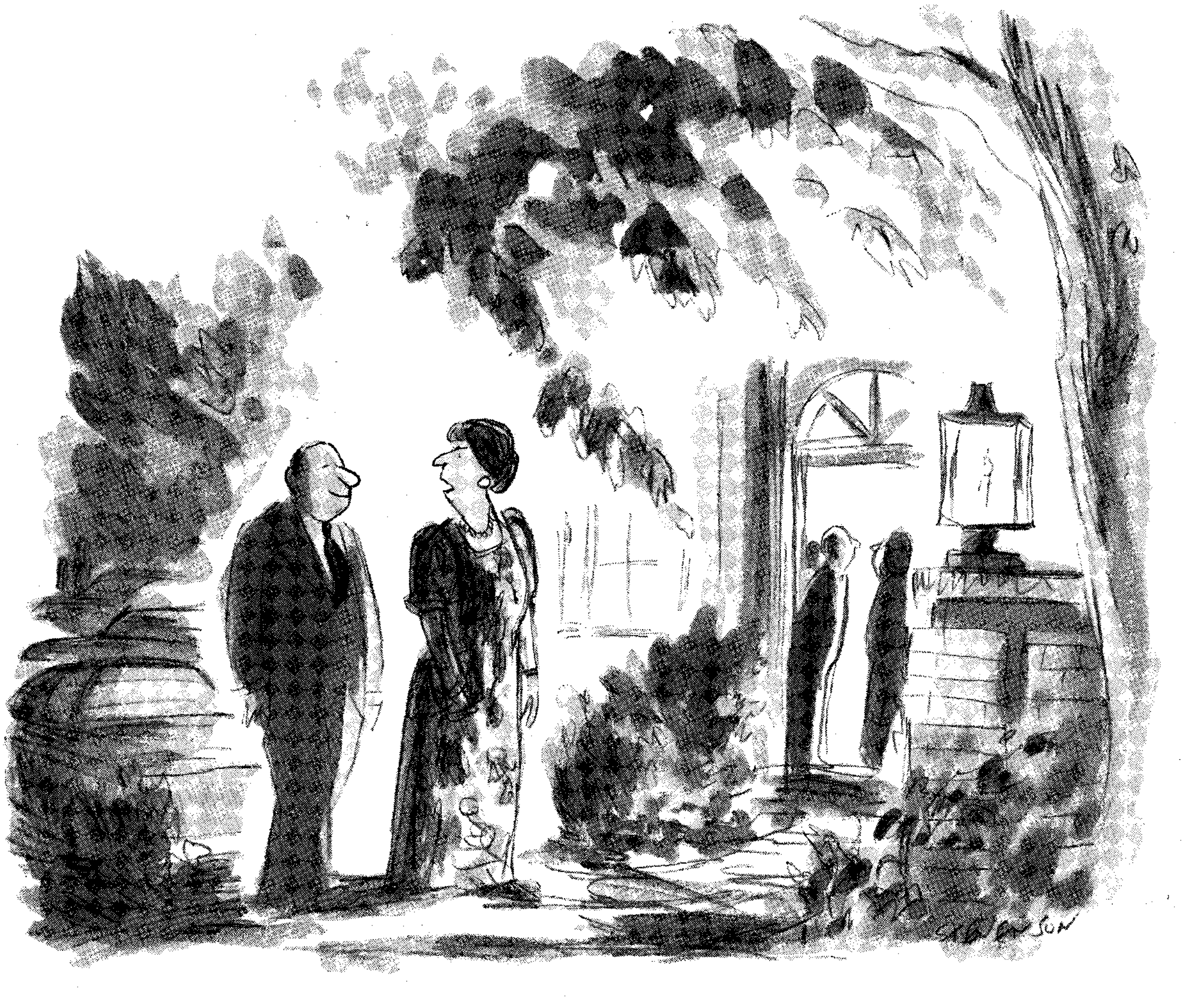
RECENTLY, after reading an article in the *Times* by Marvin and Bernard Kalb on the activities of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in the days immediately before and after the American nuclear alert of last October, we remarked on the general shakiness of our government's procedures for dealing with nuclear crises. At least one more detail in the Kalbs' article deserves mention. It is that the proper authorities in NATO did not get the news of the American alert until several hours after it was ordered. One hears that a war between the West and the Soviet Union would last about an hour. NATO was founded, of course, as a forward defense for the Western world in the event of such a war. If in a confrontation with the Soviet Union the telephones to NATO are out of operation for several hours, then you might as well not have NATO. The incident brought to mind another occasion on which the engines of the apocalypse suffered a breakdown. We are thinking of the time in early 1971 when the National Emergency Warning Center sent out the signal for a nuclear emergency to the nation's radio stations by mistake. Once the people at the Warning Center realized that the code word for an emergency (which happened to be "hatefulness") had been used, it took them forty minutes to lay their hands on the code word for cancelling the emergency (which turned out to be "impish"). "I can't imagine how the hell I did it," the man responsible for the error said later. This breakdown was followed by a more striking breakdown. Many stations decided, for a variety of reasons, against announcing an emergency to the public. Inasmuch as the Warning Center had sent out exactly the signal that would have been used in a real emergency, one may infer that in a real emergency most of the public would remain in the dark. The nuclear fire, if it came, would catch us unawares, as we went about our daily business. When reporters looked into the whole affair, other anomalies of life at the end of the world were brought to light. One reporter discovered that a tape of the President's voice had been prepared for use after the holocaust in which he announced that the United States was on its way to victory. These few glimpses of doom suggest a picture that is strongly at odds with the picture offered by most of the people who make a career of thinking about the unthinkable. Such people's charts tend to show an orderly apocalypse. Our slender experience suggests a state of affairs that would be more like life as we know it. It suggests wrong numbers on the telephone, a public ignorant and uninformed, computers breaking down, missiles flying in the wrong direction—not a smoothly running scenario but a spasm of disorder that would be half apocalypse-as-planned and half national breakdown. At the end, there would be the disembodied voice of the President announcing victory to the ruins. And, down in a bunker somewhere, someone saying, "I can't imagine how the hell I did it."

EVER since the testing of the first atomic bomb at Alamogordo in July, 1945, nuclear energy has held as much promise of peace as of war. Its peaceful uses, even in the technologically advanced countries, have, however, received comparatively little attention. On June 14th, President Nixon and President Sadat announced an agreement by which the United States will sell to Egypt nuclear reactors and nuclear fuel for the generation of electricity. (Since then, both France and the United States have announced similar agreements with Iran.) Egypt has comparatively small reserves of petroleum, and Nixon and Sadat, it is said, believe that nuclear-generated electricity is necessary to supplement all the hydroelectricity to be generated by the Russian-built Aswan Dam. United States officials were at pains to point out that the agreement was in keeping with President Eisenhower's Atoms for Peace program of 1953, under which as many as thirty-five countries have already received United States aid in the research for or the development of nuclear power, and that a similar agreement would be concluded with Israel (as it subsequently was). It was also pointed out that the American nuclear reactors in Egypt would have very little of the fissionable material needed for atomic bombs and would be subject to strict international safeguards, including safeguards against theft and sabotage, and that Israel had secretly obtained from France as early as the nineteen-fifties a nuclear reactor that was capable of producing enough fissionable material for a few atomic weapons a year and was not subject to any international safeguards. Nonetheless, there was general consternation in Congress over the introduction of more fissionable material into the highly volatile Middle East—where any leader, government, or agreement (safeguards or no) can be repudiated as suddenly as peace can change to war—and especially now, when practically any nation with a few trained scientists and engineers who can get hold of fissionable material can fabricate a crude atomic bomb in a space no larger than a back yard. Sadat, for his part, insists that Egypt requires nuclear energy in order to break free from its ancient poverty and become a modern power. He broached the subject with Dr. Kissinger last November, saying, "Let's do the big things, not the small things." Egyptian officials have now made it known that "the big things are beginning to happen."

As we noted in these columns the other week, an agreement similar to the one between the United States and Egypt was made in 1956 between Canada and India. Under that agreement, Canada provided India with nuclear reactors and nuclear fuel, and assisted in training Indian scientists in the art of nuclear physics. That agreement, too, was intended for peaceful purposes, including the generation of electricity, but so far, except for the scientists and technicians directly involved, and some residents of Bombay who now have nuclear-powered electricity, it has not improved the life of a single Indian. It did, however, lead to the detonation on May 18th of India's first atomic "device"—the government's euphemism for an atomic bomb. (Now it is widely reported that the country is taking the next leap along the nuclear-armaments road and preparing to test a hydrogen bomb.)

That the announcement of the United States-Egyptian agreement followed the Indian detonation so closely was fortuitous, but it makes more urgent the need to consider the question of how much real benefit a poor country can derive from the latest technological wonders. Egypt and India are just two of the hundred or so poor countries that have failed to modernize their ancient agrarian societies by instituting drastic measures like land reform or by moving ahead systematically with the slow and painful process of industrialization. Instead, these countries have come to believe that they can somehow compress into a couple of decades what Western industrialized countries took a couple of centuries to achieve, and that by having access to some of the latest scientific knowledge they will somehow be able to leap forward and take a place alongside the most technologically advanced and powerful societies. The cost of such impatient yearnings can be studied in what has happened in India in the last few years.

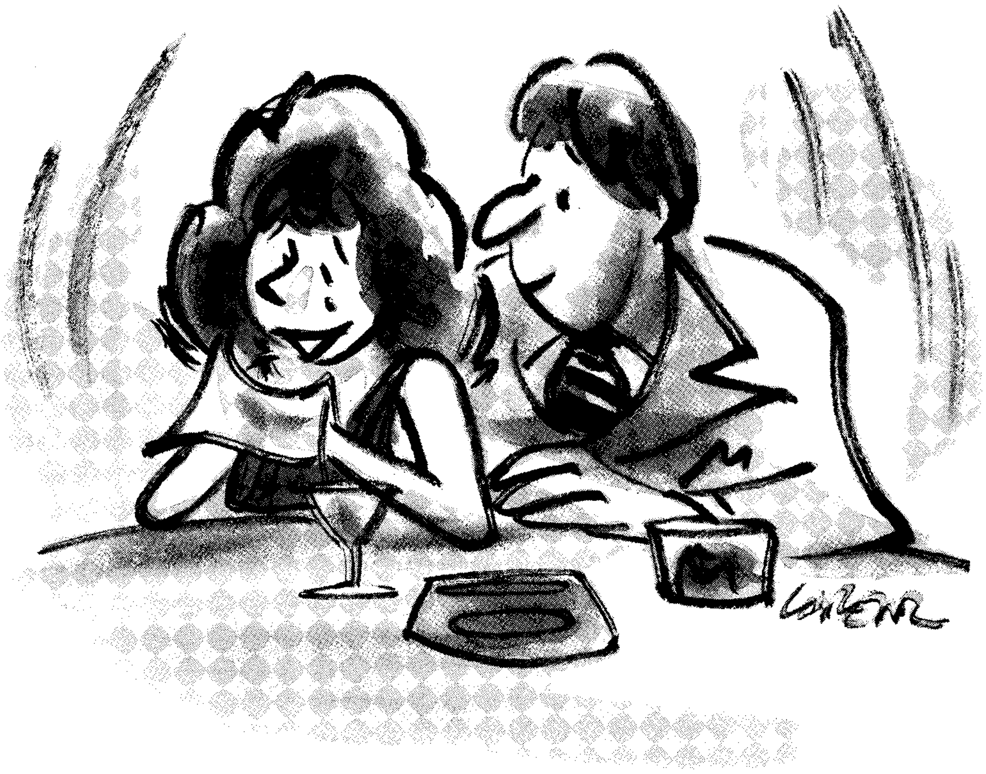
Perhaps India's greatest chance to feed her people came with the so-called "green revolution" of Dr. Norman E. Borlaug. In 1967, seeds of his new strains of rice and wheat were planted and harvested in the fertile plains of East Punjab. The yields were twice as great as those of earlier seeds. In the next four years, thanks to the green revolution, nursed along by Indian and American agronomists working throughout India, the country gave signs of becoming self-sufficient in food. But the green revolution requires a continuous investment—in harnessing the necessary waterpower, in constructing fertilizer plants, and in manufacturing farming implements. In 1971, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and her government neglected this investment, and the momentum of the green revolution was allowed to die. In that year, the government began diverting the country's unimaginably meagre resources to armaments; it became preoccupied with the fight against Pakistan, and with the need to isolate Pakistan from her friends China and the United States, and, to that end, to exploit the dissensions between the Soviet Union and China and between the Soviet Union and the United States. As a result of the military and diplomatic emergency,



"Now, Edgar, you're not planning to play the fool tonight, are you?"

we now know, money was allocated to, among other things, an urgent program to fabricate an atomic bomb. India won her third war with Pakistan, succeeded in carving out of Pakistan the new free nation of Bangladesh, and found a new friendship with the Soviet Union to counterbalance the rapprochement between the United States and China. But these dazzling achievements took a heavy toll: inflation has been running at twenty to twenty-five per cent a year; the experimentation with new seeds has practically stopped; the chronic shortage of fertilizers has become acute, especially since the recent fourfold increase in the price of petroleum, most of which the country imports; vital new irrigation projects have been all but abandoned; and most of the American agronomists have been sent home. Sadly, some officials in the government are now trying to discredit Dr. Borlaug, saying that his revolution was oversold as a solution to India's food problem; this ignores the fact that Dr. Borlaug never made any claims to being a miracle-worker and always presented his revolution as a slow, long-term, and expensive measure. Meanwhile, in villages across the land millions of old people and children are dying of malnutrition. In fact, the whole world is suffering from a food shortage in part because of the spreading famine in India.

An Indian friend writes from New Delhi about the mood there following the detonation of India's atomic bomb: "Foreign friends and journalists tell me that they have met nothing but jubilant Indians, which confirms something I've been beginning to suspect: that foreigners can no longer meet 'real Indians'—that these real Indians become stony-faced patriots, propagandists, the moment they meet foreigners, the way Russians also do, so that one can't meet 'real Russians,' either. I have not so far met anyone who was jubilant. I have met only cynical, shrugging people who said they'd rather have more cooking oil, or water, and also fewer mosquitoes, which are a plague this year because there has been no money to disinfect the swamps where they breed. Some of the newspaper cartoonists here have also been scathing, especially Laxman, who showed the usual ragged, starving villagers, in the usual barren, starving desert place, being visited by a couple of politicians. One of the politicians is holding a paper with the A-bomb headline and saying to the other, 'They are bound to feel proud and happy—shall I tell them that we are nearly a developed nation now?'"



"Forgive me, Howard, but that's the most supportive thing anyone's ever said to me."

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OVERHEARD on a Madison Avenue bus, elderly lady wearing a large flowered hat to a friend wearing a similar hat: "I wouldn't be caught dead at that movie with a ten-foot pole!"

Candor

WE went to a real lunch last week—not the sickly sort of lunch where people pick over a *salade niçoise* and bad-mouth Joe Papp but a real lunch, at the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria. It was given by the Sales Executives Club of New York. The Sales Executives Club of New York, as most people know, has far-reaching influence in the area of popular syntax (club members introduced, almost single-handed, the phrases "bottom line," "one-to-one relationship," and "very personal rapport" into common usage), and we like to make sure we know what they're up to. What they were up to the other day at lunch was candor. The members of the Sales Executives Club have worried recently that they haven't been getting enough *candid feedback* from the salesmen who work under them, so last week, after suffering who knows what private misgivings, they did the manly thing and invited nine salesmen to come and give *frank answers* to such questions as "What's wrong with most compensation plans?" and "Is your company's sales training really helping you to sell?" and "What do you get out of the company sales meetings?" To make sure the nine salesmen spoke their minds with total, brutal honesty, the Sales Executives Club gave them little white masks to wear while they spoke.

When we arrived, the nine frank salesmen were discussing sales contests (which reward salesmen who sell more than other salesmen) and whether they were a good thing. None of the nine frank salesmen were identified by name, of course, but it was possible for the moderator to distinguish among them, because each one had a giant number in front of his place at the lunch. Frank Salesmen Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 sat at a table at stage right; Frank Salesmen Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 sat at a table at stage left. Frank Salesman No. 7 was a young woman. Frank Salesman No. 7 and Frank Salesman No. 2 did not wear little white masks. No. 3, a young blond man with a confident delivery and impeccable business-major/sociology-minor syntax, said he was very much in favor of sales contests. "There are those who love a parade, and I love contests," he said. "I love to go out there and show them what I can do on an individual basis. It gives you a chance against your peers, and I think it's fantastic."

Someone in the audience asked if sales contests weren't just "jelly-bean psychology." No. 6 had something to say about that. "There isn't anyone in this room who isn't jumping at *somebody's* jelly bean," he said.

Then the subject of sales training came up. No. 7, the young woman, said she liked the sales training she had had. "Our sales manager had a very personal rapport," she said. "It was on a one-to-one basis, which I personally think is so important." That seemed to sum up what all the salesmen thought about their companies' sales training programs.

Next, the moderator asked what the nine frank salesmen thought of the whole occupation of selling. No. 9 said there was a definite need in the economic structure for selling. No. 8 said there should be more feedback. No. 7 said selling was "definitely a challenge, definitely rewarding." No. 6 said the day of the peddler was gone and the day of the professional negotiator was here. No. 5 said the salesman was an individualist. No. 4 said he liked selling. No. 3 said if he had to use one word it would be "challenge." "It's just unbelievable," he said. "*There are no two sales calls alike.*" No. 2 said he was fortunate to work for his company, and No. 1 said selling was the finest vocation a young man or a young woman could have. Then an official of the Sales Executives Club took the microphone and thanked everyone for coming.

Out by the elevators, a young woman in red congratulated a dark-haired young man, whom we recognized as Frank Salesman No. 8 (or maybe 9).

"You were great," she said.

"The trouble was, my corporate v.-p. was out there," he said.

"So you couldn't be candid?" the young woman asked.

"No," said the young man. "I couldn't really be candid."

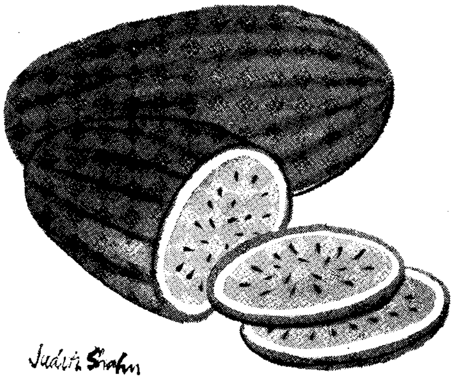
The Professional Voice

WE dropped by Juilliard recently to find thirty-odd laryngologists discussing the pitfalls inherent in the human throat. The group was an international one, which had convened for a symposium called the Care of the Professional Voice. Although most of the papers were highly technical ("The Effect of Systemic Disease on the Voice of the Singer and Actor," and the like), the session we attended was devoted to a general discussion of vocal problems.

"We are talking about a borderline terminology of music and medicine," remarked Dr. A. B. Alexander, a Viennese laryngologist who practices in London. "What we must do is sort out a vocal pathology relating to the problems that usually occur in the extensions of the voice—the high and low notes. The impurities, cracks, and misses. Sometimes these disturbances are functional, and we cannot see a reason for them. We have got to work with singing teachers to find out what can be done for these various conditions."

Several doctors got to discussing the perennial tug-of-war between performer and director, with the laryngologist in the middle. "Your responsibility is to your patient, but it varies, depending on what is required of the performer," said Dr. Wilbur Gould, of Lenox Hill Hospital. "With opera singers, the audience is nonforgiving, but a rock singer can often get by sounding like sheets of sandpaper rubbed together."

Dr. Norman Punt, a perky English laryngologist, agreed. "If an actor produces a cracked tone once or twice during an evening, nobody minds very much," he said. "But let your prima donna spoil a single note in a four-hour opera and she will be lucky to escape critical attention. When you are called backstage just before curtain time—as all of us have been—you may decide that a little lubrication will get an artist through an evening with vocal credit and no long-lasting damage. Or you may find that you have to tell the artist she will be in vocal trouble for a month or longer if she goes ahead with the performance. If the director gives me an argument, I tell the singer, '*Of course* you can perform, my dear, provided management will give you a signed statement that if you destroy your voice they'll pay you a pension for life.' Nobody's ever taken me up on that."

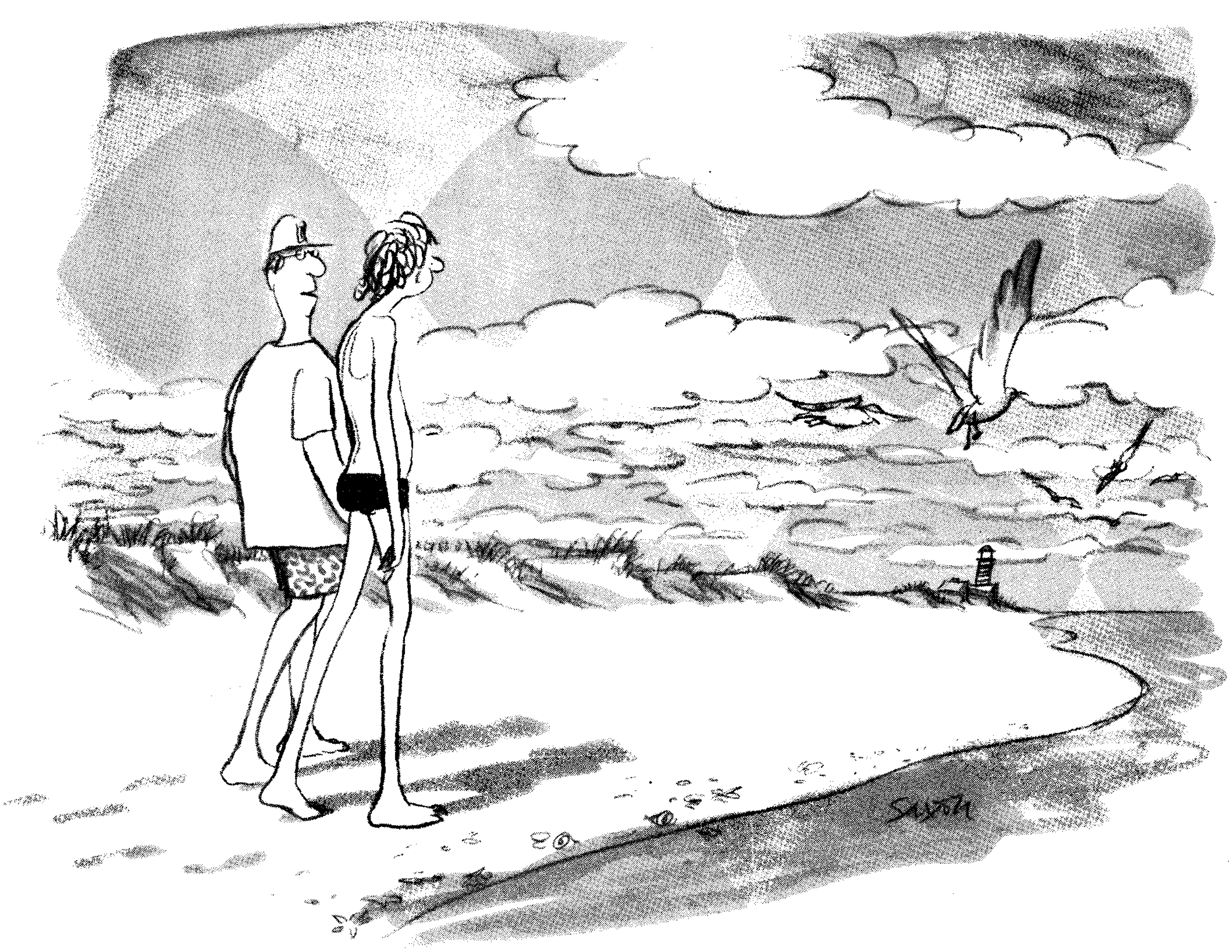


"Let me give you a classic case, involving an outdoor opera performance, with orchestra, in a very large auditorium," said Dr. Hans von Leden, of Los Angeles. "It took place in the summer, and it drew a capacity audience. The opera was scheduled for rehearsal on Wednesday and Friday, with the performance on Saturday night. Then, all at once, the conductor—a very well-known name—decided to lead his orchestra in an additional concert on Wednesday night. As a result, there was only one opera rehearsal—it started at 10 A.M. on Friday and continued until 2 A.M. Saturday. When the singers woke up that afternoon, they found that they had no voices. There were no understudies, and since the house was sold out, a great deal of pressure was put on everybody to sing. Eventually, the singers croaked their way through the opera, and the public was not kind. In the papers the next day, the conductor emerged as the hero—here was this poor man struggling with a group of singers who had no voices. I say that the conductor was totally irresponsible and that the singers were fools. I told the soprano afterward, 'Since you knew your role, you should have fainted at 6 P.M. on Friday to save your voice for the following evening.' "

"Ah, but we all know that actors and singers will perform if they possibly can," said Dr. Punt. "Years ago, at Covent Garden, I permitted a big, brawny Australian tenor to go on. Although he didn't feel well, I couldn't find anything wrong. The result was a near catastrophe; we had to cut arias and practically wreck the performance to save his voice. The problem may be eighty per cent nerves, but it's never *all* nerves, and the director or conductor must be made to look beyond the first performance."

"The professional voice is a puzzle," said Dr. Alexander, "because there is very little physical indication of its existence when you look into the throat. It is basically a happy coincidence of the larynx and the resonant areas, but nobody really knows how this miracle arises. What we do know is that the moment a singer realizes that he can make a professional sound he becomes different from the rest of us. The throat is normal, but the professional voice is an abnormality."

"I think we would all agree that you can look at some of the great international voices and find a larynx or two that doesn't look all that exceptional," said Dr. Punt. "Larynxes are



"During your formative years, I worked hard to create the proper father image for you. Now I think it's time you got to meet the man behind that image."

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like race horses. They're all beautiful, but not all of them are winners."

Correction

SOME tenants of a downtown loft building grew furious over a long-unrepaired crater in their sidewalk and painted in large red letters on the building wall "PIG LANDLORD." At last, the landlord fixed the hole and told the tenants, "Now you can fix up the wall." The graffito currently reads "VIVA PIG LANDLORD."

Boattail

THERE were three TV crews and God knows how many print reporters at the unveiling of the Romulus II, a new automobile designed to look like a 1935 Auburn boattail speedster, at the Plaza Hotel last Wednesday, and we were far back in the line for a test drive. By the time we got behind the walnut-trimmed wheel of a lemon-yellow model and rested our toes in the black deep-cut-pile carpet, we had shaken hands with former Florida Governor Claude Kirk (the car is made in Boca Raton by The Glassic Motor Car Company, of Palm Beach) and had lunch (quiche Lorraine, beef goulash, and spinach-and-bacon salad). Three demonstration models of the car—one yellow, one white, and one gray with dark-blue fenders—were parked in front of the hotel. The Romulus II could easily be mistaken by a car buff for an Auburn speedster. Besides the boattail, it has three simulated supercharger exhaust pipes emerging from each side of the hood, four fenders shaped like so many insects' abdomens, a stylized nude female figure on the hood (and repeated on each side of the body), a special compartment for golf clubs (behind the right door), and enough chromium fittings to equip a yacht. The engine is a three-hundred-and-two-cubic-inch Ford V-8. The Glassic people chose the name Romulus II to suggest antique tradition and classic beauty, and they hope to sell five hundred Romuli, at nineteen thousand dollars each, in the coming year.

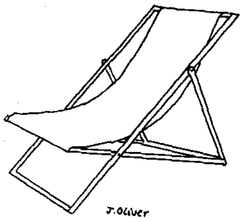
Our test drive followed an oblong path, bounded by Fifty-ninth and Fifty-first Streets on the north and south, and by Fifth and Sixth Avenues on the east and west. We found the Romulus II a strange car to drive in city traffic. It has a straight front axle, and hitting a pothole produces a hearty, *gran-turismo* shake. It also has an extremely long front end, which, with power steering, made us feel as if we were behind the wheel of a motorboat. The power brakes are strong enough to snap your mouth shut. The horn makes a lusty "gahoo-ga." As we drove along, a passing cabdriver offered to buy the car. A young man in jeans shouted, "Hey, is that a boattail Auburn? Beautiful!" A man driving a station wagon with New Jersey plates meekly allowed us to cut in front of him. Many people smiled and stared. We wished we had brought along a cigar.

THERE ARE MEADOWS IN LANARK

THE schoolmaster in Bomacatall, or McKattle's Hut, was gloved and masked and at his beehives when his diminutive brother, the schoolmaster from Knockatatawn, came down the dusty road on his high bicycle. It was an Irish-made bicycle. The schoolmaster from Knockatatawn was a patriot. He could have bought the best English-made Raleigh for half the price, but instead he imported this edifice from the twenty-six into the six counties and paid a mountain of duty on it. The bike, and more of its kind, was made in Wexford by a firm that made the sort of mowing machine that it took two horses to pull. They built the bikes on the same solid principle. There was a great view from the saddle. Hugh, who was the son of the schoolmaster in Bomacatall, once borrowed the bike and rode into the side of a motorcar that was coming slowly out of a hedgy, hidden boreen. He was tossed sideways into the hedgerow and had a lacework of scratches on his face. The enamel on the car was chipped and the driver's window broken. The bike was unperturbed.

To his brother, who was six feet and more, the little man from Knockatatawn said, "I have a scheme in mind."

From behind the mask the big man said, "Was there ever a day that God sent that you didn't have a scheme in mind?"



"It would benefit the boy Hugh. *Cé an aois é anois?*" That meant, "What age is he now?"

"Nine, God bless him."

"Time he saw a bit of the world. Bracing breezes, silvery sands, booming breakers, lovely lands—come to Bundoran." That was an advertisement in the local newspaper.

"You could sing that if you had a tune to it," said the man behind the mask.

"The holiday would do him good," the little man said, "and for three weeks there'd be one mouth less to feed."

That was a forceful argument. The master from Knockatatawn, or the Hill of the Conflagrations, was a bachelor. Hugh was midway in a household of seven, not counting the father and mother.

The bees settled. The beekeeper doffed the mask and wiped the sweat off a broad, humorous face. He said, "James, like St. Paul, you're getting on. You want another to guide you and lead you where thou wouldst not."

The nine-year-old, as he told me a long time afterward, was all for the idea of Bundoran except that, young as he was, he knew there was a hook attached. This was it: At home on the Hill of the Conflagrations there wasn't a soberer man than the wee schoolmaster, none more precise in his way of life and his teaching methods, more just and exact in the administering of punishments or rewards. But Bundoran was for him another world, and he, when he was there, was another man. He met a lot of all sorts of people. He talked his head off, behaved as if he had never heard of algebra, and drank whiskey as if the world's stock of it were going to run dry on the following morning. Yet, always an exact man, he knew that his powers of navigation when he was in the whiskey were failing. He needed a pilot, he needed a tug, or both combined in one: his nephew. There was also this to be said for the wee man: He was never irascible or difficult in drink, he went where the pilot guided him and the tug tugged him. He was inclined to sing, but then he was musical.

So for one, two, three, four years, the nephew-and-uncle navigational cooperation worked well. The nephew had his days on the sand and in the sea. He even faced up to it with the expert swimmers at Roguey Rocks and the Horse Pool. By night, while he waited until his uncle was ready to be steered back to the doss, he drank gallons of lemonade and the like, and saw a lot of life. With the natural result that by the time the fifth summer came around, that summer when the winds were so contrary and the sea so treacherous that a priest was drowned in the Horse Pool, the nephew was developing new interests—he was looking around for the girls. At any rate, Bundoran or no Bundoran, he was growing up. Now, this was a special problem, because the schoolmaster from Knockatatawn had little time for girls, for himself or anybody else, and least of all for his nephew, who, in the fifth summer, had just reached fourteen.

ONE of the wonders of the day on which they helped the schoolmaster from Knockatatawn to the hotel and happed him safely into bed by four o'clock in the afternoon was that Hugh saw a woman, one of the Scotchies, swimming at her ease in the pool where the priest had drowned. She was a white-and-crimson tropical fish, more blinding than the handsomest perch: white for arms, shoulders, midriff, and legs; crimson for cap and scanty costume. Women were not supposed to be in the Horse Pool on any account. But so soon after the drowning the usual people were shunning it, and that woman either didn't know or didn't care. The Scotchies who came to the seaside to Bundoran in the summer had a great name for being wild.

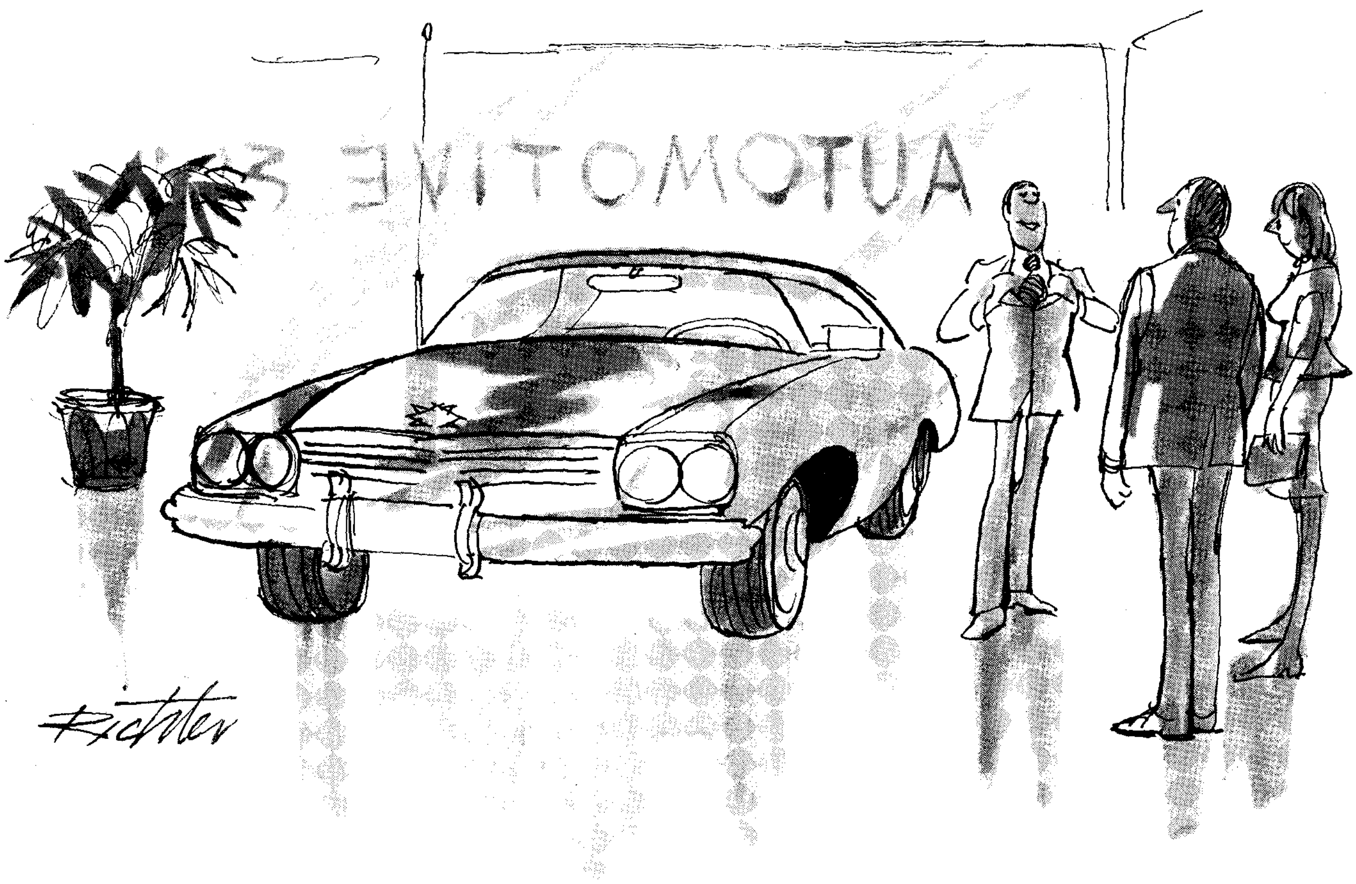
In the hotel bedroom, the sun came in as muted, slanted shafts through the cane blinds. The shafts were all dancing dust. Carpet sweepers weren't much in use in that hotel. They helped the wee man out of his gray sober clothes and into a pair of blue-and-white striped pajamas. He was a fierce, hairy, wee fellow. Arms long like an ape, and a famous fiddler when he was sober. A big purple-faced schoolmaster from Lurganboy said, "Begod, you're like a striped earthenware jar of something good."

The little man waved his arms and tried to sing and once slipped off the edge of the bed and sat on the floor and recited word-perfect:

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries: "Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

The lot of it, every verse, all about how the waters wild swept o'er his child and how Lord Ullin's daughter and her lover were drowned. The drowning of the priest must have put it into his mind. The purple-faced schoolmaster from Lurganboy, rocking a little, listened with great gravity, his head to one side, his black bushy eyes glistening, his thick smiling lips bedewed with malt. He said, "In the training college he was renowned for his photographic memory. And for the fiddle."

Hugh said nothing. He was sick with delight. His uncle was a blue-and-white earthenware jar of Scotch whiskey. He always drank Scotch in Bundoran—out of courtesy, he said, to the hundreds of Scotchies who came here every year on their holidays and spent good money in the country. The music of hurdy-gurdies and hobbyhorses and the like came drifting to them from the strand, over the houses on the far side of the town's long street. This blessed day, the blue-and-white jar could hold no more. He would sleep until tomorrow's dawn, and Hugh was a free man, fourteen, and the world before him.



"It's the least criticized car in the world."

• •

"He'll rest now," said the red-faced master from Lurganboy.

They tiptoed out of the room and down the stairs.

"What'll you do now, boy?"

"Go for a walk."

"Do that. It's healthy for the young."

He gave Hugh a pound, taken all crumpled out of a trouser pocket. Then, nimbly for such a heavy man, he sidestepped into a raucous bar and the swinging doors—glass, brass, and mahogany—closed behind him. It was an abrupt farewell, yet Hugh was all for him, and not only because of the crumpled pound but because in him, man to man and glass for glass, the schoolmaster from the Hill of the Conflagrations had for once taken on more than his match. Several times as they helped the little man toward his bed, the unshakable savant from Lurganboy had said to Hugh, "Young man, you are looking at one who in his cups and in his declining years can keep his steps, sir, like a grenadier guard."

Hugh had the map of his day already worked out in his head. The Scotchie girl he was looking forward to seeing wouldn't be sitting on her high windowsill until seven o'clock. She was there most evenings about that time, a fellow he knew had told him. She and God knew how many other Scotchies, male and female, lived in a three-story yellow boarding house at the east end of the town. There was a garden in front of it, a sloping lawn but no fence or hedge, and the two oval flower beds were rimmed with great stones, smoothed and shaped by the sea, tossed up on the beach at Tullaghan, to the west, gathered and painted and used as ornaments by the local people. This Scotchie girl was one that liked attention. The way she went after it was to clamber out of a bedroom window on the third floor and to sit there for an hour or more in the evening, kicking her heels, singing, laughing, pretending to fall, blowing kisses, and shouting things in unintelligible Scottish at the people in the street below, throwing or dropping things—flowers, chocolates, little fluttering handkerchiefs, and once, he had heard, a pair of knickers. He had only seen her once at those capers—one evening when he navigated past, tug before steamship, with his uncle in tow. She sure as God was there to be seen. It wouldn't have been half the fun if she'd worn a bathing suit, but a skirt with nothing underneath was something to tell the fellows about when he got back to Bomacatall. Not that they'd believe him, but still . . .

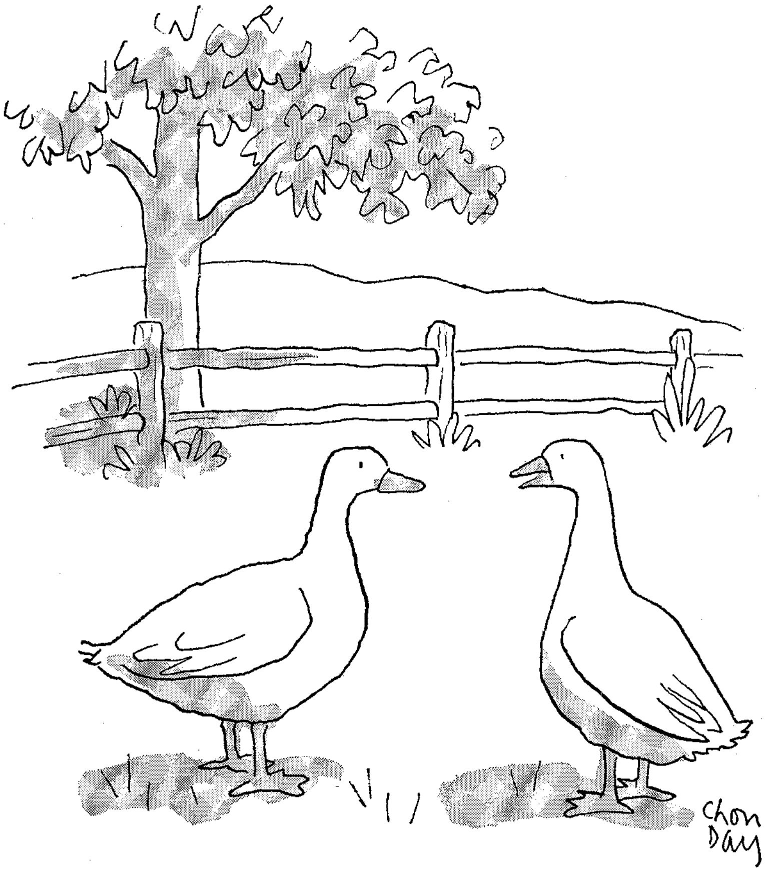
Behind her in the room there must have been thirty girls. They squealed like a piggery. That was a hell of a house. A randyboo, the wee master called it. Bomacatall and Knockatatawn combined never heard the equal of the noise that came out of that house. On the ground floor, the piano was always going, and a gramophone often at the same time, and a melodeon and pipes, and boozy male voices singing "Bonny Doon" and "Bonny Charlie's Noo Awa'" and "Over the Sea to Skye" and "Loch Lomond" and "The Blue Bells of Scotland" and "Bonny Strathyre" and "Bonny Mary of Argyll" and all the time and in and out between everything else:

For I'm no awa tae bide awa,
For I'm no awa tae leave ye,
For I'm no awa tae bide awa,
I'll come back an' see ye.

"They work hard all year," the wee master used to say. "In the big factories and shipyards of Glasgow. Then they play hard. They're entitled to it. The Scots are a sensitive, generous people, and very musical."

The red- or purple-faced master from Lurganboy left him outside the swinging doors of the saloon bar. That Lurganboy man was a wonder to see at the drink. When he moved, Hugh thought, he should make a sound like the ocean surf itself with the weight of liquid inside him. He had also said *something remarkable*, and given Hugh a phrase to remember. For as they'd steered the Knockatatawn man round a windy corner from the promenade to the main street, a crowd of ten or eleven Scotchie girls had overtaken them, singing and shouting, waving towels and skimpy bathing suits, wearing slacks and sandals, bright blouses, short skirts, sweaters with sleeves knotted round their waists and hanging over rumps like britchens on horses.

"This town," said the master from Lurganboy, "is *hoaching* with women."



"Just once, before I die, I'd like to lay a golden egg."

• •

That was the northern word you'd use to describe the way fingerlings wriggle over and around each other at the shallow fringes of pools on blinding June days.

"Hoaching. Hoaching with women," Hugh said to himself as he set out to follow the map he had drawn in his mind which would bring him back at seven o'clock to the place where the daft girl kicked her heels up on the windowsill.

FROM the house of glass to the Nuns' Pool he walked by way of the harbor where the fishing boats are. It isn't really a house of glass. The shopkeeper who built it has a fanciful sort of mind, and has pebble-dashed the front wall of his place with fragments of broken glass. The shop faces east, catching the morning sun; the whole wall then lives and dances like little colored tropical fish frisking, hoaching, in a giant aquarium. Hugh can look down on it from his window, which is right on top of the hotel across the street. Some people say the wall is beautiful. Some people say the man is crazy. The little seer from Knockatatawn says that's the way with people.

Westward the course toward the Nuns' Pool. Past the place where the sea crashes right up to the side of the street. No houses here, and only a high strong wall keeps it from splattering the traffic. Here in the mornings, when the tide is ebbed and the water quiet, a daft old lady in a long dress walks out along rocks and sand, out and out until she's up to her neck in the water, dress and all, and only her head and wide-brimmed straw hat to be seen. Then she comes calmly out again and walks home dripping. Nobody worries or bothers about her. The bay is her bathtub. She lives here winter and summer.

This day the harbor is empty, a few white sails far out on the bay, pleasure boats. Hugh sits on the tip of the mole for a while, and looks down into the deep translucent water. On the gravelly bottom, there are a few dead, discarded fish, a sodden cardboard box, and fragments of lobster claws turned white. If he could clamber around that sharp rock headland and around two or three more of the same, he could peep into the Nuns' Pool and see what they're up to. Do they plunge in, clothes and all, like the mad woman in the morning? It's hard to imagine nuns dressed like the Scotchie in the pool where the priest was drowned. Surely the priests and the nuns should share the one pool, and leave Roguey Rocks and the Horse Pool to the men and the wild Scotchies. The strand and the surf are for children, and after five summers he knows he's no longer a child.

But he's also alone, and he knows that, too. Tugging and steering his mighty atom of an uncle has taken up all his time, and cut him off from his kind. On the cliff-top path by the Nuns' Pool, there are laughing girls by the dozen, and couples walking. In corners behind sod fences, there are couples asprawl on rugs or on the naked grass, grappled like wrestlers, but motionless and in deep silence. Nobody pays the least attention to him. Fair enough—he seems to be the youngest person present. Anyone younger is on the sand or in the surf. Or going for rides on donkeys. He is discovering that love is not a satisfactory spectator sport.

Steep steps cut in rock go down to the Nuns' Pool. Was it called after one nun or gaggles of nuns, season after season? It must have been one horse. But what was a horse ever doing out there on rocks and seaweed and salt water? He sees as he walks a giant nun, a giant horse. The steep steps turn a corner and vanish behind a wall of rock as big as Benbulben Mountain. Only God or a man in a helicopter could see what goes on in there. Do they swim in holy silence—praying perhaps, making aspirations to Mary the Star of the Sea? He listens for the sort of shouts and music and screaming laughs that come from the house where the girl sits on the windowsill. He hears nothing but the wash of the sea, the wind in the cliffside grass, the crying of the gulls. What would you expect? It is ten minutes to five o'clock.

He has time to walk on to the place where the Dowes River splits into two, and goes to the sea over the ranked, sea-shaped stones of Tullaghan, to walk back to the hotel by the main road, feast on the customary cold ham and tomatoes and tea, bread and butter, wash his hands and face and sleek his hair with Brylcreem and part it up the middle, and still be on good time and in a good place for the seven-o'clock show. He does all this. He is flat-footed from walking, and a little dispirited. On the stony strand of Tullaghan, there isn't even a girl to be seen. If there was, he could draw her attention to the wonderful way the sea forms and places the stones, rank on rank, the biggest ones by the waterline and matted with seaweed, the smallest and daintiest right up by the sand and the whistling bent grass. They are variously colored. The tide has ebbed. Far out, the water growls over immovable stones.

He rests for a while by the two bridges over the Dowes River. If there was a girl there, he could tell her how the river flows down from Lough Melvin, and how the trout in the lake and the trout in the river have the gizzards of chickens, and how, to account for that oddity, there's a miracle story about an ancient Irish saint. There is no girl there. A passing car blinds him with dust. Has the evening become more chilly or is that just the effect of hunger? He accelerates. He knows that while a Scotchie girl might show some interest in stones shaped and colored into mantelpiece or dressing-room ornaments, she would be unlikely to care much about trout or ancient miracles. In the hotel, the master is sound asleep in his blue-and-white bars, the bedclothes on the floor. He doesn't snore. Hugh eats four helpings of ham and tomatoes—two for himself, two for the recumbent fiddler from the Hill of the Conflagrations.

The evening is still ahead of him, and the fleshpots delectably steaming. There is no glitter from the house of glass. The hot tea and ham, the thought of the kicking girl on the high windowsill have done him a lot of good. In the evening, most of the children will be gone from the strand, the Palais de Danse warming up, the hoaching at its best.

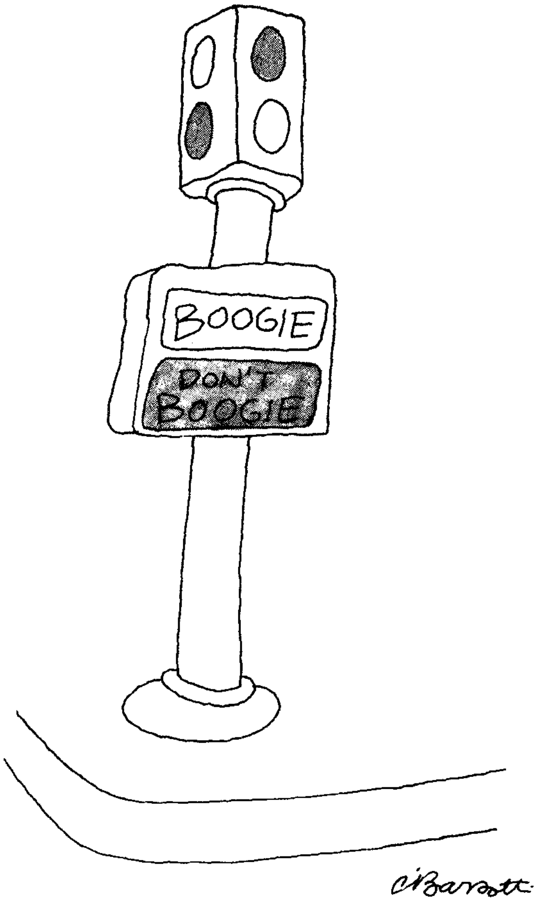
HE wasn't the only one watching for the vision to appear on the windowsill of the yellow boarding house, and right in the middle, like a gigantic Rugby-football forward holding together a monumental scrum, was the purple-faced man from Lurganboy. The Assyrian, Hugh thought, came down like the wolf on the fold, and his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold. He wasn't his uncle's nephew for nothing, even if he wasn't quite sure what a cohort meant. The man with the face as purple as cohorts saw it differently. To the men that ringed him round he said, "Lads, I declare to me Jasus, 'tis like Lourdes or Fátima waiting for the Lady to appear. All we lack is hymns and candles."

"We have the hymns," one voice said. "She has the candles."

"Ave, ave," said another voice.

They were a scruffy enough crowd, Hugh thought, to be in the company of a schoolmaster that had the benefit of education and the best of training. The man from Lurganboy must, at last, have drunk his fill, like the stag at eve, or he wouldn't, surely to God, be in the middle of them. The din was delightful—voices male and female, a gramophone playing a military march, somebody singing that there are meadows in Lanark and mountains in Skye. And he was thinking what a wonderful people the Scots were, and what a hell and all of a house that must be to live in, when the high window went up with a bang and there she was: quick as a sparrow on a branch but brighter, much brighter.

He had heard of a bird of paradise but never had he seen one. But if such a bird existed then its plumage would really have to be something to surpass in splendor what Hugh, in the dying western evening, saw roosting and swinging on the windowsill. Far and beyond Roguey Rocks, the sun would be sinking in crimson. The light came over the roofs of the houses across the street, dazzled the windows, set the girl on fire. Long red hair, red dress, pink stockings, red shoes with wooden soles.



She was so high up, the angle was so awkward, the late sunlight so dazzling that he could find out little about her face except that it was laughing. The scrum around the Lurganboy man cheered and whistled. He knew she was laughing, too, because he could hear her. She was shouting down to the Lurganboy contingent, the *caballeros*, but, because of the noise from the house and the street, he couldn't pick out any words, and anyway she would be talking Scottish. Nor could he be certain that he had been correctly informed as to what, if anything, she wore underneath the red dress—although when he got home to his peers in McKattle's Hut, or Bomacatall, he sure as God wouldn't spoil a good story by unreasonable doubts.

All told, it was an imperfect experience. She twisted and tacked so rapidly, agile as a monkey, that a man could see nothing except crimson. He couldn't even have known that her red shoes had wooden soles if it hadn't been that, with the dint of kicking, one of them came unstuck and landed as surely as a cricket ball in his cupped palms, where he stood in hiding behind the bush. It was in the pocket of his jacket before he knew what he was doing. He was off through the crowd in a second, and nobody but the girl saw him go. The eyes of Lurganboy and his men were on the vision. She screamed high and long. From the far end of the crowd he glanced back, and saw her pointing toward him. But nobody bothered to look the way she was pointing. The map of his evening was as clear in his mind as the strand before him, as sure as the shoe in his pocket, and hunt-the-slipper was a game at which anything might happen.

THE people in this place have, like the tides, their own peculiar movement. Evening, as he had expected, draws most of the children away from the strand to a thousand boarding-house bedrooms. The promise of the moon draws the loving couples, the laughing and shouting groups, away from the westward walk by the Nuns' Pool to dry, sheltered nooks between strand and dunes, to the hollows in the grassy tops of the high cliffs above Roguey, to the place where later the drums will begin to feel their way in the Palais de Danse. Every night, including Sunday, there is not only a dance but a few brawls and a talent competition in the Palais.

No moon yet. No drums yet. The

last red rays are drowned in the ocean. The light is gray. The strand is pretty empty and a little chilly; the sea is far out. But as he runs, ankle deep in churned sand, down the slope from the now silent motionless hobbyhorses and hurdy-gurdies, he sees a slow, silent procession of people coming toward him around the jagged black corner of Roguey Rocks. The sea washes up almost around their feet. They step cautiously across a shelf of rock, then more rapidly and boldly along the slapping wet sand by the water's edge. Four men in the lead are carrying something. He runs toward them, all girls forgotten. Whatever chance anyway he had of meeting a girl during the day, he can only have less now in this half-desolate place. The red shoe will be his only souvenir, yet still something to show to the heathens in Bomacatall. Halfway across the strand, a distraught woman in skirt and cardigan, hair blowing wild, stops him. She says, "Wee boy, see if it's a wee boy with fair hair. He's missing for an hour and I'm distracted. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph protect him. I'm afraid to look myself."

But it isn't a wee boy with fair hair. It isn't even the crimson-and-white Scotchie girl who had been swimming in the Horse Pool and whom the sea might have punished for sacrilege—for surely a dead, drowned priest must make some difference to the nature of the water.

What he sees is nothing that you could exactly put a name to. The four men carry it on a door taken off its hinges. It's very large and sodden. There's nothing in particular where the face should be—except that it's very black. A woman looks at it and gasps. Somebody says, "Cover that up, for God's sake."

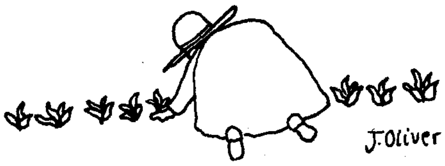
A tall, red-headed man throws a plastic raincoat over the black nothing-in-particular. Hugh walks back to the woman in the skirt and cardigan. He tells her that it isn't a wee boy with fair hair. She thanks God.

"It's a big person that must have been a long time in the water."

But she has moved away and isn't listening. He falls in at the tail of the procession. People leave it and join it, join it and leave it. It's a class of a funeral. An ambulance comes screaming down the slope from the long town, and parks beside the stabled silent hobbyhorses. Two civic guards come running, a third on a bicycle. Behind on the strand, one single man in a long black coat walks, fearing no ghosts, toward Roguey Rocks. No couples or laughing groups are to be seen, even on the grassy cliff tops. He fingers the shoe in his pocket to remind him of girls.

A drum booms, a horn blares from the Palais de Danse, which is halfway up the slope toward the town. He follows the procession until it passes the Palais, then leaves it. He gets in, and for free, simply by saying that he's singing in Irish in the talent competition.

THE hall was already crowded, because the evening had turned chilly and the threat of rain was in the air. He found a seat in a corner near the ladies, where he could watch the procession coming and going. They came and went in scores, and for all the attention any of them paid to him he might have been invisible. He was grateful for the anonymity. He was too weary to carry on with the hopeless chase, and that grim vision on the beach had given him other things to think about. It was still fun to sit and watch the women, all shapes and sizes and colors, and moods. They went in demure and came out giggling. That was because most of them, he had heard, kept naggins of gin and vodka concealed in the cloakroom. It was a great world, and all before him. The band was thunderous, the floor more and more crowded, until somebody thumped a gong and everybody who could find a chair sat on one—girls who couldn't sat recklessly on the knees of strangers, nobody on his. So he stood up and gave his chair to a girl who didn't even say thanks. The band vanished. A woman sat at the piano, a man with a fiddle and a young fellow with a guitar stood beside her. This was the talent competition.



As a grown man long afterward, he couldn't remember much of it. The time was after eleven, he had been on foot all day, his eyes were closing with sleep. A man with long brown hair and long—the longest—legs and big feet came out, sang in a high nervous tenor about the bard of Armagh, then tripped over the music stand and fell flat on his face. That act was much appreciated. A little girl in a white frock and with spangles or something shining in her hair tiptoed out, curtsied, holding the hem of her skirt out wide in her hands, danced a jig to the fiddle, then sang a song in Irish that meant, "There are two little yellow goats at me, courage of the milk, courage of the milk. This is the tune that is at the piper, Hielan laddy, Hielan laddy." And more of the same. A fat bald man sang, "While I'm jog jog jogging along the highway, a vagabond like me . . ." Then there were tin whistles and concertinas, six sets of Scottish and two of Irish, or Uilleann, pipes, piano accordions, melodeons, combs in tissue paper, and clicking spoons, cornet, fiddle, big bass drum, something, something, and euphonium. As the song says.

He lost interest. His insteps ached. He would have slipped away un-

GETTING SOMEWHERE

All summer, that water shimmering
Would call me to the ends of streets
Where there was no water,
The flat heat-shimmer fading
And going patchy if I went near—no river
To cross, no way to drink there.

I would see my father
And all the others fording quicksilver,
Wavering home in pieces, in swollen cars,
Or collapsing on stilts, their profiles wobbly
But turning harder as they came closer
Out of a spilled mirror.

Bent upward over my head that summer,
Light had somewhere better to go
For its hard labor, leaving mock water
Between me and all distance, keeping
Its distance, running or standing,
As out of reach as a rainbow.

—DAVID WAGONER

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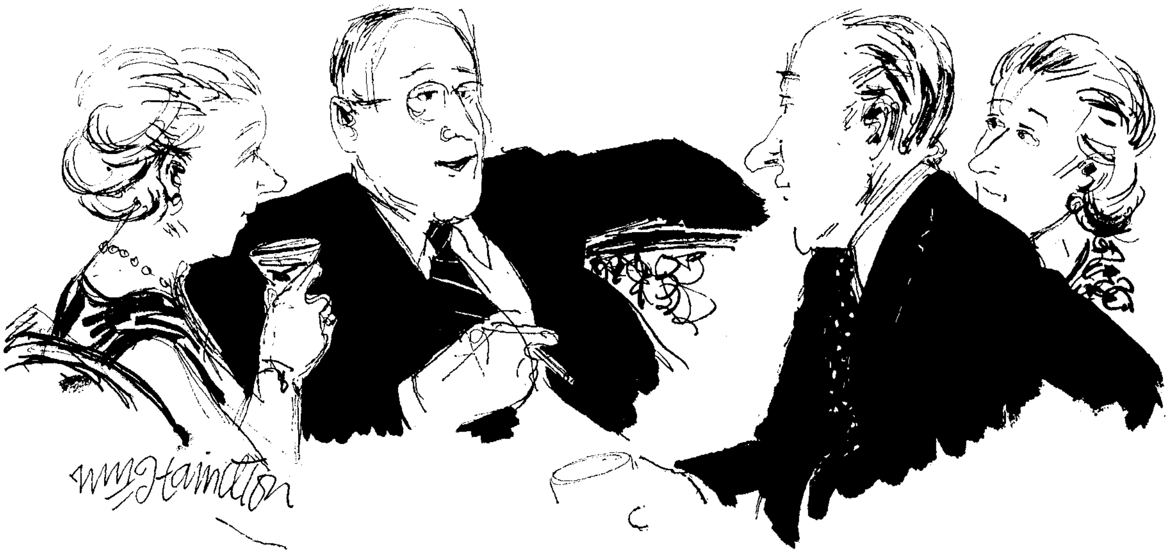

"*You're leaving out one thing, Frank. Asia.*"

• •

noticed, but a crowd and girls hoaching were always better than a lonely room. He saw in the far corner the man from Lurganboy asleep within a chair, his legs out like logs, hands locked over splendid stomach and watch chain and velvet waistcoat, chin on chest, black hat at a wild angle but bravely holding on to his head. Five other adults sat in a row beside him, all awake except Lurganboy.

As Hugh watched, Lurganboy awoke, pulled in his legs, raised his head, gripped the arms of his chair, and hoisted himself to sit erect. The ballroom was silent. Was it the oddness of the silence made the sleeper awake? No, not that, but something, Hugh felt, was going to happen. The drummer was back on the stage. He struck the drum a boom that went round the hall, echoing, shivering slowly away. Then the compère said, "Ladies and gentlemen."

He said it twice. He held up his right hand. He said again, "Ladies and gentlemen, while the judges, including our old, true, tried, and stalwart friend from Lurganboy, are making up their minds, adding up points, assessing the vast array of talent, not to mention grace and beauty, we will meet again an old friend, a man who needs no introduction, a man who many a time and oft has starred on this stage and who, in days gone by but well remembered, has worn more laurels for music than . . ."

The cheers hit the roof, and out on the stage like a released jack-in-the-box stepped the wee master from Knockatatawn, sober as a judge, lively as a cricket, dapper as a prize greyhound, fiddle in one fist, bow in the other. When the cheering stopped, he played for fifteen minutes, and even the gigglers, resurfacing after gin and vodka, kept a respectful silence. Lord God Almighty, he could play the fiddle.

It could be that the way to get the women is to be a bachelor and play the fiddle and drink all day and pay no attention to them. Hugh said long afterward that he never saw anything like it before or since, flies round the honeypot, rats round a carcass, never did he see hoaching like that hoaching, and in the middle of it and hopping about on the stage like a wound-up toy, a monkey on a stick, the red Scotchie girl from the windowsill, and her shoe in his pocket. Radar or something must have told her where he was. She saw him, isolated as he was, standing like a pillar-box in the middle of the floor, for the crowd was on the stage or fighting to get on the stage, and the drum was booming and the compère shouting and nobody listening. She came toward him slowly, and he backed away and then ran for the beach, and then stopped. The moon was out between clouds. There was a mizzle of rain.

He stopped running and looked at the moon and the moonlight on the water. This was destiny, and he had no real wish to run from it. The moon shines bright on such a night as this. In later years, a moonlit beach always reminded him of loneliness, a crowded beach of faceless death. She was a little monkey of a girl, and she crouched her shoulders and stooped when she talked. Her red hair was down to her hips. She said, "Wee laddie, will ye no gie me back ma shoe?"

He was learning the language.

"I'm as big as ye are, yersel."

"Will ye no gie me back ma shoe?"

She wasn't pleading. She wasn't angry. He knew by her big eyes that it was all fun to her, all part of the holiday. She really wasn't any taller than himself, and her foot fitted into his pocket.

"It's no here. It's in ma room."

"You'll bring it tae me."

"For sure. It's no awa tae bide away."

"Guid laddie. Do ye dance?"

"Thon's my uncle wi' the fiddle."

"Ye're like him. Ye were quick away wi' ma shoe. I'll no tell him ye're here."

From that night on, the red shoe was his ticket of admission to the wild happy house. Nothing much, naturally, came of that except a lot of singing and some kisses in the mornings from a sort of elder sister. He learned to talk and understand Scots, and to this day, and in his cups, can sing that he's no awa tae bide away with the best Glaswegian that e'er cam doon frae Gilmour Hill. Like his uncle, he enjoyed his double life. Not for years, though, not until he had been through college and had his own school, did he tell the tale to me or the old man, who by that time was retired and able to drink as he pleased. The old fellow, mellow at the time, laughed immoderately and said, "Seemuldoon, I always hold, is a land of milk and honey if you keep your own bees and milk your own cow."

That was a favorite and frequently irrelevant saying of his. Seemuldoon, meaning the dwelling place of the Muldoons, was, in all truth, the place he came from, and not Knockatatawn. Nor did the man from Lurganboy really come from Lurganboy: I used the name just because I like it, and when people ask me to go to Paris and places like that I say no, I'll go to Lurganboy. Because you don't *go* to Lurganboy, you find yourself there when you lose the road going somewhere else. —BENEDICT KIELY

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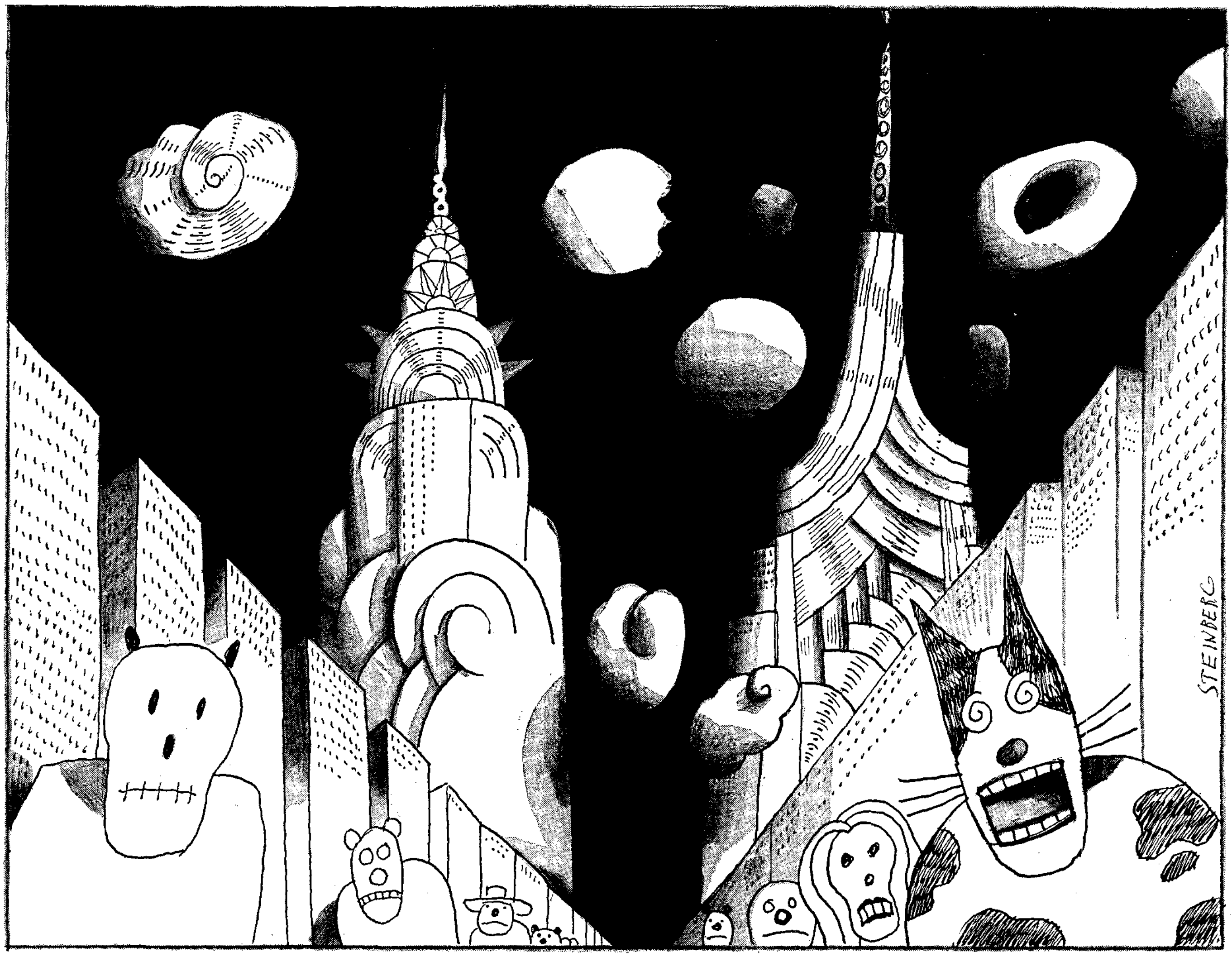
Frederick Thomas is a freelance writher living in St. Petersburg.—*St. Petersburg* (*Fla.*) *Times.*

It's that damnable climate.

ANNALS OF POLITICS

THE POWER BROKER

I—THE BEST BILL-DRAFTER IN ALBANY



THE power of most public officials is measured in years. The power of Robert Moses was measured in decades. It was formally handed to him on April 18, 1924, ten years after he had entered government. He held it for more than four decades thereafter—until the day in 1968 when he realized that he had either misunderstood Nelson Rockefeller or been cheated by him and, in either case, had lost the last of it—and it was a power so substantial that in the fields in which he chose to exercise it no mayor of New York City or governor of New York State seriously challenged it. He held this power during the administrations of six governors—Alfred E. Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Herbert H. Lehman, Thomas E. Dewey, and W. Averell Harriman as well as Rockefeller. He held it during the administrations of five mayors—Fiorello LaGuardia, William O'Dwyer, Vincent R. Impellitteri, Robert F. Wagner, Jr., and John V. Lindsay.

And with this power Robert Moses shaped New York.

Any map of New York proves it. The very shoreline of the city was different before he came to power. He hammered bulkheads of steel deep into the muck beneath rivers and harbors and crammed into the space between bulkheads and shore masses of earth and stone, shale and cement that hardened into fifteen thousand acres of new land.

Standing out from the map's delicate tracery of gridirons representing streets are heavy lines that denote the major roads on which automobiles and trucks move—roads whose location does as much as any single factor to determine where and how a city's people live and work. With a single exception, the East River Drive, Robert Moses built every one of those roads. He built the Major Deegan Expressway, the Van Wyck Expressway, the Sheridan Expressway, and the Bruckner Expressway. He built the Gowanus Expressway, the Prospect Expressway, the Whitestone Expressway, the Clearview Expressway, and the Throgs Neck Expressway. He built the Cross-Bronx Expressway, the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, the Nassau Expressway, the Staten Island Expressway, and the Long Island Expressway. He built the Harlem River Drive and the West Side Highway.

Only one borough of New York City—the Bronx—is on the mainland of the United States, and the four island boroughs are linked to it and to each other by bridges. Since 1931, seven major bridges have been built in the city—immense structures, anchored by towers as tall as seventy-story buildings, supported by cables made up of enough wire to circle the earth. Those bridges are the Triborough, the Verrazano, the Throgs Neck, the Marine Parkway, the Henry Hudson, the Cross-Bay, and the Bronx-Whitestone. Robert Moses built every one of those bridges.

Scattered throughout New York

stand groves of tall luxury apartment houses built under urban-renewal programs. Alongside some of these groves stand college lecture halls and dormitories. Alongside one stands Lincoln Center, the world's costliest and most imposing cultural center, and alongside another stands the New York Coliseum. Once, other buildings stood on the sites of the groves: stores, factories, tenements that had been there for a century, large apartment houses that were still serviceable and sturdy. Robert Moses decided that these buildings would be torn down, and it was Robert Moses who decided that the dormitories, the cultural center, the Coliseum, and the new apartment houses would be erected in their place.

The eastern edge of Manhattan was completely altered between 1945 and 1958. Northward from the bulge of Corlears Hook loom two miles of drab, hulking apartment houses. Almost all of them are public housing. Together with similar structures huddled alongside the expressways or set in rows beside the Rockaway surf, they contain a hundred and seventy-six thousand apartments and six hundred thousand tenants—a population bigger than that of Minneapolis. These buildings were constructed by the New York City Housing Authority, almost half of them between 1945 and 1958. Robert Moses was never a member of the Housing Authority, and his relationship with it was only hinted at in the press. But between 1945 and 1958 no site for public housing was selected and no brick of a public-housing project laid without his approval.

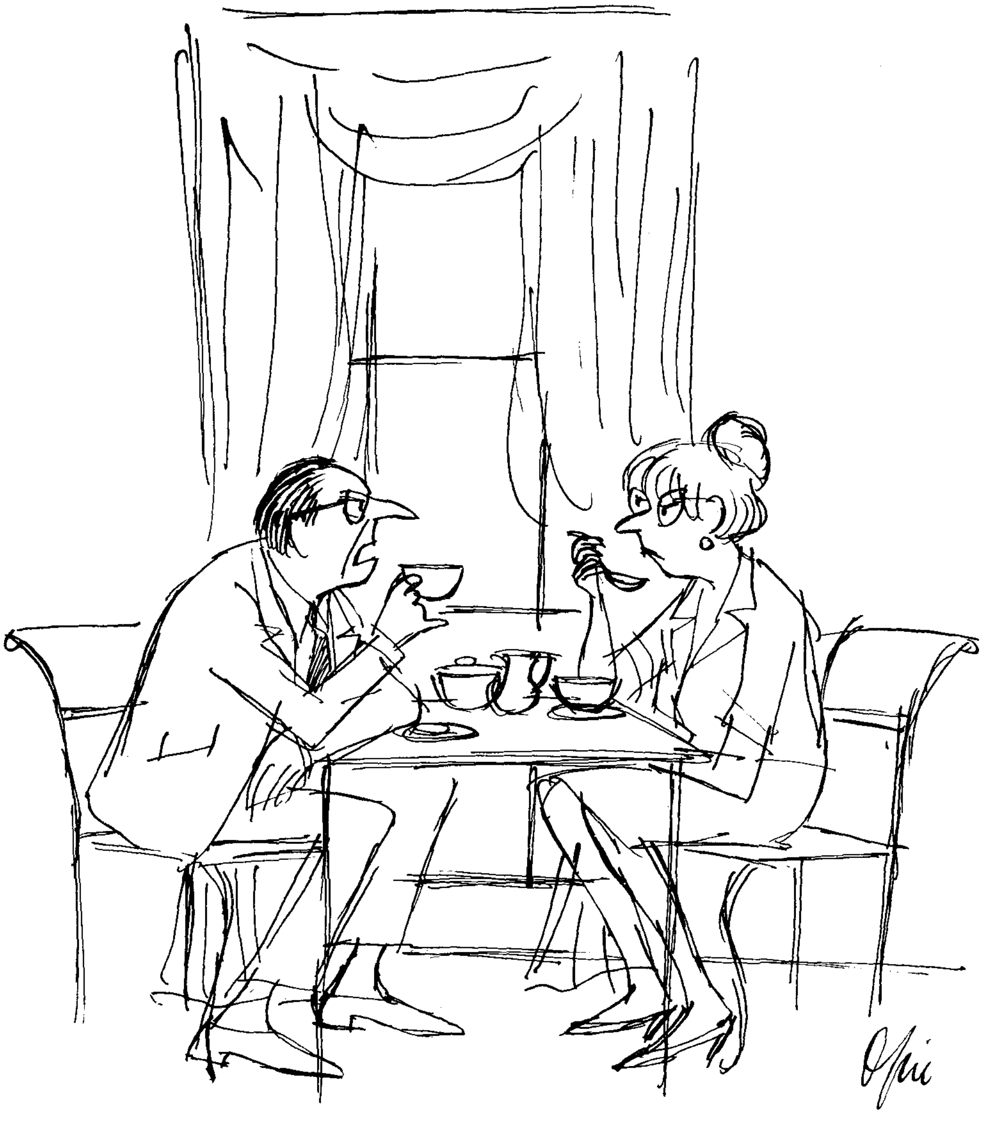
North of the public housing are two immense "private" housing developments: Stuyvesant Town and Peter Cooper Village. Robert Moses was the dominant force in their creation, too. And still farther north along the East River stand the buildings of the United Nations headquarters. Moses cleared away the obstacles to bringing the U.N. to New York and he supervised the construction of its headquarters.

When Robert Moses began building playgrounds in New York City, there were a hundred and nineteen. When he stopped, there were seven hundred and seventy-seven. Under his direction, an army of laborers that during the Depression included as many as eighty-six thousand men reshaped every park in the city and then filled the parks with zoos and skating rinks, boathouses and tennis houses, bridle paths and golf courses, tennis courts and baseball diamonds. Under his direction, endless convoys of trucks hauled the city's garbage into its marshes, and the garbage, covered with earth and lawn, became more parks. Long strings of barges brought to the city white sand dredged from the ocean floor, and the sand was piled on mud flats to create beaches.

Yet no enumeration of the beaches, parks, housing projects, bridges, and roads that Robert Moses built in New York does more than suggest the immensity of his physical influence upon the city. In the seven years between 1946 and 1954, seven years that were marked by the most intensive public construction in the city's history, no public improvement of any type—no school or sewer, library or pier, hospital or catch basin—was built by any city agency unless Moses approved its design and location. To clear the land for these improvements, he evicted hundreds of thousands of the city's people from their homes and tore the homes down. Neighborhoods were obliterated by his edict to make room for new neighborhoods reared at his command.

And his influence upon New York went far beyond the physical. In twentieth-century America, no city's resources—even combined with resources made available by the state and federal governments—have come close to meeting its needs. So cities have had to pick and choose among these needs—to decide which handful of a thousand desperately necessary projects would actually be built. This establishment of priorities has had a vast impact on the social fabric of the cities—on the quality of life their inhabitants led. For more than four decades, Robert Moses played a vital role in establishing New York City's priorities. For the crucial seven years, he established all its priorities.

Out from the heart of New York, often reaching beyond the limits of the city into its vast suburbs, and thereby shaping them as well as the city, stretch the parkways, which, unlike the expressways, are closed to trucks and all other commercial vehicles and are bordered by lawns and trees. There are four hundred and sixteen miles of parkways. Robert Moses built, or rebuilt, ev-



"Look! Your analyst will be on vacation. My analyst will be on vacation. Armistice in August, agreed?"

"Nice try, Archer, but it's no cigar."

ery mile. Within the city limits, he built the Mosholu Parkway and the Hutchinson River Parkway, which stretch north toward Westchester County. He built the Grand Central Parkway, the Belt Parkway, the Laurelton Parkway, the Cross Island Parkway, and the Interborough Parkway, which stretch east toward the counties of Long Island. In Westchester, he built the Saw Mill River Parkway, the Sprain Brook Parkway, and the Cross-County Parkway. On Long Island, he built the Northern State Parkway and the Southern State Parkway, the Wantagh Parkway and the Sagtikos, the Sunken Meadow and the Meadowbrook. Some of the Long Island parkways run down to the Island's South Shore and then, on causeways also built by Robert Moses, across the Great South Bay to Jones Beach, which was a barren, deserted, mosquito-infested sandspit when he first happened upon it in 1921, while exploring the bay alone in a small rowboat, and which he transformed into what may be the world's greatest oceanfront park and bathing beach. Other Long Island parkways lead to other huge parks and other great bathing beaches—to Sunken Meadow, Hither Hills, Montauk, Orient Beach, Captree, Bethpage, Wildwood, Belmont Lake, Hempstead Lake, Valley Stream, Heckscher. Robert Moses built these parks and beaches.

The physical works of Robert Moses are not confined to New York and its suburbs. The largest of them are hundreds of miles from the city, stretched along the Niagara Frontier and—in distant reaches of New York State known to the natives as the North Country, north even of Massena, a town where frost comes in August and the temperature can be thirty below by November—along the St. Lawrence River. North from Massena, the land rolls barren and empty. Only an occasional farmhouse interrupts the expanse of bare fields and scraggly woods. You can drive for twenty miles without passing another car. But turn a bend in the road and there is the St. Lawrence, and, stretched across it, one of the most colossal single works of man—a power dam as tall as a ten-story apartment house and as long as eleven football fields, a structure vaster by far than any of the pyramids, or, in terms of bulk, of any six pyramids. And this structure is only the centerpiece of Robert Moses' design to tame the wild waters of the St. Lawrence—a design that includes three huge control dams built to force the river through the power dam's turbines. After the dams were built, Moses adorned them with parks and campgrounds, picnic areas and overlooks, beaches built beside lakes that he also built, and miles and miles of additional parkways. And at Niagara he built a series of dams, parks, and parkways that make the St. Lawrence development look small.

As significant as what Robert Moses built is when he built it. When he began building state parks and parkways, during the nineteen-twenties, twenty-nine states were without a single state park; six had only one. Roads uninterrupted by crossings at grade and set off by landscaping were almost nonexistent. The handful of visionaries who dreamed of large parks in the countryside and of convenient means of getting to them were utterly unable to translate their dreams into reality. But in 1923, after tramping alone for months over sandspits and almost wild tracts of Long Island woodland, Moses mapped out a system of state parks there that would cover forty thousand acres and would be linked together, and to New York City, by hundreds of miles of broad parkways. And by 1929 he had actually built the system he had dreamed of, hacking it out in a series of merciless vendettas against wealth and wealth's power. In the decade following the opening of the Long Island system, public officials and engineers from all over the country came to Long Island to marvel at his work, and, in a rush to follow in his footsteps, park enthusiasts created scores of parks in their own states. The engineering aspects of these parks, as well as the philosophy on which they were built, came largely out of the old August Belmont mansion on Long Island, where Moses, who had turned the mansion into his headquarters, sat pounding his palm on what had been Belmont's dinner table and planning out a system far vaster than Long Island's for all New York State. When Moses resigned from the chairmanship of the New York system, in 1962, the total acreage of state parks in the fifty states was 5,799,057. New York State alone had 2,567,256 of those acres, or forty-three per cent of all the state parks in the country.

When Robert Moses began building expressways, after the Second World War, there were plenty of plans for expressways but few expressways. Unlike most parkways, most expressways were built through cities, and politicians boggled at two political problems that would attend the carrying out of the plans: their fantastic cost, and the necessity of removing from the expressways' paths and relocating thousands, even tens of thousands, of city residents. In New York, in 1946, Moses began ramming six great expressways through the city's massed apartment houses simultaneously. A decade later, there were still only a few stretches of urban expressways in the United States, but Moses' six pioneer expressways were almost completed. When, in 1956, sufficient funds to gridiron America with expressways were insured by the passage of the Federal Aid Highway Act, it was to New York that the engineers of state highway departments came, to learn the secrets of the Master. The greatest secret was how to remove people from the expressways' paths. Robert Moses taught them which people to deal with—the poor, the black, the helpless—and how to deal with them. He was America's greatest road builder—the most influential single architect of the system over which America's cars rolled. Bertram D. Tallamy, chief administrative officer of the interstate highway system during the nineteen-fifties and early sixties, says that the principles on which the system was built were principles that Moses laid down for him in a series of brilliant private lectures in the nineteen-thirties. And there was in this fact an irony: Except for a few driving lessons he took in 1927, Robert Moses never drove a car in his life.

In 1949, the federal government enacted a new approach to the housing problems of cities: urban renewal. The approach was new in philosophy: for the first time in America, government was given the right to seize an individual's private property not for its own use but for reassignment to another individual for *his* use, and his profit. And it was new in scope: a billion dollars was appropriated in 1949, and it was agreed that this was only seed money to prepare the ground for later, greater plantings of cash. Most cities approached urban renewal with caution. But in New York City urban renewal was directed by Robert Moses. By 1957, a hundred and seventy-eight million dollars of public moneys had been spent on urban renewal in all the cities of the United States with the exception of New York; two hundred and sixty-seven million had been spent in New York. So far ahead was New York that when scores of huge buildings constructed under its urban-renewal program were already occupied, administrators from other cities were still borrowing New York's contract forms to learn how to draw up the initial legal agreements with interested developers. By 1960, when Moses resigned from his urban-renewal directorship, urban renewal had produced more physical results in New York than in all other American cities combined. The federal official who was in charge of the program in its early years says that the most important influence on its development and its acceptance by the public was Robert Moses.

Parks, highways, housing—Moses was a formative force in all three fields in the United States. He was a seminal thinker, perhaps the most influential seminal thinker, in developing policies in these fields, and perhaps the most influential innovator in developing the methods by which these policies were put into effect. And since parks, highways, and housing do so much to shape a city's environment, he may have had a greater influence on the cities of America than any other single individual.

One measure of Moses' career is statistics. Not including the cost of schools, hospitals, garbage incinerators, sewers, and other improvements whose site and design he approved but that were physically constructed by others, and not including the amount of money poured by private sources into construction that also had to be approved by him—including only those public works that he personally conceived and completed, from first vision to ribbon cutting—Moses built public works costing, in 1968 dollars, twenty-seven billion dollars. In terms of personal conception and completion, no other public official in the history of the United States built public works costing anything even close to that figure. In those terms, Robert Moses was unquestionably America's most prolific physical creator. He was America's—perhaps the world's—greatest builder.

But what did he build? What was the shape into which he pounded New York?

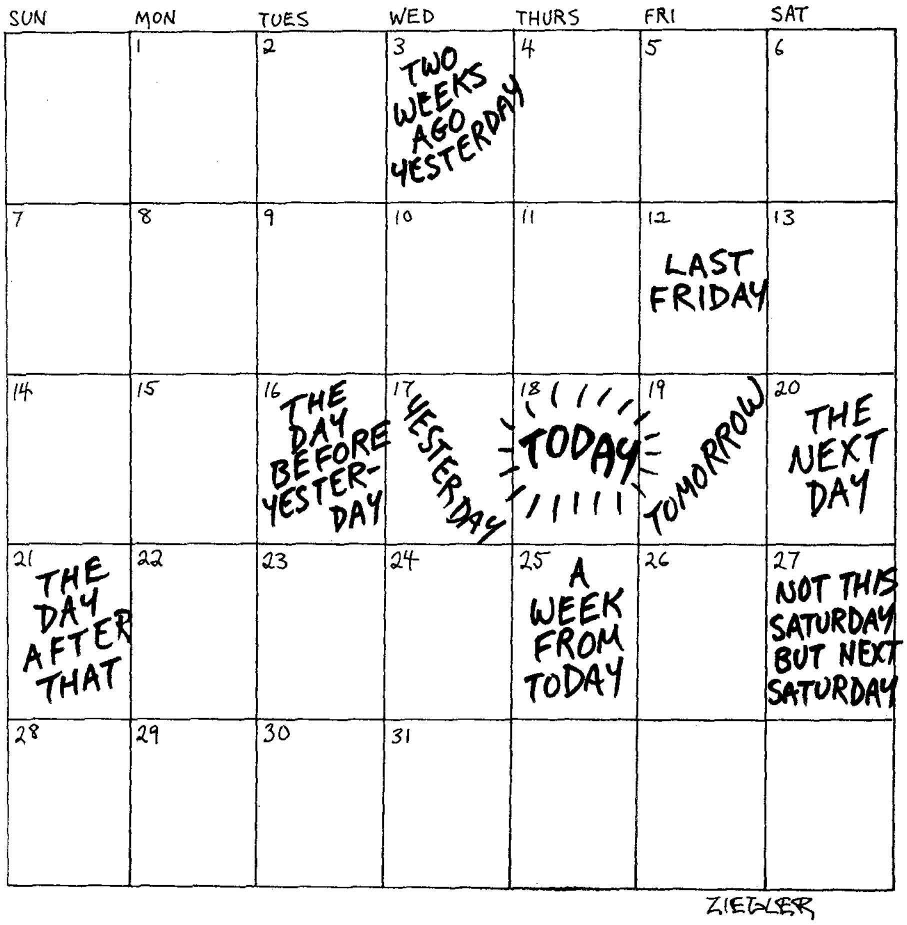
To build his highways, Moses threw out of their homes tens of thousands of people. He tore out the hearts of a score of neighborhoods—communities the size of small cities themselves, communities that had been friendly places to live in, vital parts of the city which made New York a home to its people.

By building his highways, Moses flooded the city with cars. By systematically starving the subways and the suburban-commuter railroads, he swelled that flood to city-destroying dimensions. By making sure that the vast suburbs, rural and empty when he came to power, were filled on a development pattern relying primarily on roads instead of mass transportation, he insured that that flood would continue for generations, if not centuries.

To make room for the Coliseum, Lincoln Center, and the United Nations—for a score of mammoth urban-renewal projects—he threw out of their homes many thousands of poor people, and he used the urban-renewal money available for housing to build housing for rich people, so that the poor had no place to go except into the slums or into borderline areas that then became slums.

He built parks and playgrounds with a lavish hand, but they were parks and playgrounds for the rich and comfortable. Recreational facilities for the poor he doled out like a miser.

When he built housing for poor people, he built housing that was bleak, sterile, cheap—expressive of condescension and contempt in every line. And he built it in places that contributed to the



THE BIRTH OF LOVE

Season late, day late, sun just down, and the sky
Cold gunmetal but with a wash of live rose, and she,
From water the color of sky except where
Her motion has fractured it to shivering splinters of silver,
Rises. Stands on the raw grass. Against
The new-curdling night of spruces, nakedness
Glimmers and, at bosom and flank, drips
With fluent silver. The man,

Some dozen strokes out, but now hanging
Motionless in the gunmetal water, feet
Cold with the coldness of depth, all
History dissolving from him, is
Nothing but an eye. Is an eye only. Sees

The body that is marked by his use, and Time's,
Rise, and in the abrupt and unsustaining element of air,
Sway, lean, grapple the pond-bank. Sees
How, with that posture of female awkwardness that is,
And is the stab of, suddenly perceived grace, breasts bulge down in
The pure curve of their weight and buttocks
Moon up and, in that swelling unity,
Are silver, and glimmer. Then

The body is erect, she is herself, whatever
Self she may be, and with an end of the towel grasped in each hand,
Slowly draws it back and forth across back and buttocks, but
With face lifted toward the high sky, where
The over-wash of rose color now fails. Fails, though no star
Yet throbs there. The towel, forgotten,
Does not move now. The gaze
Remains fixed on the sky. The body,
Profiled against the darkness of spruces, seems
To draw to itself, and condense in its whiteness what light
In the sky yet lingers or, from
The metallic and abstract severity of water, lifts. The body,
With the towel now trailing loose from one hand, is
A white stalk from which the face flowers gravely toward the high sky.
This moment is non-sequential and absolute, and admits
Of no definition, for it
Subsumes all other, and sequential, moments, by which
Definition might be possible. The woman,

Face yet raised, wraps,
With a motion as though standing in sleep,
The towel about her body, under the breasts, and,
Holding it there, hieratic as lost Egypt and erect,
Moves up the path that, stair-steep, winds
Into the clamber and tangle of growth. Beyond
The lattice of dusk-dripping leaves, whiteness
Dimly glimmers, goes. Glimmers and is gone, and the man,

Suspended in his darkling medium, stares
Upward where, though not visible, he knows
She moves, and in his heart he cries out that if only
He had such strength, he would put his hand forth
And maintain it over her to guard, in all
Her out-goings and in-comings, from whatever
Inclemency of sky or slur of the world's weather
Might ever be. In his heart
He cries out. Above

Height of the spruce-night and heave of the far mountain, he sees
The first star pulse forth. It gleams there.

I do not know what promise it makes to him.

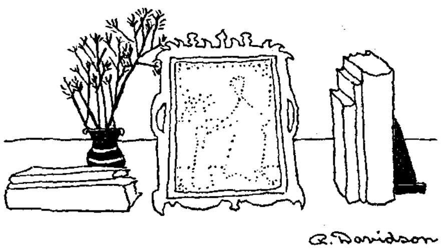
—Robert Penn Warren

• •

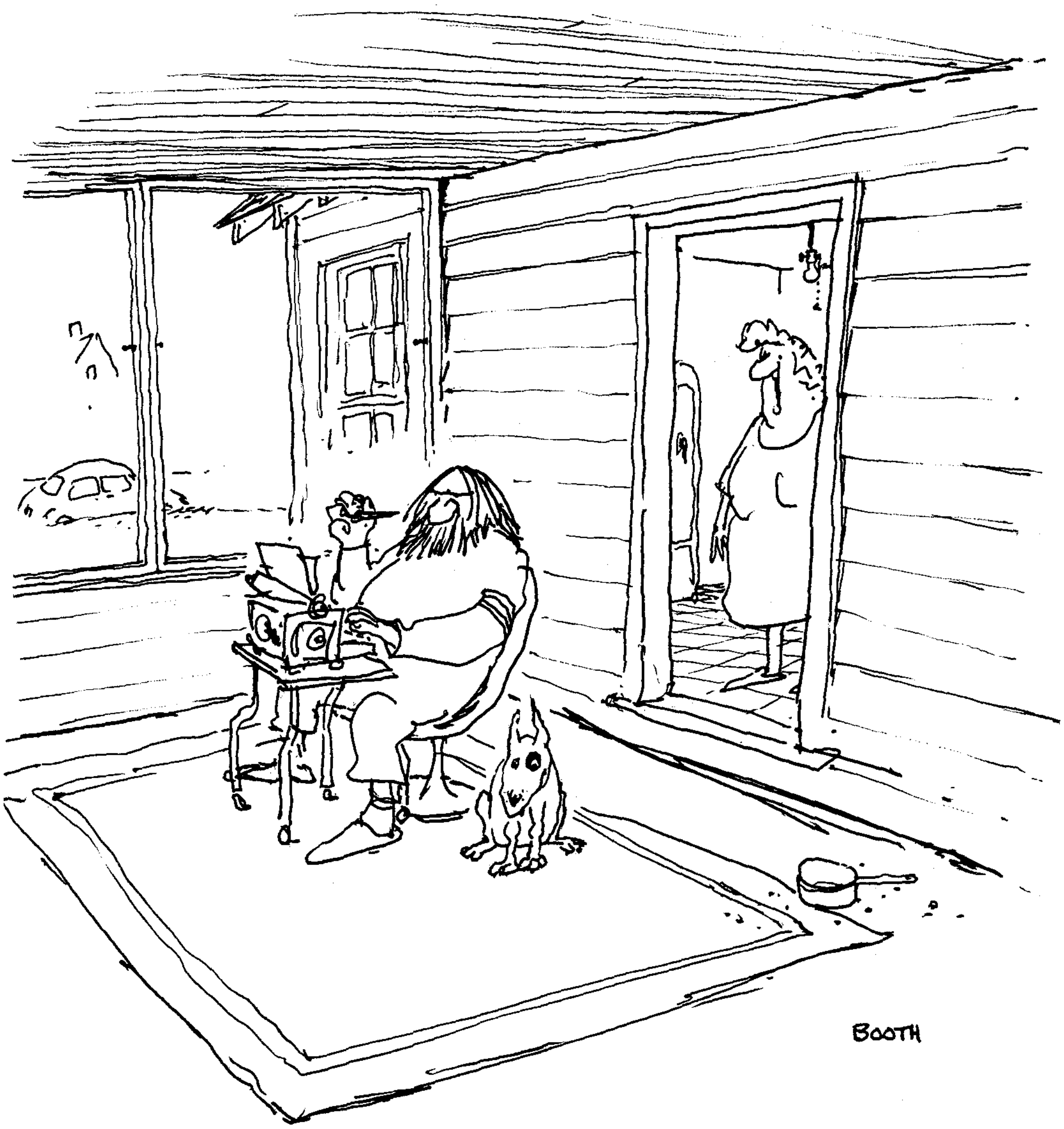
ghettoization of the city, dividing it up by color and income.

For decades, to advance his own purposes, he systematically defeated every attempt to create a master plan that would have enabled the city to develop on a rational, logical, unified pattern—until, when such a plan was finally adopted, it was too late for the plan to do much good.

Robert Moses never held an elective public office. The one time he ran for one—against Herbert Lehman for governor, in 1934—he was defeated by more than eight hundred thousand votes. But he served in a multiplicity of appointive posts—as city park commissioner, city construction coördinator, chairman of the Mayor's Slum Clearance Committee, chairman of the State Council of Parks, president of the Long Island State Park Commission, and chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, the Jones Beach State Parkway Authority, the Bethpage State Park Authority, and the New York State Power Authority. And he developed his public authorities into a fourth branch of government, known as "Triborough," which was so powerful that he was, in effect, free from control by the officials who had appointed him. Through Triborough, he mobilized banks, labor unions, contractors, bond-underwriting syndicates, real-estate manipulators—a dozen key economic interests—into a unified, irresistible force, and with that force he warped the city off its democratic bias. During his decades of power, the public-works decisions that determined the city's shape were made on the basis not of democratic but of economic considerations. During most of his reign—including, despite legend, most of the LaGuardia portion of it—the city's people had no real voice in determining the city's future. He and he alone—not the city's people, not the government officials the people elected to represent them, not the power brokers who dominated some of these officials—decided what public works would be built, when they would be built, and to what design they would be built. He was the supreme power broker.



Moses' interest in power came late. Growing up in New Haven (where he was born, on December 18, 1888) and New York City, in a well-to-do German Jewish family, he was taught to cherish the ideal of public service, of "helping people." At Yale, he was known as a passionate idealist. Sitting up late night after night, his bedroom door closed against the noise of horseplay in the dormitory, he wrote dreamy romantic poetry for a college literary magazine about Beauty and Truth (and about the Mona Lisa, his favorite subject, whom he called "Our Lady Divine"). Fellow-members of the Class of 1909 who ventured behind the closed door saw that few of the books stacked on Moses' desk had anything to do with his courses; his voracious reading, they realized, was not for marks but for knowledge. In a university that was still a tightly sealed society revolving around its fraternities and senior societies, Moses argued so earnestly that class offices should not be parcelled out among fraternities but filled according to merit, that the criterion shouldn't be who a man's friends were but what he could do, that one classmate said after listening to him, "I feel as if I've had an awakening tonight." When bull-session discussions turned to careers, Moses said that he was going into public service—that he wanted to help the underprivileged, the lower classes, the people ground down by forces beyond their control. At Oxford, where he was the first American in history to be elected captain of the Dark Blue water-polo team and of the august Oxford Union, he concentrated on civil-service reorganization, a subject based on the same principle he had espoused at Yale: that jobs and promotions in public life should be given on merit alone.



"Judy Klemesrud called. She had the wrong number."

When Moses returned to New York, he obtained a Ph.D. in political science at Columbia University, and then went to work for a good-government organization called the Bureau of Municipal Research, which was an influential privately supported reform group. He wandered tirelessly around the city, and Frances Perkins, later Secretary of Labor but then a young reformer, who occasionally wandered with him, said that "everything he saw made him think of some way that it could be better," that "he was always burning up with ideas, just burning up with them." He dreamed not only of small improvements such as shelters in Central Park in which mothers could change their babies' diapers but of projects on a scale more vast than any the city had ever undertaken. Riverside Park, along Manhattan's western waterfront, was then a six-mile-long mud flat crumbling year by year into the Hudson River and slashed through along its entire length by New York Central Railroad tracks. Unpainted, rusting jagged wire fences lined the tracks, and the waterfront was filled not with recreational facilities but with tarpaper shantytowns and huge mounds of untreated garbage. South of the park, the tracks ran down Eleventh Avenue, along which, at street level, trains inched their way downtown, causing tremendous traffic jams and so many fatal accidents that Eleventh was known as Death Avenue. For fifty years, the city had been trying without success to find a solution to the problems posed by the presence of the railroad along the West Side. One Sunday in the summer of 1914, Frances Perkins happened to be standing beside Moses on the deck of a ferry taking a group of young reformers to a picnic in New Jersey, and as the ferry pulled out into the river and they leaned on the rail, watching Manhattan spread out behind the boat, Miss Perkins heard Moses suddenly exclaim, "Isn't this a temptation to you? Couldn't this waterfront be the most beautiful thing in the world?" As she looked at him in astonishment, Moses painted for her a picture of what the scene *could* be like on a Sunday: the ugly tracks completely hidden by "a great highway that went uptown along the water;" cars travelling slowly along the highway, their occupants enjoying the view; beside the highway, green parks filled with strollers, tennis players, and bicyclists; sailboats skimming on the river, and motor yachts tied up in gracefully curving basins. The thing that astonished her most, Miss Perkins recalled later, was that Moses "had it all figured out"—every curve the highway would have to take, every building that would have to be torn down to make way for it, the exact location of every tennis court and boat basin.

Later that year, Moses began working for the reform administration of Mayor John Purroy Mitchel, and in a year of unremitting labor he devised a civil-service system that made every aspect of a city employee's performance—including facets of his personality—subject to a mathematical grade. For the next three years, he fought for adoption of his system, battling a Board of Estimate dominated by one of the most corrupt political machines the United States had ever known. When he rose to defend his plan before Board hearings packed with his opponents—a tall, slim figure in white (a Brooks Brothers tropical) among the burly, cigar-smoking Tammany politicians in their black derbies, which they wore even indoors—he could hardly be heard through the boos. Night after night, clutching a bulging briefcase crammed with facts and statistics that he almost never got to use, introduced as "Dr. Moses," in honor of his Ph.D., he stood before civil-service-employee associations, audiences of men who owed their jobs not to merit but to the ward boss, and spoke into hails of abuse. And observers said that the viciousness of the jeering crowds seemed to make no impression on him, so deeply did he believe that if only they could be led to understand how good his system was they would surely support it. "Once you saw him on those nights, you could never forget him," H. Eliot Kaplan, another reformer of that era, remarked. "Tall, handsome—he'd get up on the platform and go right to bat. He wouldn't pull his punches or try to modify the things he was saying so they'd be less unpopular. The more they booed him, the more self-confident, even arrogant, he seemed. In the worst of it, he went right on talking." When he argued for his ideas, he was careful always to have his facts ready, never to exaggerate them, and always to draw from them logical conclusions, for he believed that truth and logic would prevail. In those pre-First World War years of optimism, of reform, of idealism, Moses was the optimist of optimists, the reformer of reformers, the idealist of idealists. He made such a nuisance of himself that in 1918 Tammany Hall decided to crush him, and it did so with efficiency. In November of that year, less than a month away from his thirtieth birthday, with the grading forms for his civil-service system being used for scratch paper, with the Central Park shelters and the great highway unbuilt, Robert Moses, Phi Beta Kappa at Yale, honors man at Oxford, was out of work and was standing in a line in the Cleveland City Hall waiting to apply for a minor municipal job—a job that, incidentally, he didn't get.

"It only hurts when I'm laughing on the outside and crying on the inside."

Tammany was back in control in New York, so there was obviously no place for Moses in city government there. He had no connections in Washington. There was a new governor in New York State, elected in an upset—Alfred E. Smith—but Smith was a Tammany man and, in fact, one of the most vociferous opponents of Moses' civil-service proposals. Moses had met Smith several years before, when Smith was city sheriff, and had not been at all impressed by the short, paunchy Irishman with the red face, gold-filled teeth, and loud, rasping voice. "He is a typical Tammany politician," Moses said to a friend at the time. "What can you expect from a man who wears a brown derby on the side of his head and always has a big cigar in the corner of his mouth?" Smith was the very antithesis of Moses' ideal of a politician. Whether it was true that he had never read a book all the way through, as rumor had it, the story was plausible; not only had Smith never been to a university but he had never

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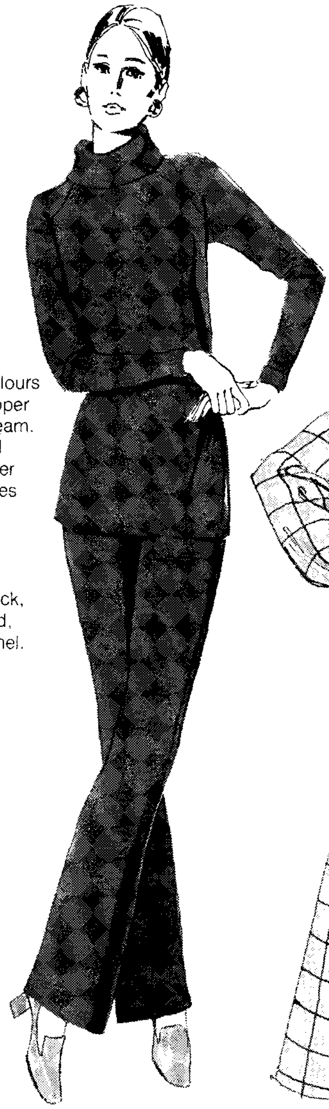

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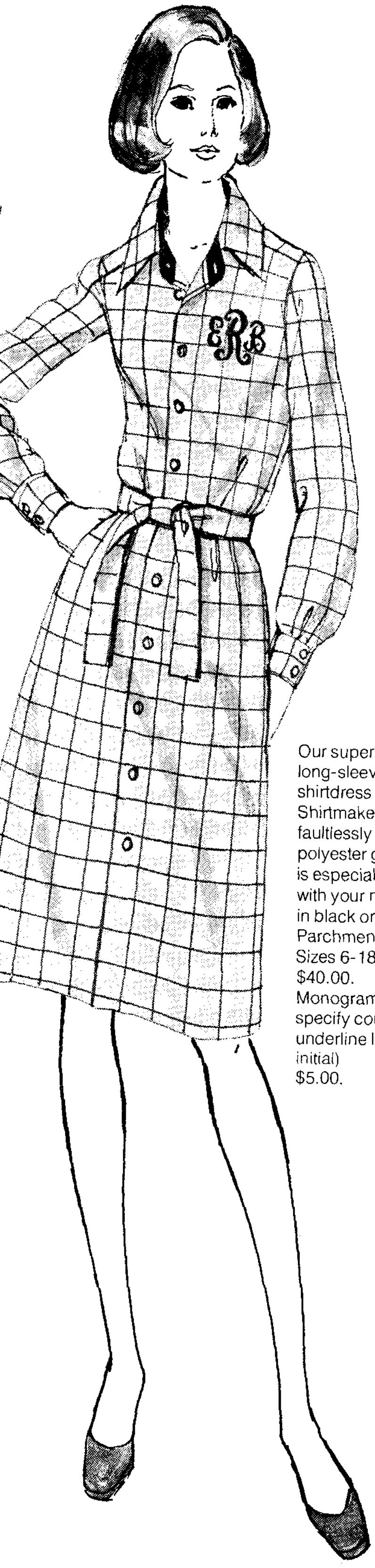

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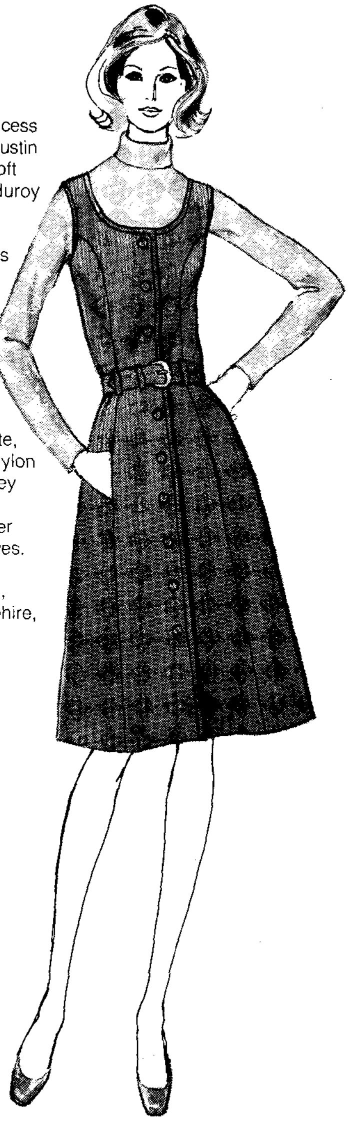

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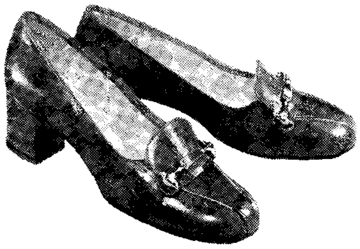

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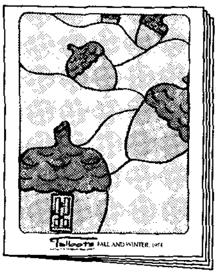

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THE TALBOTS • DEPT. RA, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043 been to high school—and he boasted about it. His remark on the floor of the State Assembly that his only degree was F.F.M.—for the Fulton Fish Market, where he worked as a boy—was already a legend. There seemed to be as little likelihood of a place for Moses on the state level as on the city; in fact, there seemed to be no place anywhere for him to turn.

And then, one day late in November of 1918, Moses got a call from Belle Moskowitz. Mrs. Moskowitz wasn't "Mrs. M." then. The nickname came later, when, an almost legendary figure among politicians, she had more power and influence than any other woman in the United States—power and influence given to her by Al Smith. The nickname was used by Smith, by the young social workers and reformers she had recruited to his service, and by politicians who, on favor-seeking visits to Albany, noticed her sitting unobtrusively in a corner of the Governor's office—a short, plump, and motherly woman, placidly knitting while she waited for the Governor to turn to her, as he did before making any important decision, and ask, "What do you think, Mrs. M.?"

But in 1918 Belle Moskowitz was not a legendary figure, or even an especially impressive one, among New York reformers. The daughter of a Jewish watchmaker from Eastern Europe, she had been part of the reform movement for twenty-two years—ever since, at the age of eighteen, she had begun working with immigrants even poorer than herself at Madison and other settlement houses. But there was a difference between Belle and the average reformer: Belle Moskowitz's dreams became realities. For example, in 1909 the Women's City Club, under Mrs. Moskowitz's direction, began an investigation of the city's so-called dancing academies. The "academies" were the only easily accessible places of weekday recreation for the poor girls of the lower East Side who worked in garment-center sweatshops. These girls, many of them in their early teens, were unsophisticated. But the academies served liquor at tables on the dance floor, had rooms ready for hasty rental down adjacent corridors, and seemed expressly designed for what reformers euphemistically referred to as "the downfall of young women." Reformers had been railing against the academies for years, but previous cleanup efforts had followed the familiar pattern: investigations that caused newspaper furor and loud demands for change, verbal acquiescence by Tammany, and then, after the furor died down, business as before. Mrs. Moskowitz altered the pattern. Instead of loudly denouncing conditions at the academies, she quietly checked incorporation certificates to learn the names of their owners, and found that they included both Tammany leaders and community pillars. Instead of giving the names to the newspapers, which would have brought headlines but not results, since all her ammunition would have been used up, she went to the leaders and pillars and told them she would keep their names secret if they saw to it that regulatory legislation was passed—and strictly enforced. It was. "These laws," the *Times* editorialized, "did more to improve the moral surroundings of young girls" than any other single social reform of the period.

The gubernatorial election of 1918 was the first in New York State in which women were allowed to vote. During the campaign, Al Smith, uncertain how to appeal to the new voters, had felt he needed a woman active in female civic organizations who could sell him to such groups. Most of the female do-gooders around town wanted nothing to do with Smith's campaign. But Mrs. Moskowitz, who was interested in achieving her goals through practical politics, volunteered eagerly. Smith regarded most reformers as crackpots, and thought that in any case women did not belong in politics. He was prepared to listen to his new adviser with no more than token interest. Lost in Smith's crowded strategy sessions, Mrs. Moskowitz had trouble even making her suggestions heard. But Smith heard some, took some, and after a while began to notice something about them—they always worked.

On the November day when Mrs. Moskowitz called Moses, he didn't even know what activity she was currently engaged in. He wondered what she wanted. Governor-elect Smith, Mrs. Moskowitz told him, had decided to appoint a Reconstruction Commission to draw up a plan for the complete reorganization of the state's administrative machinery and the carrying out of sweeping social-welfare reforms. The Governor-elect, she said, intended to use the commission's plan as the basic program for his administration. Mrs. Moskowitz said that the commission would be composed of the state's most distinguished citizens, that Governor-elect Smith had appointed her its executive head, and that she was looking for a chief of staff to serve under her and head its work force, which would include at least fifty persons. The chief of staff, she said, would have a free hand in hiring the fifty and would also have complete charge of the day-to-day work of the commission. Would Dr. Moses be interested in the job? Dr. Moses said he would.

Reorganization of the state government was not a new idea. It had been a basic reform tenet for years, and in 1915 a Bureau of Municipal Research study commissioned by a state constitutional convention had found that the state had no fewer than a hundred and sixty-nine separate departments, bureaus, boards, agencies, and commissions, many with overlapping functions. Some agency heads were responsible to the governor, some to the Legislature, and some to officials who were themselves elected by the people and were hence not responsible to either the governor or the Legislature. Most important, the study found that the governor possessed little real authority. Not he but the chairmen of the various committees of the reactionary and corrupt Legislature controlled the state's purse. The document that was called a state budget was actually a collection of appropriations drawn up by these chairmen. No legislator—or other state official—reviewed the collection, balanced one appropriation against another, cut appropriations down to agreed-upon necessities, or measured them against estimated revenue. Even after the document was formally printed, individual legislators continued to introduce "private" bills of their own, generally for pork-barrel public-works projects, and these, when passed, did not appear in the "budget" at all. No one bothered to add things up, so when the Legislature adjourned, no one could be sure how much money it had appropriated. The governor technically had the power to veto appropriations, but a convenient state law forbade him to veto *part* of an appropriation item, and legislators simply made sure that each debatable expenditure was lumped with an essential one.

As a Bureau of Municipal Research staff member, Moses had worked on the 1915 reorganization report, and at first in his new job he expected the report of the Reconstruction Commission to be practically a duplication of it. But there was a big difference between working for the bureau and working for Belle Moskowitz. The bureau made recommendations; Mrs. Moskowitz made laws. The bureau got enthusiastic and excited; Mrs. Moskowitz

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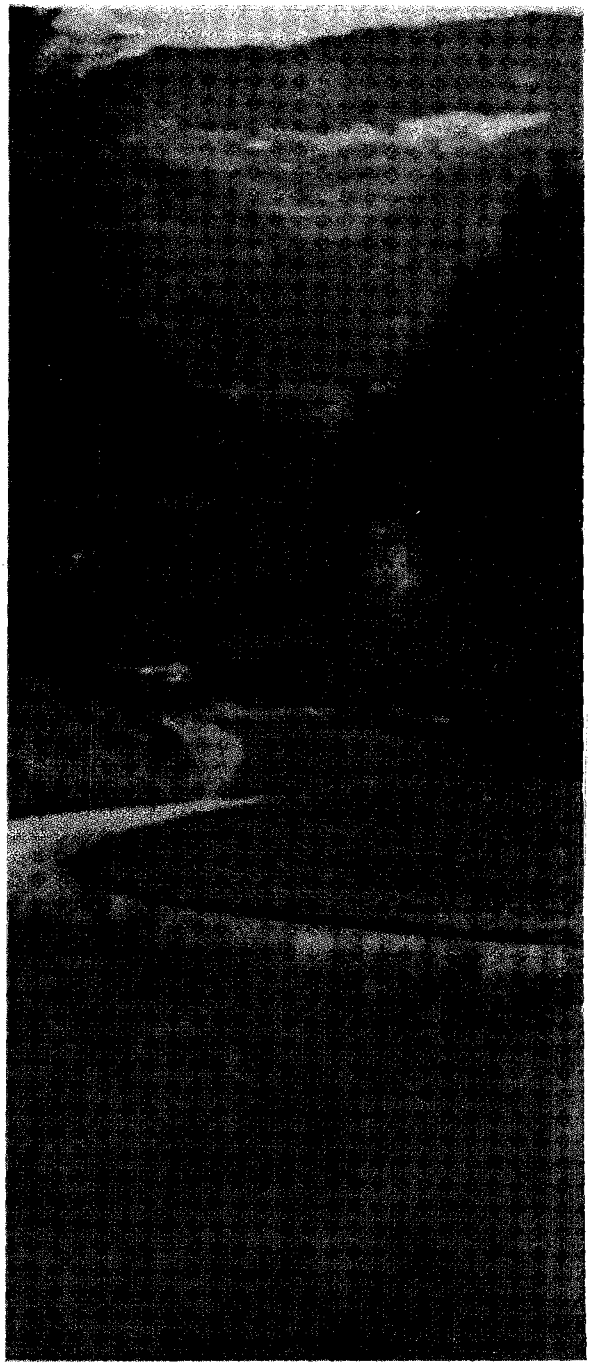

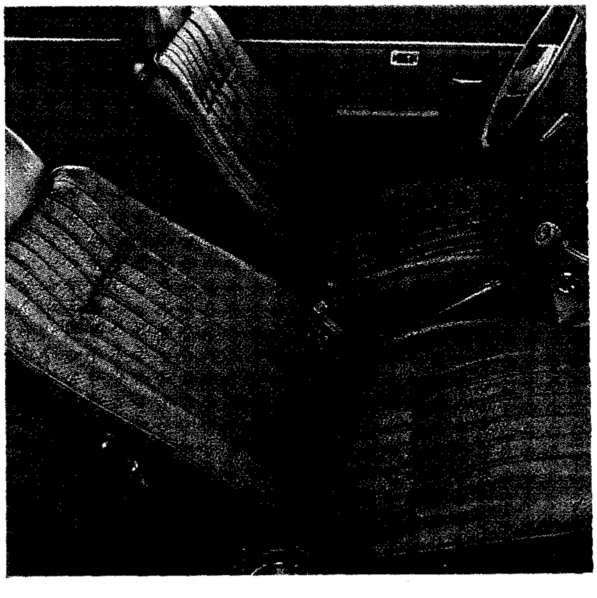

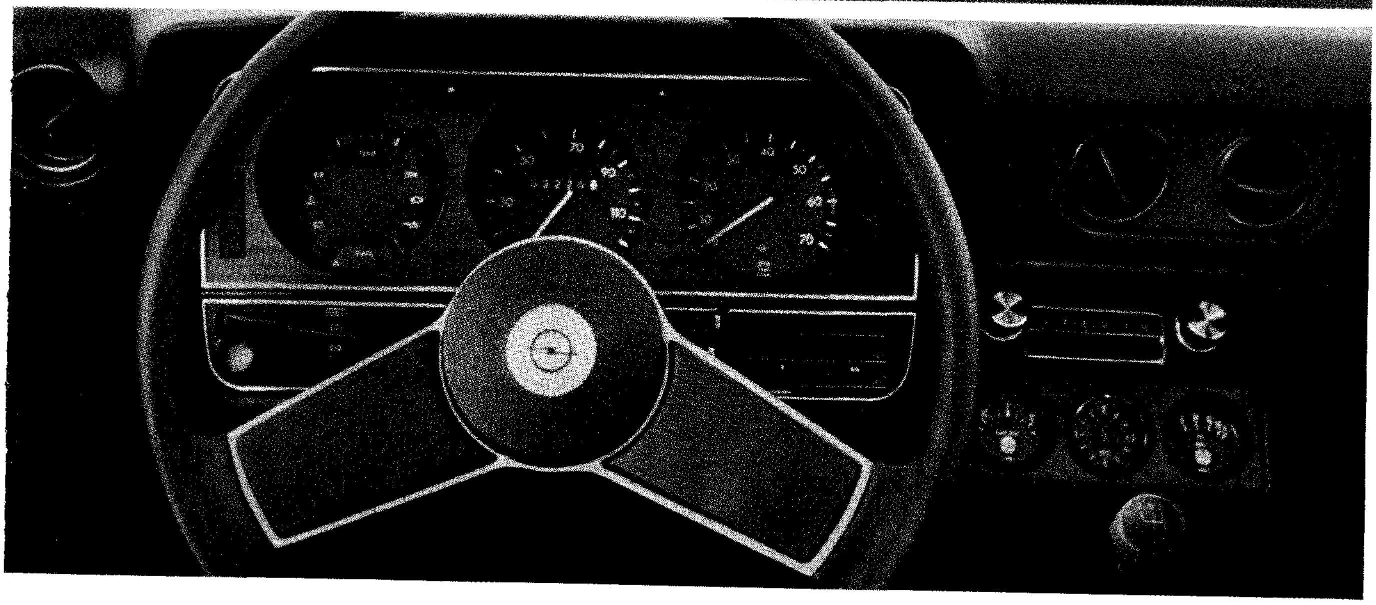

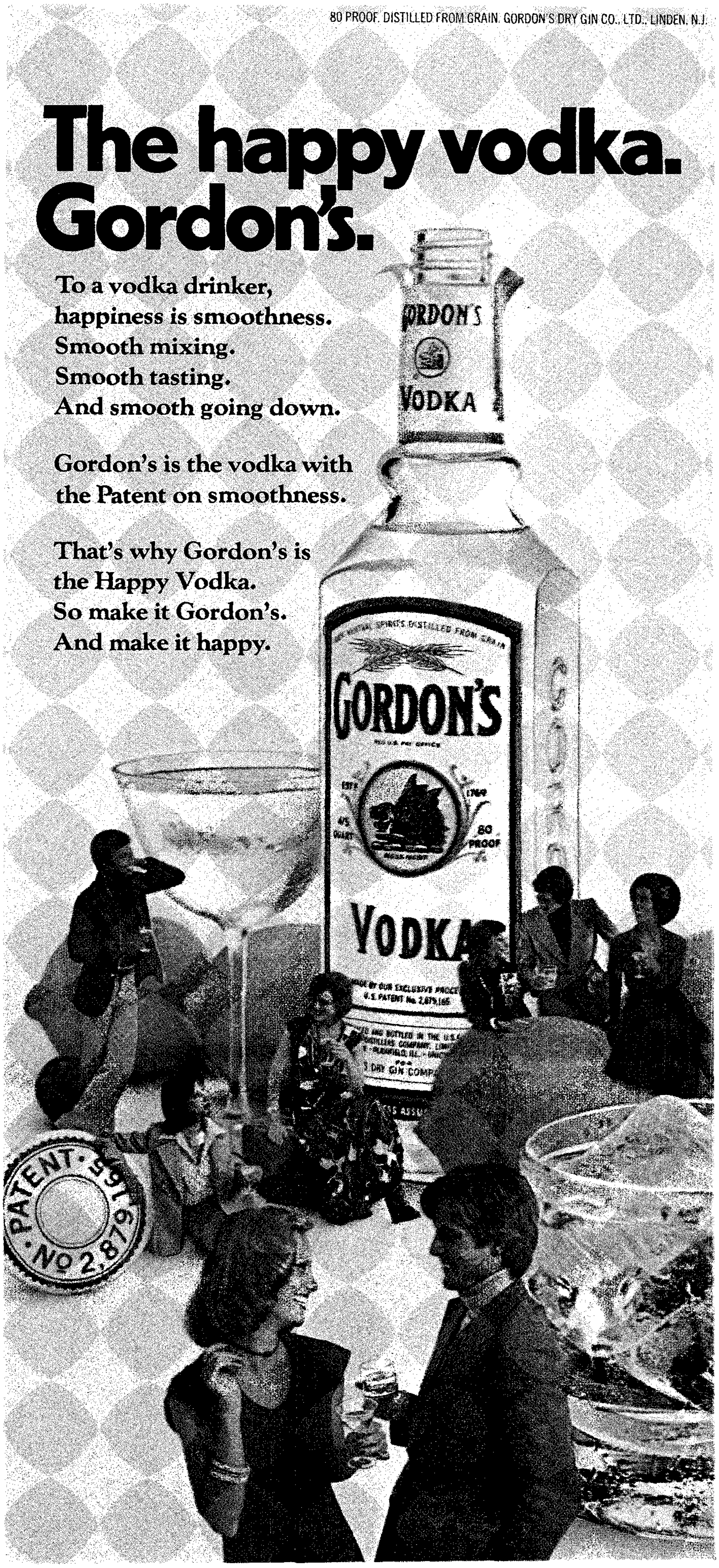
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got things done. And no sooner had her chief of staff begun work than she began to teach him *how* things got done. When Moses submitted a preliminary outline of suggested commission goals, he included a phrase straight out of the reform textbooks and his civil-service reorganization days: "Elimination of unnecessary personnel." Mrs. Moskowitz struck the phrase out. Personnel, she said, were voters. You didn't antagonize voters. When Moses, copying a 1915 bureau recommendation, suggested that the unwieldy ten-member "council" that ran the Department of Agriculture and Markets be scrapped in favor of a single professional commissioner, she pointed out that the council memberships were distributed by the Legislature and were among the choicest patronage posts it possessed. The Governor would need the support of the Legislature to obtain approval for his program, she said. The council would remain.

Often, Moses would come bursting out of Mrs. Moskowitz's office cursing under his breath. But in spite of the cursing there was a difference in Moses. Before long, his conversation began to include the phrases of practical politics as well as those of scientific-management textbooks. His analysis of a state job began to take into consideration not only whether the position was necessary for the betterment of mankind but also who had appointed the man now holding the position. He learned to weigh the governmental gains that might be achieved by the elimination of the position against the political losses that the elimination might entail—how much it would antagonize the appointer and how great an obstacle such antagonism might be to the Governor's over-all program. The difference went deeper. Previously, Moses had been an uncompromising idealist, interested only in his dreams. He had scorned the considerations of "practical" politics. Practical politicians had crushed and destroyed his dreams and had come near to crushing and destroying him. But now, given a chance to learn the practical politicians' methods, Moses seemed almost enthusiastic about embracing them.

However, the commission's work meshed with Moses' personal convictions. Reorganizing government to make it more responsive to social needs was an aim he had enunciated for himself in his Columbia dissertation, and all his subsequent work in government had only strengthened his belief in the urgency of the need for such reorganization. Moreover, the scope and aim of the commission's work were consonant with the sweeping, soaring, almost visionary quality of Moses' idealism—for the reorganization plan represented a chance to change a state, the most populous and most influential in the nation.

The commission's recommendations, which took forty-two pages to summarize, were backed up with three hundred and seventy-two pages of remarkable detail, including a job-by-job analysis of every one of New York State's hundred and eighty-eight agencies. For internal changes within agencies or departments—and thousands of them were recommended—only "statutory changes," or new laws, would be required, the report concluded. For three of the proposed major governmental changes—the creation of sixteen departments, with provision that all existing state agencies and any that might be established in the future would be placed within them; the institution of an executive budget system; and the extension of the governor's term from two years to four—the state constitution would have to be amended, each amendment requiring passage by two successive Legislatures and approval by the state's voters in a referendum.

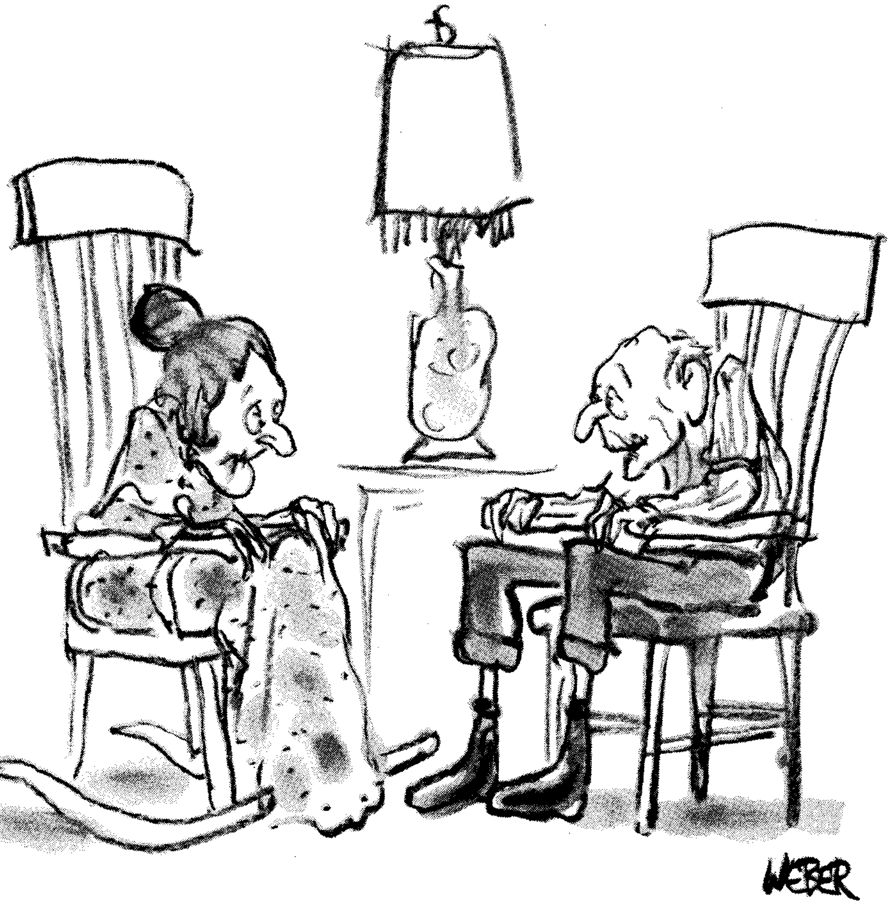
From the day the Reconstruction Commission report was published, on October 10, 1919, it was hailed as a historic document, not only by Smith, who had sponsored it, and the reformers, who saw in it the finest exposition of their philosophy, but, more important, by the men Belle Moskowitz had hoped would hail it—the Republican "federal crowd," influential national political figures whose backing Smith needed in order to remain in power. By the time the 1920 Legislature adjourned, it had been bludgeoned into passing bills incorporating most of the Reconstruction Commission's "statutory changes" and the sixteen-department constitutional amendment, known as the consolidation amendment. And although the Legislature voted down the executive-budget and four-year-term proposals, Moses felt confident that the whole program would be passed during Smith's next term.

But the next term was not Smith's. With the backing of many of the old-line reformers, independents, and Republicans who would normally have supported his opponent, Nathan L. Miller, the Governor ran one million ninety thousand votes ahead of his ticket. But the head of the ticket was the Presidential candidate James M. Cox, and Cox, along with the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee, young Franklin Delano Roosevelt, was caught up in the Harding landslide and lost New York State by one million two hundred thousand votes. In an era in which ticket splitting was far more unusual than it became half a century later, more than a million New Yorkers had split their ballot to vote for Al Smith. The phenomenon was considered unprecedented in American politics. But Smith was, for the first time in the seventeen elections he had run in, a loser—and Moses was afraid that the Reconstruction Commission program was, too. Without at least the consolidation amendment, the statutory changes were meaningless, and in 1921 Miller opposed the amendment's re-passage and the Legislature never let it or the executive-budget and four-year-term proposals out of committee.

To Moses, these developments must at first have seemed just another defeat in a life already filled with defeats. In reality, however, during these developments something new had begun to happen, something that would not only insure that the Reconstruction Commission's proposals would eventually become law but that would also change the course of Bob Moses' life.

Out of public office in 1921 and 1922, Al Smith was back in New York City, working as chairman of the board of a large trucking company. The company's owners were Irishmen from the Fourth Ward, the Old Neighborhood—friends of Al Smith's youth, who idolized him. Since the company's offices were on Canal Street, only ten blocks north of City Hall, an almost continuous stream of city officials—men who had risen through the Tammany organization with Smith—walked the ten blocks to drop in on "the Governor" and pass the time of day, hoping that Smith would accord them the supreme honor, an invitation to walk home with him across the Neighborhood to his apartment, on Oliver Street.

Moses, meanwhile, was working for a new reform organization, the New York State Association, in a shabby cubicle, at 305 Broadway, barely large enough for his desk and that of a part-time secretary. He was hardly in even quasi-official touch with government. Occasionally, he would have lunch with Ernie Willvonseder, a former Bureau of Municipal Research staff member who was now a lower-echelon city employee, or with one of the few other people he knew in the City Hall area, but more often he had to eat



"Do you know what I like about you, Rachel? You're old, like me."

alone. He had few visitors. But then in the late afternoon the phone would often ring. "Bob," Al Smith would rasp, "how about walking home with me?"

The two men made an odd pair as they walked through the winding, narrow streets of the lower East Side in the twilight—one of them tall, slim, handsome, and aristocratic in bearing, the other short, potbellied, florid. The taller man, who took long, springing steps, continually had to shorten his stride to let the other, whose gait was slow and extremely pigeon-toed, catch up. Their progress was further slowed by Smith's popularity. He seemed to know almost every man and woman who passed, and when one stopped to chat, he would stop, too, and talk without appearance of impatience, while his companion paced restlessly in little circles or, trying desperately to stand still and listen politely, nervously clenched and unclenched his fists.

But between the chats with passersby there was plenty of time for Moses and Smith to talk to each other, and not all the talking was done by Smith. In fact, as twilight walk succeeded twilight walk, more and more of it was done by Moses. The ideas that he had poured forth for almost a decade, the theories with which he had bored colleagues at the Bureau of Municipal Research, examiners at the Municipal Civil Service Commission, borough presidents, park commissioners, and a legion of minor city officials, were now poured forth again. The late-afternoon phone calls from Smith became more frequent. With regularity now when the two men arrived at the old red brick tenement in which Smith lived, Moses would be invited in for dinner.

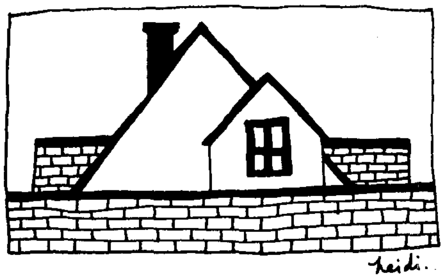
One day, Moses barged into Ernie Willvonseder's office. He was striding fast, almost running, and was more excited than Willvonseder had ever seen him.

"Ernie," he said, "Al Smith *listens* to me."

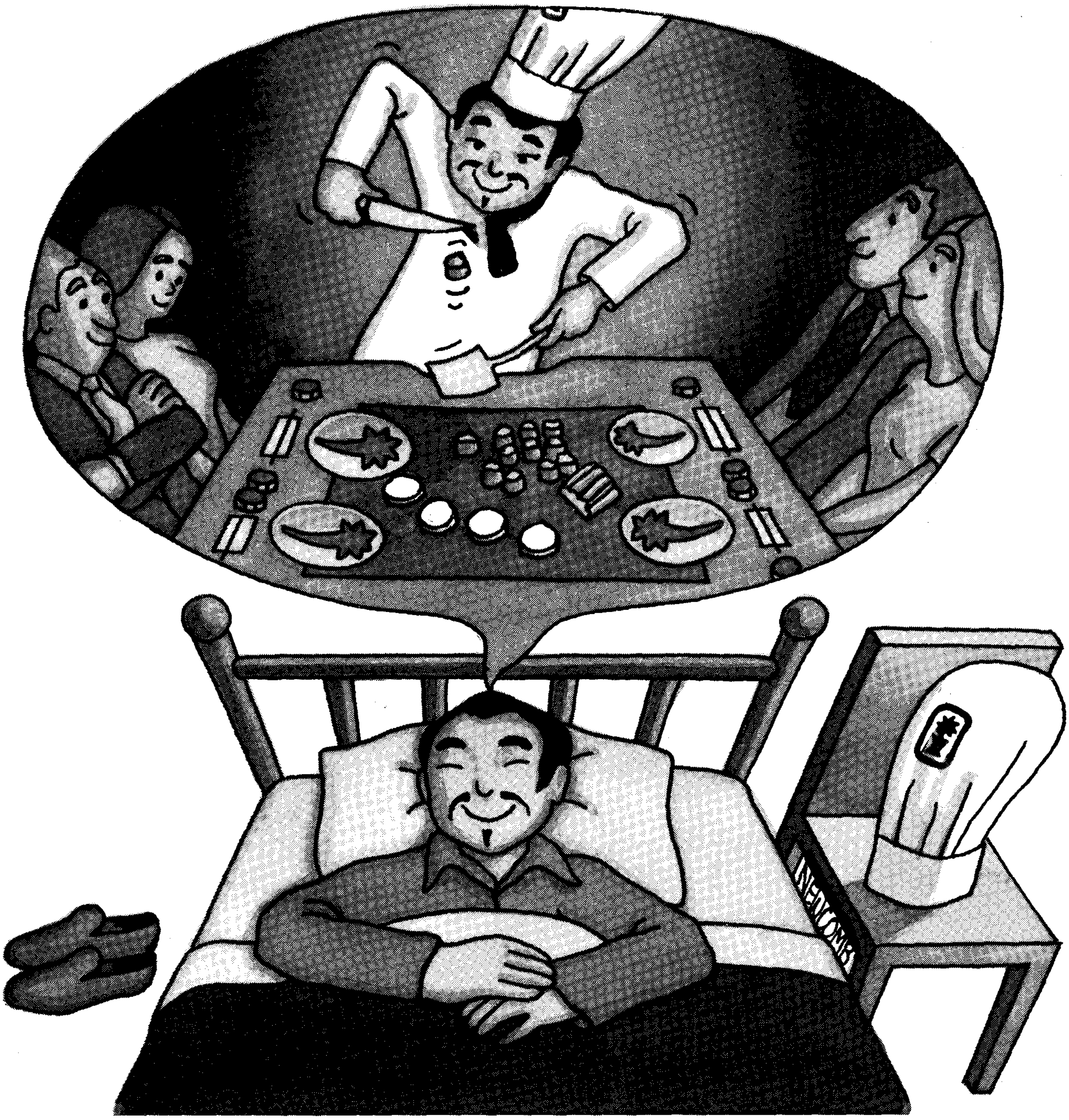
MANY people later saw in the bond between Moses and Smith a key to the shape in which the future of New York State and New York City unfolded, and wondered what had forged between the two men a tie so strong that, transcending pride and ambition, it could be ended only by death. Certainly there was nothing in their early lives to ally them. Moses' youth was set against a backdrop of Lucerne and Elberon, broad elm trees and leafy arbors, red damask and panelled walls, and coffee streaming from a spout of silver into bright, fragile cups. Smith spent his youth in the Fourth Ward, a wilderness of tenements stretching away from the foot of the Brooklyn Bridge. His grandparents had come to earth in that ward for no better reason than that they happened to see a "Rooms to Let" sign hung out only a few blocks from the South Street pier, where the Black Ball Line had deposited them in 1841—along with a shipload of other ragged Westmeath Irish—and they were too hungry and too tired to walk farther. They lived all the rest of their lives in the Fourth Ward. Al Smith's parents lived there, too, and Smith himself, who was born over a barbershop at 174 South Street, on December 30, 1873, spent all his youth and young manhood in the shadow of the bridge.

But if Moses and Smith had entered politics for different reasons and by different paths—one by studying textbooks and passing examinations, the other by rising slowly through the ranks of Tammany—they had come to share many goals. It took the reformers some time to realize this. Al Smith, they said at first, had absolutely no "general theory." His naïveté in matters of philosophy was ridiculous. When he talked about social-welfare legislation, it was in terms of "us" against "them," of "the people" against "the interests," of the Fourth Ward against the factory owners. But "the people," the Fourth Ward, did seem to mean something very special to him. No one could listen to him talk about how doctors' bills could eat up a man's savings and leave his family destitute, about how penniless mothers feared that "the charities" would take their children, about children who grew to manhood without ever having a pair of new shoes, without believing that his determination to help "the people" was real. No one could look at his face when he talked and not *know* it was real. First one and then another of the reformers began to tell their friends that they had really come to believe that maybe, just maybe, after decades of waiting, reform in New York had found at last, in the uneducated Tammany henchman, the instrument it had been waiting for: the champion who would fight for their dreams in the political arena and turn them into laws.

Smith, for his part, had no patience with reformers who, unlike Belle Moskowitz, didn't understand the importance of practical politics in getting things done, who refused to compromise, who insisted on having the bill as it was written, who raged loudly at injustice, who fought single-mindedly for an unattainable ideal. Their pigheadedness had the effect of dragging to political destruction the politicians who listened to them, of ruining careers that men had taken years to build. He had seen it happen. And, more important, what was the inevitable result of their efforts, courageous though these might be? Since the reformers refused to compromise and operate within the political framework—the only framework within which their proposals could become reality—the laws they proposed were never enacted, and therefore at the end of their efforts the people whom they had wanted to help, the people who *he* knew so well needed help, hadn't been helped at all. If anything, they had been hurt: the stirring up of hard feelings and bitterness delayed less dramatic but still useful reforms that might have been enacted. When the reformers were finished with all their hollering and were back in their comfortable homes, the widows of the Fourth Ward would still be forced to give up their children before they could get charity. What good was courage if its only effect was to hurt those you were trying to help? So Smith despised the noncompromisers, the starry-eyed idealists. He despised, in other words, most reformers. He despised what Bob Moses had been. But he didn't despise Moses.



There were other reformers who were personally friendly with the Governor, including some who were vital to his political future, but they were seldom invited up to the Oliver Street flat for dinner. For Moses, during 1921 and 1922, the invitations came more and more often. If, after dinner, old cronies from the Neighborhood dropped by to take Smith out to the local taverns for a drink and a song or two around the back-room piano, Smith always insisted that Moses come along. In fact, discovering that Moses had a passable bass to go with his own tenor, he insisted that Moses be a part of whatever quartet was hastily arranged for the evening's barbershopping, and if Moses tried to beg off, Smith would drag him out of his seat and make him stand beside him and harmonize. The attachment between the two opposites was puzzling to their friends,



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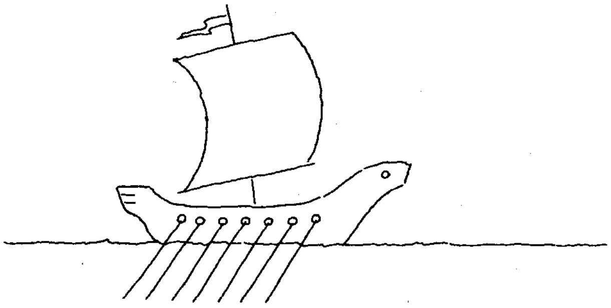
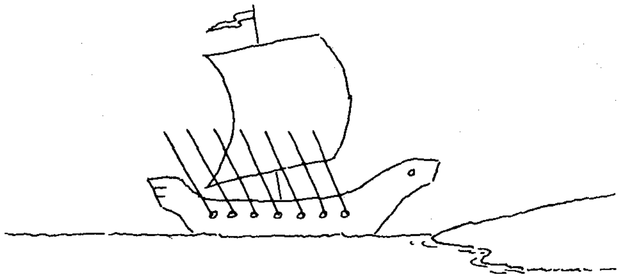




but, whatever the reason for it, it was there. And when Smith won back the governorship in 1922, by three hundred and eighty-seven thousand votes—the largest plurality any gubernatorial candidate had ever been given in the state, and a plurality large enough to pull in behind him every other Democratic nominee for statewide office—he took Moses back to Albany with him.

Moses had no official position in any branch of the state government. He was still merely the secretary of the New York State Association. But he was a key figure in the political maneuvering during the 1923 legislative session, and he was now in the innermost circle of the Governor's advisers. It was exciting being part of that circle. It was exciting watching how the Governor maneuvered—watching him twist arms, offer incentives, and, with a guile unmatched in Albany, drop, one by one, the veils from in front of threats. It was exciting watching Jimmy Walker, the Democratic floor leader, make the deals by which other Democrats—and Republicans, when needed—were kept in line or brought into line: the judgeship traded for a senator's vote on a crucial issue, the "campaign contribution" promised for an alteration in a legislator's stand. Reform work was, more and more, an irritating intrusion on Moses' time. The hours he put in at the New York State Association office during the week became fewer and fewer. The gaps between issues of the association's publication, the *State Bulletin*, which Moses was putting out single-handed, grew longer and longer. And when the *Bulletin* did appear now, it did not resemble a reform pamphlet; more and more, it resembled a Tammany Hall broadside in support of Al Smith.

Reorganization, of course, was the key to all Smith's hopes—and the hopes of Mrs. Moskowitz and the other reformers around the Governor—for social reform. No sooner was he returned to office in 1923 than he sent the Legislature a special message, drafted by Moses, that restarted the three reorganization amendments down the tortuous road to law. In 1923 and again in 1924, the Legislature passed the amendment consolidating departments of the state government—each time after battles in which Walker and Democratic Assembly leaders fought for every vote, and in which Moses hurried up and down the marble stairs of the capitol between the Executive Chamber, on the second floor, and the Senate and Assembly Chambers, on the third, bringing the leaders fresh ammunition.

In 1925, the first year of his third term, Smith made reorganization a major issue, and the consolidation amendment was overwhelmingly approved in a referendum. Moses drafted the constitutional amendment and most of the hundreds of specific bills that gave effect to the amendment's provisions. When the reorganization took effect, Moses saw a project that reshaped the administrative machinery of an entire state become a reality, and it was a project in which he himself had been the principal mover. When Robert F. Wagner, Sr., was asked to name Smith's outstanding accomplishment as governor, he said flatly, "The reorganization." Smith agreed. If he now had the power that a governor was supposed to have, reorganization had given it to him.

And he knew who was responsible. Day after day during the reorganization fight, Smith had watched Moses drafting the bills that contained the details of departmental reorganization: which agency went in which department, which powers were given to each agency. Bill-drafting was called by Albany insiders "the black art of politics." An expert bill-drafter had to know thousands of precedents, so that he could pick out the one that, embodied in the bill he was working on, would make the bill legal, or so that by careful wording he could avoid bringing the new act within the purview of an old one that might make it illegal. He had to know a myriad ways of conferring or denying power by the written word. He had to know how to lull the opposition by concealing the real content of a bill. For years, everyone had said there was no doubt about the identity of the best bill-drafter in Albany: Alfred E. Smith. And Smith had never been shy about accepting that compliment. But now when someone brought up the subject, Smith said, "The best bill-drafter I know is Bob Moses."

Smith was a man who believed in paying his debts. In 1923, he found for Moses a state sinecure with high pay and a low work load: the directorship of a board to supervise the industries that, at Moses' suggestion, had been installed in state prisons.

Moses told Smith he didn't want the job.

"What do you want, then?" Smith asked.

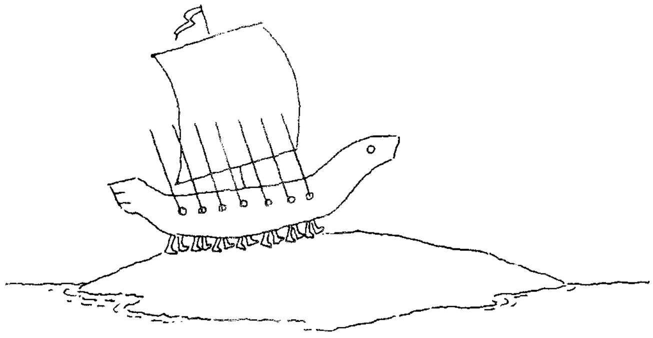
"Nothing," Moses replied.

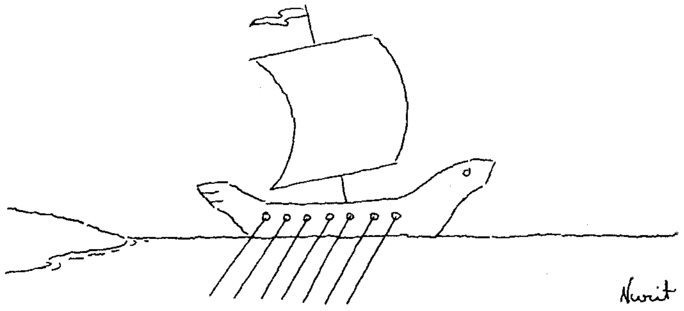
Over and over during 1923 and the beginning of 1924, while Moses was driving himself in Smith's service, Smith asked him what he wanted. Over and over, Moses said, "Nothing."

And then, one day, there was something. The something was parks.

PARKS was a subject listed frequently during the nineteen-twenties on the agendas of New York good-government organizations. Parks had always been a concern of reformers, who were fond of referring to the need for "breathing spaces for the slums" or "lungs for the city." But other reform causes had been pressed with more urgency. There was so much open space in the city's outlying boroughs that there had seemed no need for hurry to reserve any of it, and the cost of condemning buildings in the slums, which were so heavily built up that there seemed no other way to obtain space there, was prohibitive. Other matters, it had seemed, should take precedence. There would be time to get to parks.

Now, suddenly, there wasn't any time. Between 1910 and 1920, the population of New York City had increased from 4,766,883 to 5,620,048, and as the twenties unrolled the rate of increase accelerated, most of it occurring outside Manhattan. When Moses





returned to the city from Oxford, in 1913, some of Brooklyn, most of the Bronx, and practically all of Queens were woods, meadows, or farmland. Now red bricks, like those that had imprisoned the lower East Side in tenements, were being cemented into building walls in Brooklyn's remaining green fields, and in the Bronx and Queens great stretches of meadow and woodland were blossoming hideously with developers' "Spanish stucco haciendas" and "Colonial farmhouses." Vacant land, the irreplaceable essential for parks, was vanishing in New York City.

Most of the land around the city was in private hands and was closed to the city's people. To the north, in Westchester County, there were indeed parks, the rolling hills and green playing fields that city dwellers sought, but Westchester towns had barred their parks to everyone not a local resident. Fifteen miles north of the city line, beyond Mount Vernon, Bronxville, Scarsdale, and White Plains, was an unrestricted attraction—Kensico Dam, surrounded by twenty-five hundred acres of trees and meadows. But the only way to get to Kensico was to drive through the narrow and often unpaved streets of the Bronx and then through the traffic-clogged downtowns of Westchester's cities. Families who left New York in the morning were lucky to arrive at Kensico by late afternoon. To the west of New York City, across the Hudson River, was a vast preserve open to the city's residents—Palisades Interstate Park. Founded in 1900, funded by the Rockefellers and the Harrimans with fifteen million dollars, it was considered—with its lakes, its landscaped drives, its herd of elk, and its buildings erected "to resemble the eternal hills themselves"—the finest park in the United States. But it was sometimes no more accessible than Kensico. Since there were then no bridges across the Hudson, and no tunnels except those that carried railroads (the Holland Tunnel was not opened until 1927), New Yorkers had to cross the river on ferries. A ferry carried twenty-four cars on each trip; often, at ten o'clock on a weekend morning, there would be hundreds of cars lined up at the ferry slips in Manhattan. And the ferries' New Jersey terminals were some miles south of the park. After disembarking, families faced a drive on two-lane roads through congested sections of Weehawken, Englewood, and Alpine. So desperate were New Yorkers that they made the trip anyway—in steadily growing numbers. (In 1921, attendance at the park was about three million. In 1922, it was more than four million.) Every year, the Rockefellers and the Harrimans built more playing fields and campsites, yet every year the playing fields and campsites were so jammed that on weekends Palisades Park, for all its beautiful woods and landscaped drives, seemed as crowded as the city its visitors had come to it to escape.

Increasingly, the eyes of the city's residents—and of the reformers interested in providing parks for them—were turning to the east, to Long Island. Brooklyn and Queens, occupying the westernmost sixth of Long Island, were inhabited in 1920 by two and a half million people, a population greater than that of all but fourteen states in the Union. But beyond the eastern border of Queens lay thirteen hundred square miles, or 878,080 acres, divided into the counties of Nassau and Suffolk and inhabited by less than a quarter of a million people, or one person to every four acres. With an area four times as large as the city's and a population less than one twenty-fifth as large, Nassau and Suffolk Counties seemed to offer a prodigal extravagance of space. In summer, the cool green hills and rolling surf of Long Island beckoned sweltering New Yorkers like a vast playground. Certainly the Island seemed open to them. Unlike the Hudson, the East River had been spanned by great bridges—the Williamsburg, the Queensboro, the Manhattan, and the Brooklyn. And running out from the bridges through Brooklyn and Queens to the very threshold of the suburban counties were three boulevards, Northern, Conduit, and Queens, one of which, Northern, was to be sixty feet wide. For Brooklyn and Queens residents, moreover, there was no necessity for either bridges or boulevards. Rural Long Island was just down the road.

On the Island's South Shore, the Great South Bay offered gentle waves and sandy beaches. But the bay was the haunt of the baymen, a close-mouthed, independent breed, some of them descendants of families that had "followed the bay" since the Revolution, others New England Yankees who had left their whaling boats for Long Island. Their lives revolved around the bay. When its tides were flood, no matter what the hour, through the thick, damp mist, hip boots slung over their shoulders, caps pulled low over their eyes, they trudged to their weather-beaten little trawlers and crept out into the fog, returning hours later so heavily laden that only the bows and sterns of the boats were out of the water. They loved the bay's sparkle in summer, its cool breezes; somehow they loved its treacherous shoals and tides and the hidden traps of swamp grass that tangled their boats' propellers. Forced off it by winter storms, they settled down in taverns near the piers that jutted into it, drinking (they were famous for their drinking) and spinning legends about it. Once you were "bay salted," they said, you would never leave. They were fiercely determined to keep it for themselves. The bay bottoms, as the hellfire preachers in their bare little churches constantly told them, were "sacred," their "priceless natural heritage." When it came time each year for the townships that bordered on the Great South Bay—Hempstead, Oyster Bay, Babylon, Islip, and Brookhaven—to issue licenses to mine the bay's underwater crops of shellfish, the baymen crowded into the town halls to listen while the licenses were awarded, and no outsider was ever given one. Distrusting anyone "from away," the baymen especially distrusted anyone from New York. They hated the city—many boasted that they had never been there—and feared that at the first slackening in their vigilance its "foreigners," hordes of long-haired Slavs, hook-nosed Jews, and unwashed Irishmen, would descend on their beautiful beaches and befoul them. To keep such intruders away, on every piece of publicly owned waterfront property that might conceivably attract visitors from the city the township boards had created "parks" whose exclusive use was by statute reserved to township residents.

The baymen's landlocked cousins, the farmers of Long Island, were men of similar outlook. In no other county of New York State were the white hoods of the Ku Klux Klan as numerous as in Suffolk County. Three successive chairmen of Suffolk's Republican Party were members of the Klan, and anyone who needed an additional symbol of the Klan's power had only to look at the flagpole in front of the Islip town hall: the pole, read the inscription on an attached plaque, had been donated by the Islip branch of the Ladies of the Klan and gratefully accepted by the town board. (In 1928, when Al Smith ran for President, fiery crosses blazed on the hills of Alabama and Mississippi and on the hills of Suffolk.) Combining with the baymen to dominate the Suffolk political picture, the farmers had no difficulty in persuading town supervisors to make sure that there was not a single park in Suffolk open to city residents.

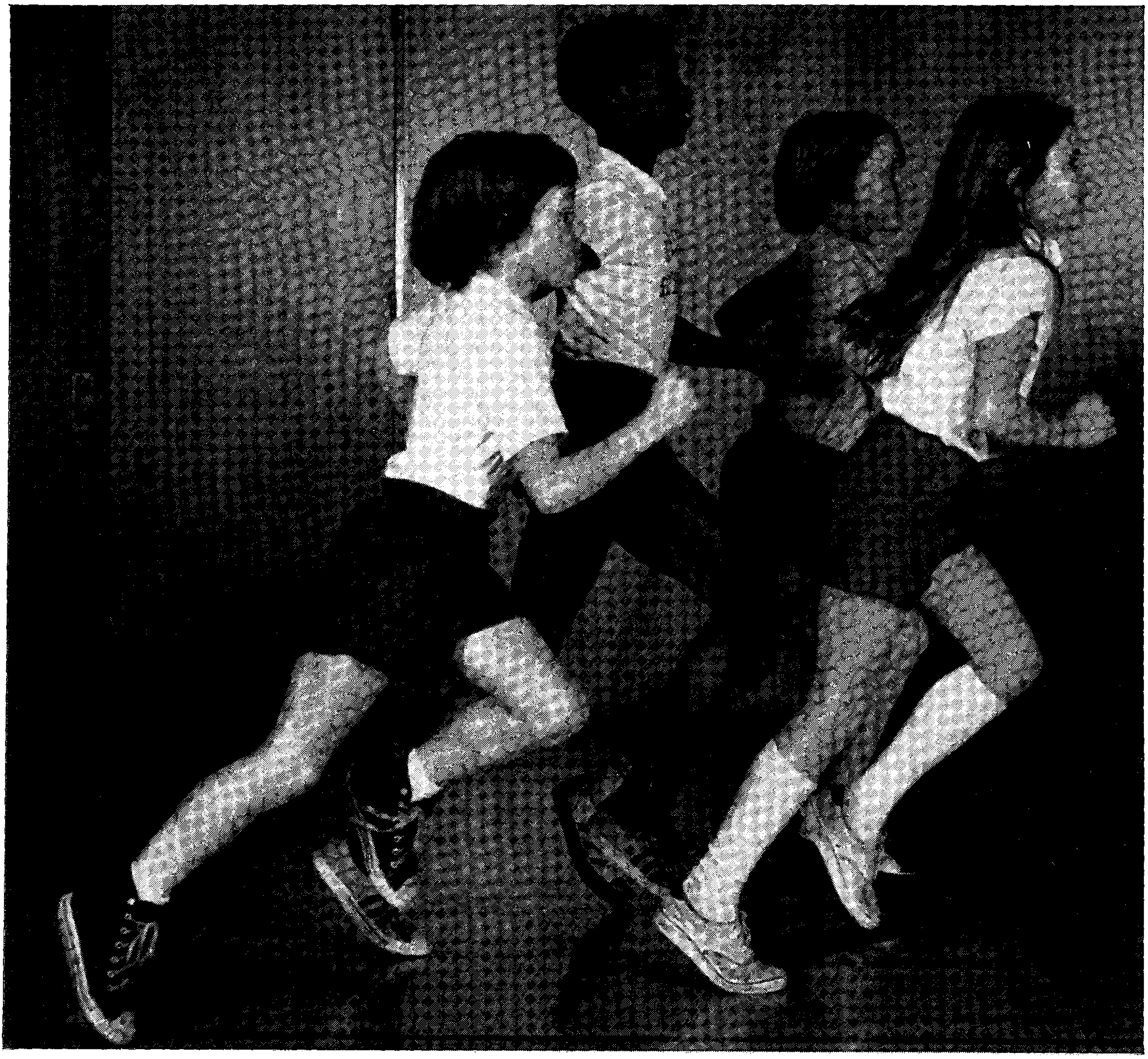
Yet it was neither the baymen nor the farmers who most firmly barred rural Long Island to those who hungered for it. The residents of New York City had a far more powerful enemy. It was wealth—vast, entrenched, impregnable wealth—and the power that went with it. For it was to Long Island that the robber barons of America had retired to enjoy their plunder. These were the men who, during "the 'feudal period' of our industrial development," as Matthew Josephson called the half century of unbridled industrial expansion following the Civil War, had harnessed America's vast mineral resources and tapped its long-stored capital to create needed industrial growth but, to turn that growth into personal wealth, had stationed themselves at the "narrows" of production—the key points of production and distribution—and exacted tribute from the nation. They were the men who had bribed and corrupted legislators—the Standard Oil Company, one historian said, did everything possible to the Pennsylvania Legislature except refine it—to let them loot the nation's oil and ore; men who, building their empires on the toil of millions of immigrant laborers, had kept wages low and hours long and had crushed the unions. Their creed was summed up in two quotes: Commodore Vanderbilt's "Law, what do I care about law? Hain't I got the power?" and J. P. Morgan's "I owe the public nothing."

The northern tip of Long Island's Glen Cove peninsula was J. P. Morgan's estate, the waters beside it were the anchorage for his great black yacht Corsair, and all the northern reaches of the peninsula were "Morgan country." His son—Morgan the Younger, reporters called him—and four partners of the House of Morgan lived there, and so did George F. Baker, who was the chairman of the board of the First National Bank of New York and the largest single stockholder of both A.T. & T. and First National Bank (his holdings in First National alone totalled $212,500,000), and who rode at the right hand of Morgan the Elder in the turn of the century's bloodiest stock-market raids. Baker was old now—eighty in 1920—but not too old to lift his sword; in 1930, when he was ninety and America was in the Depression, he climbed out of bed, pushed his doctors aside, went back to work, and, in a series of incredible stock manipulations, increased his fortune in that year alone by fifty million dollars.

To the south of the Morgans lay the demesnes of Standard Oil, where Charles Pratt and Stephen V. Harkness, partners of the first John D. Rockefeller, had carved out adjoining fiefs on either side of a small inlet. Pratt, on his, built six manor houses for his six sons. South of the Pratts, in the beautiful Wheatley Hills, there established himself Henry Phipps, full partner of Andrew Carnegie, and a man who, while Carnegie drove men to ordeals of sweat, grime, and injury in the roaring steel mills of western Pennsylvania, obtained the cash to let Carnegie build more mills by using a talent "for keeping a check in the air as long as any man." Around him in the hills Phipps gathered his children and grandchildren. To the west of the Phippses' lands, also in the Wheatley Hills, lay Harbor Hill, the four-hundred-and-eighty-acre holding of Clarence Hungerford Mackay, who was the board chairman and major stockholder of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Corporation, an international communications combine. North and west of Mackay stretched the fiefs of other barons of American business, and mingled with the barons were representatives of older wealth—won by gentler means—and of newer. There were six hundred estates on the North Shore by 1920, most of them of more than fifty acres, some of them of hundreds of acres, some of them of thousands. The turrets of the barons' castles loomed above the trees along the entire North Shore of Nassau County and fifteen miles deep into Suffolk.

Their world was a tight one, linked not only by money but by marriage, Whitney to Vanderbilt, Pratt to Tiffany, Phipps to Mills. And they intended to keep that world for themselves. The barons were willing, they told each other, to spend anything necessary "to keep our privacy"—by which they meant to keep the public out of their demesne. And in their view this demesne included the whole North Shore. The public officials they controlled allowed public roads not needed for the barons' own access to their estates to fall into disrepair, in order to discourage public use. Lest the public turn instead to rail transportation, a group of the barons, led by Charles Pratt, who had learned how to handle annoyances from his mentor, Rockefeller, bought sufficient stock in the Long Island Rail Road to dictate its policies, and saw to it that the railroad's North Shore lines were kept especially antiquated and rickety. The main attraction that lured the public to Long Island was bathing beaches. Along all the hundreds of miles of shorefront on the North Shore, there were open to the city residents only a handful of pitifully narrow strips of pebbles and weeds, for whose use they were charged exorbitant rates; of the forty-eight miles of shorefront in Huntington Township, for example, exactly twelve hundred and fifty feet were open to the public.

The North Shore stood impregnable—a fortress of wealth and prestige



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and power. And the barons of the North Shore knew how to keep it impregnable. They were accustomed to dealing in the political marketplace. Of the ninety-five largest contributors to the Republican Presidential campaign of 1920, no fewer than thirty-three came from the North Shore of Nassau County. In recognition of the North Shore's unique importance to the G.O.P., the Party's National Finance Committee in the late nineteen-twenties contained forty-nine members—one from each of the forty-eight states and one from Nassau County. The North Shore also furnished the bulk of the war chest of the state Republican organization and of the smoothest-running county machine in the state—the Nassau County G.O.P. organization of Boss G. Wilbur Doughty. The barons knew how to get value for money spent. They saw to it that key legislative-committee chairmen were men who would take orders. They sent to Albany as the assemblymen and state senators from Nassau County young knights from their own ranks or young villagers whom they had picked out as promising men to enlist in their service. When the barons became tired of the petty annoyances attendant upon dealing with outside governmental bodies, they established their own, incorporating their estates, under a strangely permissive state law, into "villages" and other self-governing "municipalities," so that the measures necessary to keep out the city hordes could be legitimatized—given "governmental status," and enforced by "village police forces," which before incorporation had been the barons' privately employed guards.

So when the families of New York City reached Long Island, they found only frustration. If they were heading for the North Shore on Northern Boulevard, sixty feet of smooth macadam shrank to eighteen at the city line. The cars heading east had to cram into a single file. As they crept along, the paving of the boulevard deteriorated, so that each family had to watch the cars ahead jounce, one after the other, into gaping potholes and then wait for the jolts themselves. More and more frequently, they came to unpaved stretches in which, if there had been a recent rain, cars became mired, bringing the endless line behind them to a halt. If the earth was dry, thick clouds of dust hung over the unpaved stretches.

As the families drove, they could see on either side of them, through gates set in stone walls or through the openings in wooden fences, the beautiful meadows they had come for, stretching endlessly and emptily to the cool trees beyond. But the meadows and trees were not for them. The gates would be locked, and men carrying shotguns and holding fierce dogs straining on leashes would point eastward, telling the families that there were parks open to them "farther along." Later, in the towns of Oyster Bay and Huntington, they would come to parks, tiny but nonetheless parks. But as they approached, they would see policemen at the entrances, and the policemen would wave them on, explaining that the parks were reserved for town residents. There were, the policemen would say—falsely—parks open "farther along." Northern Boulevard was not, of course, the only route to the North Shore from New York. There was also Jericho Turnpike. There was one difference between Northern Boulevard and Jericho Turnpike. Jericho Turnpike was two feet narrower.

And the robber barons had not been satisfied by the riches of the North Shore of Long Island. Led by Horace O. Havemeyer, "the sultan of sugar," a group of them had seized the choicest areas of the South Shore—a series of promontories below East Islip which jutted out into the Great South Bay about midway of its forty-mile length. They lived there in a splendor equal to that of the North Shore, and they displayed an equal determination to keep their privacy unimpaired.

IN the past, the governments that created parks had been the governments that controlled the areas in which the parks would be situated. The township and village governments on Long Island would never create such parks. Conservationists had begun to talk about "state parks," but a state park had to be created by a state, and New York State's Legislature was dominated by the Long Island barons. A dozen proposals for Long Island parks had been put forward by good-government organizations and introduced in that Legislature, and not one had ever made it out of committee.

Reformers interested in creating parks were discouraged as much by the physical scope of the problem as by the political difficulties involved. Parks large enough to serve any appreciable portion of New York City's millions would have to be measured in the hundreds of acres, and since Long Island was run almost entirely by hostile local governments and landowners, how could those acres ever be obtained? By purchase? Long Island property was valuable—immensely valuable in the hills and along the beachfront, where parks should be situated. By condemnation? Condemnation of valuable property on the scale required would be fantastically expensive—in fact, would require sums for that purpose which were unheard of in America. And since the barons' battalions of lawyers could be expected to fight condemnation with every tactic available, the proceedings would take years. And if somehow the parks *were* created, how would people get to them? Long highways would be required, and their rights-of-way would necessarily cross hundreds, if not thousands, of different properties, and that would mean hundreds, if not thousands, of landowners who were ready to fight, and that would mean hundreds and thousands of additional condemnation proceedings. The reformers realized that even in the unlikely event that they won on Long Island, that they actually succeeded in unhorsing the powerful barons, they wouldn't know what to do with their victory. The problem was so big that the reformers thought it insoluble. As their park proposals died, one after another, in legislative committee, their park discussions came to concern themselves mainly with the creation of more small playgrounds in the city and with the improvement of playground equipment.

Often when Bob Moses went home at night, he would be coming from such park discussions, because Smith frequently employed him as his nonparticipating representative at reformers' conferences. Moses gave such discussions only cursory attention. With state reorganization, and coaching Jimmy Walker, and prison industries to think about, wordy debates over whether a playground site should be on Fourteenth Street or Fifteenth interested him not at all. But during the summer of 1922, when Moses went home he went to Long Island. Invited for weekends in Babylon by friends during 1921, he and his wife, Mary, whom he had met when they were both working at the Bureau of Municipal Research, had fallen in love "with the town, with the bay, with the whole South Shore," and in 1922 they rented a bungalow of their own for the summer. When the discussions on parks ended, he would hurry to the Long Island Rail Road station and catch a train on the South Shore line.

The trip from the city took over an

hour (forty-five years later, Moses could still reel off without effort the names of the stops as the conductors had chanted them: "*Val*ley Str*eam*, *Lyn*brook, *Ocean*side, *Rock*ville Cen*tre*, Freeport, *Mer*rick, Amityville, *Linden*hurst, and *Bab*ylon"), and the train was hot. Moses would try to bury himself in work, but every so often he would glance out the window. And after a while he began to notice that while most of the route was filled with one-family houses, between some of the villages there were thick, leafy bands of woods and, gleaming brightly through the trees, the blue water of ponds and streams. The woods were all to the north of the railroad—the left-hand side of the train going out to Babylon and the right-hand going into the city. Moses now began always to sit on the side nearer them. The men around him would be studying the stock-market quotations in their newspapers. Moses would stare out the train window.

One weekend, he went to the Babylon town hall and asked what the woods were. An old-timer told him he must be talking about the Brooklyn water-supply properties—the streams and the areas around them, in Nassau County, that Brooklyn, as an independent city, had bought in 1874, fenced off, and kept guarded, so that in case of a water shortage it would be able to dam the streams and use their water. On Monday morning, Moses stopped by the New York Municipal Building and asked a clerk in the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity if the city used those properties. Why, no, the clerk said, it never had. There had never been any need. And, come to think of it, now that New York had acquired the huge Croton and Ashokan reservoirs upstate and built aqueducts from them to the city, there probably never would be any. Suddenly the mind that had "burned with ideas" was burning again, and it was focussed on Long Island.

Most of the water-supply properties were set far enough north of Merrick Road, behind blocks of private houses, to be invisible from it, but Merrick Road was the only way of getting close to them. Moses, having never learned to drive, obtained from Smith the use of a car and chauffeur, and he also obtained a letter authorizing the guards at the properties to let him enter their gates. On weekend mornings, as the line of cars from the city crept east along the eighteen-foot-wide road, Moses, leaving Babylon, had himself driven west. Arriving at the spots he had noted from the train, he would or-

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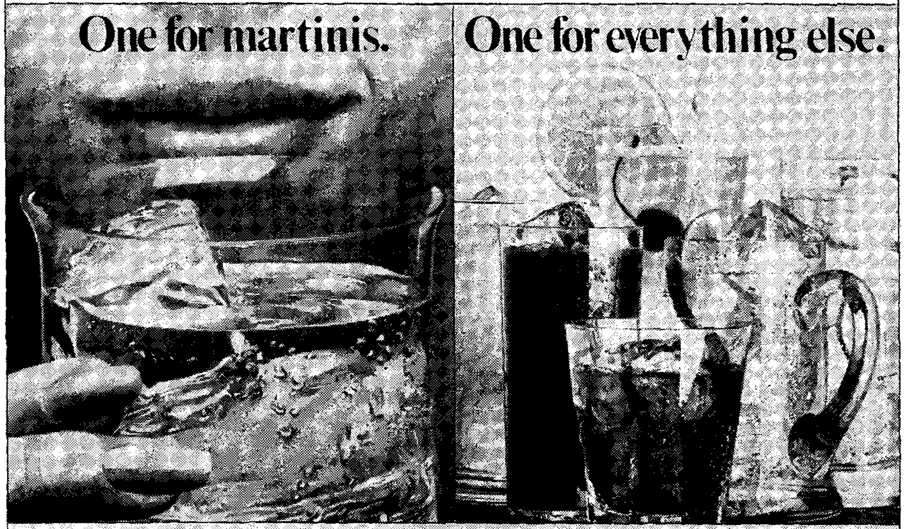

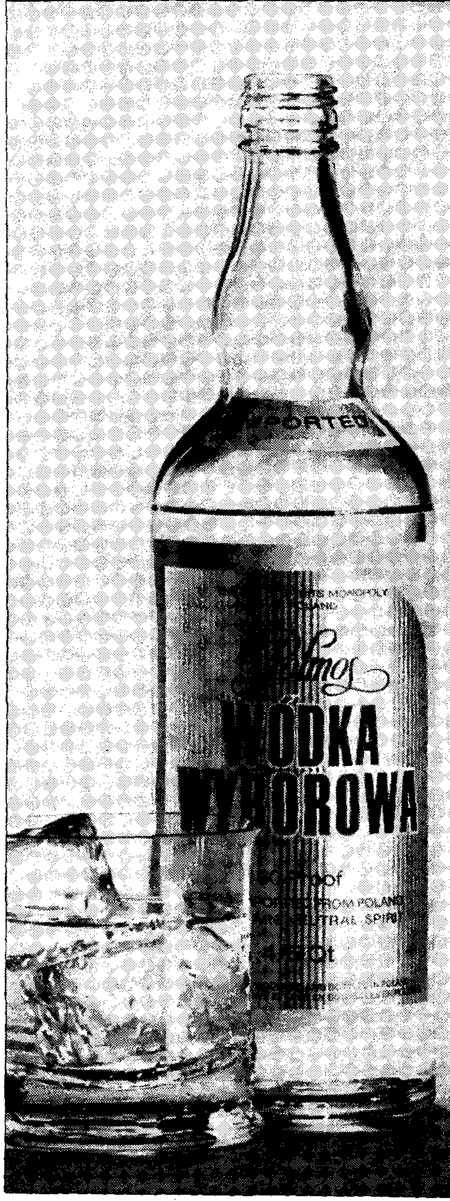

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der the chauffeur to drive north along side streets until there was no more road, and then he would get out and walk through backyards and vacant lots and along footpaths until he reached the gates and could show his letter to the guards. Then he would plunge into the woods.

They contained surprises. Through the train windows he had glimpsed in the woods that lay between Merrick and Freeport a small pond. When he got into those woods on foot, he found the pond, but beyond it he could see another gleam of water. Reaching that, he found a larger pond, and beyond it another gleam. Beyond that, there was another. There were four ponds, linked by a stream that ran due north, and each was larger than the one before. Lilies floated in them. Pickerel and trout flickered beneath the lily pads. Huge oaks, beeches, birches, and pines surrounded him. And as he tramped steadily north, there seemed no end to them. He was not in a small woods, he realized, but in a forest—it later surveyed out at more than seven hundred acres—that lay untouched in the heart of Nassau County.

There were four more ponds—and seven hundred more wooded acres—stretching south from Wantagh all the way to the Great South Bay. There were five hundred and ninety-five more acres near Massapequa. Between Valley Stream and Lynbrook, there were only fifty acres, but in the center of them was a lake a quarter mile long. And then when he entered the woods between Lynbrook and Rockville Centre, Moses realized he had come to something that dwarfed all the others. The thin band of woods that he had seen from the train at that spot ran north of the tracks for more than three miles, broadening as it went. Within the woods were long, rolling meadows. He had heard that somewhere in the woods was a reservoir, where the stream had been dammed by Brooklyn municipal engineers decades before, and he pushed on, trying to find it. With branches slapping at his face and vines tangling his feet, he came at last to a man-made embankment. Scrambling up, he peered over its top, and there before him lay a body of water more than a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. It was much bigger than the big reservoir in Central Park, he realized. And around it, he guessed—and he turned out to be right—there was more land than there was in Central Park.

Back on Merrick Road, Moses saw the cars from the city still creeping along in the dust and heat—thousands of them, tens of thousands, crammed with people searching desperately for a little patch of green, a spot of clear water, few of whom were destined that weekend to find either. And behind him, not a quarter mile from the road but unknown to all but one in a thousand of the drivers on it—and closed to even that one—was land, a vastness of land, overflowing with the fruits they sought. Land that didn't have to be bought. Land that didn't have to be condemned. Land that was owned not by the governments of Long Island but by the government of New York City. Land that could be opened to the city's people merely by the turning of a key. Adding up the acreage of the various tracts of woods, Moses could hardly believe the figures. The total came to twenty-two hundred acres. And all five tracts were within thirty miles of Manhattan and within eleven miles of the city line. In fact, the woods between Valley Stream and Lynbrook were only two miles from that line.

Suddenly Moses was looking at everything on Long Island in terms of parks. Great South Bay, for example, and the barrier beach beyond—the strip of dunes and beach grass and wild marshes, about five miles offshore, that from the Babylon piers was a long, low line on the horizon across the bay. Baymen called it "the strand." Deserted except for a few tiny, scattered summer colonies, it had an aura almost of mystery. The baymen told stories of murders and duels to the death on it between sailors armed only with handspikes. The summer colonies had names—Short Beach, Gilgo—but the names didn't match those on the old maps Moses found in the Babylon library. The very shape of the strand was different from the outlines on the maps. That, the baymen explained to him, was because the ocean was constantly remolding it. Because the set of the Atlantic off Long Island was inexorably to the west, they said, sand and pebbles were continually washed up at its western end, and the beach grew longer every year. But storms, particularly the howling sou'easters, also swept away part of the strand each winter, slashed new inlets through its dunes, closed old ones. The name by which the easternmost section of the strand was known—Fire Island—was actually a corruption of "Five Islands," a name given to it during a period in the seventeenth century when it had been divided into five parts by four inlets, all of which had since completely disappeared.

Fire Island stretched from Bay Shore, in Babylon Township, east to the Hamptons. The western section of the strand, separated from Fire Island by a narrow inlet, paralleled Long Island from Bay Shore all the way to Freeport. This section was known, vaguely, as Jones Beach. Even the oldest baymen weren't certain where the name had come from, but Moses was. In old books in the Babylon library he had read about Major Thomas Jones, a seventeenth-century Welshman whose valor at the Battle of the Boyne moved King James II to grant him a commission as a privateer. ("That was far from being a pirate," one of the old books emphasized. It "was a legitimate business.") Jones made a fortune legitimately plundering ships that did not fly the English flag. In 1695, he bought thousands of acres of the deserted strand from Long Island's fierce Indian tribes "for a barrel of good cidar," peopled it with crews that dashed out in longboats to capture whales drifting nearby, and made another fortune. Marrying beautiful Freelove Townsend, he erected a house—with thick walls, and slits for rifles—on one of the necks of land that at that time linked the strand to Long Island. After Jones' death, sou'easters tore away the necks, and the strand became an island itself. Between it and the mainland, the underwater reeds became thicker. The tides tugged at the sand underneath the Great South Bay, and the channels between the shoals became more and more crooked and treacherous, sometimes shifting course from week to week. By the nineteen-twenties, people who tried to sail or motorboat to Jones Beach had to get out and push their boats off sandbars so frequently that one bay captain referred to his weekend journeys as his "walks to the Beach." The summer-cottage colonies grew smaller and smaller. In winter, except for occasional wild-bird hunters and a few hermits who lived in caves hollowed out of the dunes, Jones Beach was deserted. Moses had bought an old bayman's ancient, broad-bottomed, very slow motorboat, partly covered with a canopy—a vessel that Mary named the Bob—and in it he putt-putted around the bay. Sometimes when he stepped out of his boat onto Jones Beach, he could not see another human being. In front of him would be nothing but a wide, straight strip of the whitest sand he had ever seen, stretching unbroken until it disappeared at the horizon, sliding on one side beneath the ocean surf, rising on the other into dunes covered with tufts of beach grass, little gnarled bushes, and stunted trees—with, between the dunes, marshes of a peculiar, striking grayish-green color, from which herons and gulls arose.

Moses saw that the empty strand, with its endless untouched vistas, could be a magnificent bathing beach, a bathing beach such as America had never seen. Jones Beach seemed so cut off from the world, but Moses realized with a start that when he stood on its western end he was less than twenty-five miles from Times Square. The problem, of course, was to get the people out there, and now in the evenings, in his Babylon bungalow, Moses began to study maps of Long Island. One night, he suddenly noticed that the water-supply properties off Merrick Road lay in an east-west row. A straight line could be drawn through them. Therefore, so could a road. If a road were built out from New York so that it crossed those properties, a substantial part of the right-of-way would not have to be bought or condemned. And since one of the properties, the one at Wantagh, ran all the way down to the Great South Bay, another road—connecting with the road that would lead out from New York—could be built south to the bay without the necessity of any purchase or condemnation at all. Once it reached the bay, it would be directly opposite Jones Beach. And since the bay was so shallow, a causeway from the end of the road to the beach would probably be easy to construct. "That was the idea behind Jones Beach and the Southern State Parkway," Moses recalled years later. "I thought of it all in a moment."

The line he had drawn on the map through the water-supply properties seemed to point like an arrow at Long Island's South Shore. Looking beyond its point, on the easternmost of the properties, Moses saw a series of peninsulas jutting out into the Great South Bay. He recalled that the peninsulas were said to be beautiful. On weekends now, Moses had himself driven east. From the car, he could see that most of the peninsulas were private estates, but in East Islip he noticed a large piece of property that, though it was fenced off, was covered with underbrush and weeds and appeared de-

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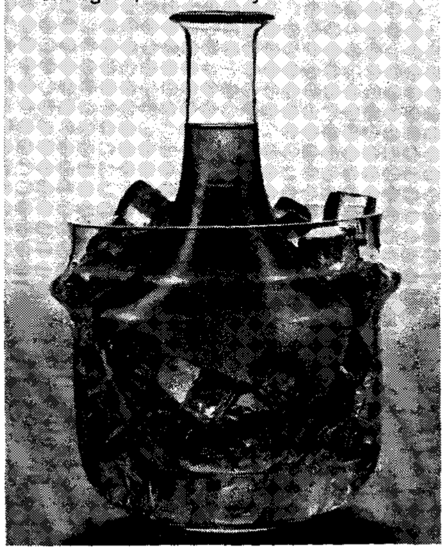
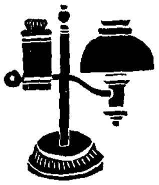


serted. A real-estate agent told him that it had belonged to an eccentric old millionaire named Taylor and that Taylor's heirs allowed it to grow wild because they used it as a game preserve. If there were caretakers on the Taylor estate, Moses didn't see them when he returned to it. Tramping through the brush and the woods, frightening deer, startling coveys of pheasant, he came to a group of outbuildings, all deserted, and all except one, which had been turned into a hunting lodge, crumbling. An old mansion loomed over them, its paint peeling and its windows broken. In front of the mansion was a long meadow of uncut, waving grass which had evidently once been an imposing lawn. Beyond it was white sand and then the dark blue-gray of the bay, and beyond the bay, just a line on the horizon, the dunes of Fire Island. Stirring the trees, the grass, and the water was the gentle breeze that, Moses had learned from the baymen, invariably cooled the bay shore every day from about eleven o'clock in the morning until near sundown. To the east, across a little stream, was an expanse of carefully manicured grass—the golf course of the Timber Point Country Club, a private club that had been established recently by a group of millionaires led by Horace O. Havemeyer and his brother-in-law W. Kingsland Macy. Moses had taken to carrying a yellow legal note pad on his excursions. On it he now began to sketch the property, and on the sketch he drew lines to indicate where bathhouses for the bathing beaches would go, where a golf course would be built, where a public bridle path would wind through the trees, and where fences would be erected to pen the deer and pheasant so youngsters could watch them.



Were similar vacant properties to be found on the North Shore? Soon there was striding through woods and meadows overlooking Long Island Sound a tall, athletic figure dressed in corduroy pants, heavy shoes, and, usually, an old and stained windbreaker, and carrying in one hand a yellow legal note pad. Within weeks, Moses had discovered in Smithtown a vacant estate splendidly suited to his purposes. As he walked north through its thousand wooded acres, he noticed that they sloped steadily downhill, and he assumed they were sloping down to the beach. But when the woods ended, he found himself staring at a huge pale-green expanse of grass that was actually below the level of the beach beyond, and he thought in that instant of a name for a new park: Sunken Meadow. The road to Sunken Meadow? It could perhaps run from New York along the middle of the Island, where the only opposition would be from farmers, but Moses knew at once that the road wasn't going to go there. If scenery was an attribute of parkways, why, here was a chance to run a parkway through *real* scenery: the Gold Coast estates. At night now, Moses began to pore over maps of the North Shore, his pencil sketching out alternate routes. He saw on the map the names across which his pencil was moving: Phipps, Whitney, Garvan, Morgan, Aldrich, Vanderbilt, Kahn. And he saw in his mind a road bordered, beyond the grassy right-of-way, by the magnificent stands of trees that the robber barons had imported from Europe and by hedges neatly trimmed by their legions of gardeners. The pencil kept sketching.

MOSES' mind leaped on. It took as its compass not an island but a state. New York State's other large cities—Albany, Buffalo, Rochester, Schenectady, Syracuse, Troy, Utica—were growing, not as fast as New York City but fast. So was their need for state parks. The State Legislature, however, considering parks a luxury outside city limits, refused to give them any. In 1922, in all New York State there were, outside of the undeveloped forest preserves, only twenty state parks, most of them enclaves around famous old mansions, or Revolutionary War battlefields that had been bought by private philanthropists and donated to the state. Even when the state was given land, it didn't take care of it. In 1923, the total legislative appropriation for the upkeep of state parks was thirty thousand dollars. Permanent improvements—even comfort stations—were all but unheard of. Most parks could not be reached by automobile. So in 1922 those state parks that did exist in New York went all but unused.

Part of the difficulty, Moses had learned while he was running the Reconstruction Commission, went back to the old question of organization. Fearing—*knowing*—that the state would let the parks run down, their donors had turned the administration of the parks over to persons or societies dedicated to the preservation of historic or scenic attractions. Having no authority over private individuals or private organizations, the Legislature was reluctant to give them money. State-park administration was one area in which the Reconstruction Commission's recommendations had been ignored. Now Moses asked the upstate park philanthropists to make new recommendations under the aegis of the New York State Association. He toured their parks with them, and delicately urged them to think in terms of improved roads and enlarged accommodations. And he urged them to start thinking in terms of a unified state-park system that would be a formal part of the state government. They need not worry about losing control of their beloved parks to faceless bureaucrats in Albany, he assured them; control of each park could be left in the hands of the men then administering it, and to insure that future appointments to the park commissions would not become involved in politics, the commissionerships could be unpaid jobs. But if there was a single state body controlling parks, he explained, the demands for funds from the different sources interested in parks could be funnelled into it and focussed, so as to put more heat on the Legislature. When the philanthropists' recommendations for their individual parks came in, he combined them into a report, "A State Park Plan for New York," writing it himself and issuing it in the name of the New York State Association.

The report was a seminal document in the history of parks in America. Its very scope was revolutionary: New York's park needs, it said, were so great that they could not be met by ordinary legislative appropriations; a bond issue would be required, and the amount of the issue should be fifteen million dollars. But it was not the scope that was most startling; New York and other states had floated bond issues for parks before, even if none of the issues had been nearly as large as the one that Moses proposed. Rather, it was the philosophy. The expenditure of proceeds from previous bond issues had been restricted to land acquisition, and in the word "acquisition" was embodied the philosophy that had always in the past governed parks in America: the belief that the sole purpose of parks was to enable people to commune with nature, and that parks should therefore be kept in their natural state. If city residents were no longer content with communing, if they wanted space not only for meditating but for swinging baseball bats, tennis rackets, golf clubs, and the accessories of the other sports that their new leisure time had enabled them to learn, this was a desire that had not yet been translated into government action in the United States.

But Moses translated it. The fifteen-million-dollar bond issue, he said, must specifically authorize the Legislature "to provide for permanent improvements as well as the acquisition of land . . . and the other facilities which make a park accessible and attractive to people." "Conservation," the previous park ideal, had to be combined with "recreation," he said. Furthermore, he said, "permanent improvements" meant not only improvements within parks but also ways of getting to them—"parkway and boulevard connections between state parks and between state parks and neighboring centers of population." And state parks should no longer be talked of as separate entities; there should be a state-park *system*. The state should be divided into ten regions, and all the state parks in each of those regions should be administered by a single regional "state park commission"—the Long Island parks, for example, by a Long Island State Park Commission. The presidents of those commissions should sit as a State Council of Parks, which would coördinate and unify park policy.

Moses' park report was soon being read, and hailed, by park planners all over the United States. But if its recommendations were to become reality, they would have to do so through a man who didn't read reports and who seemed highly unlikely to be a park enthusiast. If there was a sport in which the Governor was interested, his friends didn't know about it. He refused to go with them to football or baseball games, or even to boxing matches. When he took his family swimming, he remained on the beach—his little potbelly protruding through his bathing suit, a cigar clenched firmly in his teeth—eying the ocean warily.

When Moses began explaining his park plan, the Governor was dubious. Its cost astounded him. "You want to give the people a fur coat when what they need is red flannel underwear," he said once. But Moses had one advantage. Smith's mind was the type that responded most enthusiastically to what Frances Perkins called "the graphic presentation." The Governor, she has said, "wanted you to tell him what it looked like. Then he saw what it was like. . . . He got more information out of people who would tell him the exact

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thing they'd seen, [who] described the detail that they themselves had seen." If he was anxious to improve the lives of the urban poor, he was most especially anxious to improve them through things he could actually *see* improving them; his governorship was distinguished by his emphasis on works of physical construction, solid and visible. Nothing was more visible than a park, and no one was a more vivid describer, a more graphic presenter, than Bob Moses. After Smith's reëlection in November, 1922, Moses persuaded him to visit the New York City water-supply properties. They were barren in winter, but, with his gift for words, Moses made the Governor see them as they could be in summer, with leaves on the trees and people sitting at picnic tables under them. Then, day after day, pacing restlessly back and forth in front of the Governor's desk, he poured out his ideas in a ceaseless flow of words. Sometimes the other members of Smith's inner circle had to smile at Moses' vehemence and earnestness. Once, as the torrent of words passed over him, the Governor gradually sank lower and lower in his chair, and, with Moses still talking, disappeared at last under his desk. But when he poked his head up, he was smiling. Moses persuaded Smith to attend a meeting of the New York State Association's park committee at the Whitehall Club in Manhattan, at which Moses himself made a lengthy passionate speech. At its end, Smith rose. "Bob, you win," he said. He directed Moses to draft a special message to the Legislature asking for the passage of legislation to establish a State Council of Parks and to authorize submission of the fifteen-million-dollar proposal to the people in a referendum. On April 18, 1923, two weeks after Moses finished the message, Smith delivered it.

Under state law, only one bond issue could be submitted to the voters each year. Smith had previously proposed an issue for new hospitals and mental institutions. Moses pleaded that parks should come first, but Smith disagreed. When the Governor delivered the message Moses had drafted, he announced that he would not push for adoption of its proposals until 1924. It was clear to his advisers that the Governor was worried about public reaction to an expenditure for parks that was of such unprecedented dimensions. The reaction was not long in coming. Smith's secretaries reported a most remarkable upsurge in the volume of his mail. It came from the City Club of New York and from the Pomona Grange. It came from slum dwellers and suburbanites. And, unlike the mail on most issues, this mail did not contain letters on both sides of the issue. There was apparently only one side to this issue, the Governor's secretaries reported: *everyone* was for parks. Hardly a newspaper in the state failed to write an editorial on the message, and not a single one of the editorials opposed it. And, significantly, the praise did not stop at the state's borders. From all over the country letters were sent to "Governor Smith, Albany" expressing the hope that the writers' own states might follow his example.

Al Smith had risen to the governorship on great issues, and he was not slow to recognize a new one when it came along. An Albany reporter watched the awareness growing on the Governor and his circle. "You could see them beginning to realize that doing what Moses wanted would be politically advantageous," he recalls. "One of them told me that supporting parks meant that the Governor would be helping the lower- and middle-class people, and thereby winning their support, and that the intellectuals would be for him because they saw parks as part of the new pattern of social progress. So you'd have the three groups you needed all supporting you. And besides, 'parks' was a word like 'motherhood.' It was just something nobody could be against." During the spring of 1923, Smith assured Moses that he would push for adoption of the park program in 1924.

In the summer of 1923, Moses went back to tramping around Long Island. "I went with him once," a friend has said. "We walked all day through one piece of beautiful wild country after another. And he never slowed down. He was tireless." Generally, Moses preferred to be by himself. He walked alone through vast empty, shuttered mansions, through potato fields where farmers worked peacefully, unaware that the man looking at them was planning to take their land away. Walls and guards kept him from getting a good look from public roads at the route he was considering for the northern parkway, but he discovered a country road that ran through many of the estates, and he spent days walking along it, a solitary figure with

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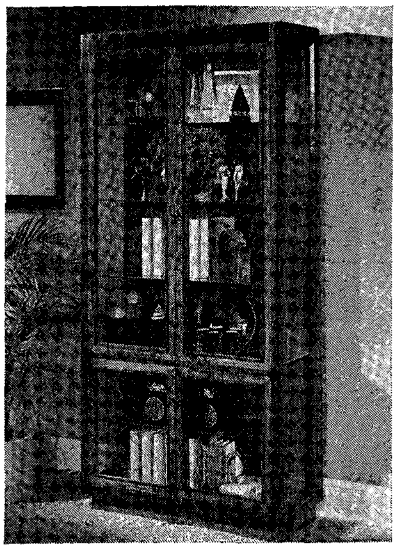

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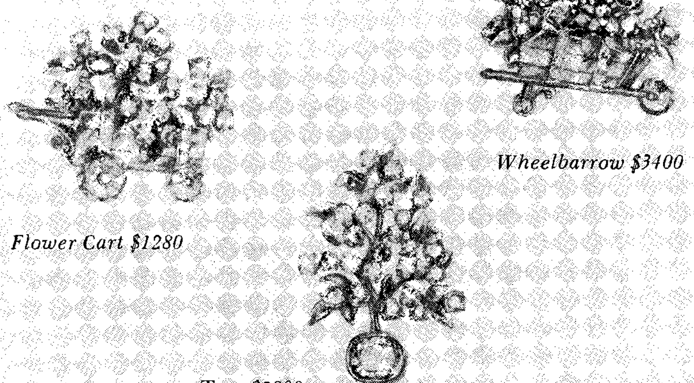
a long stride. Through the trees he could see the great castles; at their gates, on little black-and-gold signs, he could see the names of the barons who had built them. And the barons, private behind their walls, did not know that staring at those walls was a man determined to tear them down.

Exploring the Montauk peninsula, Long Island's southern fluke, Moses found an irregular shoreline and a number of small islands that, he reported to Smith, "afford many miles of beaches, dunes and varied waters for cruising, fishing, swimming, golfing and other forms of recreation." Driving back along the southern fluke, Moses discovered other miles of unused beaches in Hampton Bays. He found still more on Long Island's northern fluke, Orient Point, where farmers lived in farmhouses built in the seventeenth century. Searching out deserted estates, he found two in the center of the Island, one owned by the son of the financier August Belmont, the other by a family named Yoakum. And, roaming one day far out in Suffolk County, near Wading River, he stumbled upon a magnificent brick-and-stone mansion, set on a bluff overlooking Long Island Sound, that not only was deserted but looked as if it had never been lived in. Inquiring later, he found out that it never had been. Roland G. Mitchell, a financier, who commissioned the architect Stanford White to design it, and who named it Wildwood, had died just as it was being finished, in 1906, and the spacious, high-ceilinged rooms had remained shuttered and unfurnished ever since.

Again and again Moses returned to the lonely strand—not only to Jones Beach but to Fire Island. He had learned that a state park, the only one on Long Island, was situated there, on the two-hundred-acre grounds of a hotel the state had bought in 1892 to house the passengers from a cholera-ridden German liner, the Normannia. In 1918, fire had destroyed the hotel and also a boardwalk and some comfort stations that the state had erected, and when Moses stepped out of the Bob he found Fire Island State Park deserted. Charred ruins lay on the sand. The only undamaged structure in the park was a nine-story-high wooden telegraph tower, from which news of the sighting of arriving clipper ships had once been flashed to Manhattan. Studying maps, Moses was puzzled. They showed the park as comprising the westernmost portion of Fire Island, except for a little enclave on the tip,



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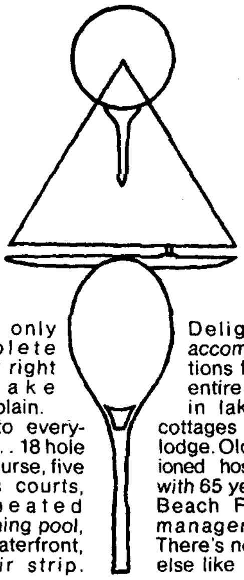

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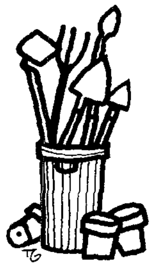
which was occupied by a lighthouse and an unmanned Coast Guard station. But as Moses stood alongside the lighthouse, the island stretched westward as far as he could see. Then he remembered what the baymen had told him about the set of the ocean. Since 1892, the waves had been piling sand on Fire Island's western end. He began to walk along the new land, and he walked for four miles. The Coast Guard station wasn't a little enclave anymore; its area, he calculated, was at least six hundred acres. And the station was deserted. No one even knew that the added six hundred acres were there.

By the end of the summer of 1923, Moses knew that his plans for Long Island had been far too modest. Now he wanted not just a state park on Jones Beach but another one—including the unmapped six hundred acres—across the inlet on Fire Island. He wanted state parks on the South Shore not just at the Taylor estate but in Hampton Bays and Hither Hills and at Montauk Point. He wanted parks on the Sound not just at Sunken Meadow but at Wildwood, Lloyd Neck, and Orient Point. And he wanted two in the center of the Island, at the Belmont and Yoakum estates. He wanted forty thousand acres of parks. He wanted not just a parkway along the South Shore and one along the North Shore but a parkway connecting them far out on Long Island, so that families from New York City could drive out on one, loop around, and drive home on the other. He also wanted two more parkways linking both the northern and the southern parkways with two causeways running to Jones Beach. He wanted still another parkway linking them with Fire Island. He wanted a hundred and twenty-four miles of parkways. And he wanted the parkways to be broader and more beautiful than any roads the world had ever seen, landscaped as private parks are landscaped, so they would be in themselves parks, "ribbon parks"—so that even as people drove to parks they would be driving through parks.



Near the end of the summer, Al Smith found himself being chauffeured around Long Island with Moses sitting beside him pointing and talking. Smith became enthusiastic about the plans. He asked Mrs. Moskowitz to look into the situation, and Moses gave her the full tour. She approved, and Smith told Moses that when the park program was submitted to the Legislature in 1924 it could be expanded. "Why don't you take the whole thing over yourself?" the Governor asked. "Why don't I make you president of the Long Island State Park Commission?"

Moses said that he would like the job.

DREAMS—visions of public works on a noble scale—had been marching through Moses' mind in almost continuous procession for a decade and more. Not one of them had marched out of his mind into reality. But during that decade Moses had learned what was needed to make dreams become realities: he had learned the lesson of power. And now he grabbed for power with both hands. As a reformer who believed in the principle of centralization in government, he had recommended in the Reconstruction Commission report that all state agencies be included in one of sixteen departments and no longer function as independent bodies. The heads of the agencies within the departments, he had recommended, should have absolutely no independence in budget-making. He had been eloquent on the point. "The more spigots there are in the barrel the more difficult it is to keep a watch on them," he had written. The report specified that parks would be administered by a bureau in the Department of Conservation, and that the bureau would be totally subordinate to the conservation commissioner.

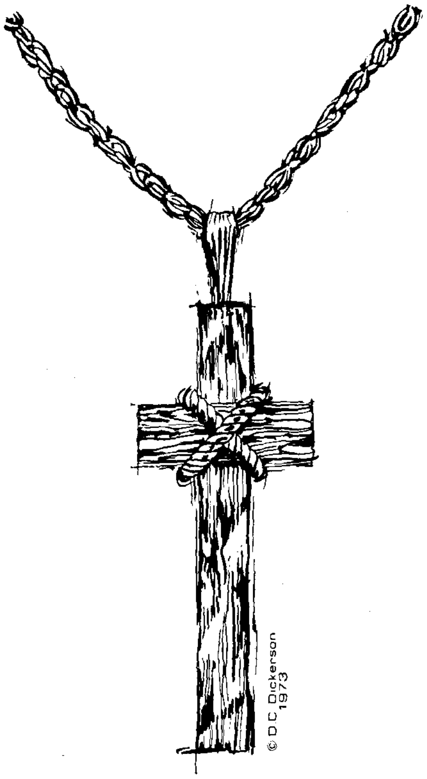
But now Moses was interested in parks, and parks were to be an exception. Not on the surface, of course. On the surface, on the face of the bill that Moses drafted establishing a State Council of Parks, the council was to be included in the Conservation Department and subordinate to the conservation commissioner. The council's budget, in accordance with reorganization principles, could be submitted to the governor and the Legislature only by the conservation commissioner; a clause in the bill specifically said so. But another clause, farther down in the bill, said, "The budget shall be prepared by the State Council of Parks." Precedents had established the statutory meaning of the word "prepared." In this context, it meant that the council chairman—not the conservation commissioner—had the authority to screen the financial requests of the ten regional park commissions, weigh one against another, and decide which should be included in the council's budget request. The conservation commissioner would get to see the regional commissions' requests only after the council chairman had finished with them, and so would not even know about requests made by regional commissions which the council chairman had turned down. All that the conservation commissioner was really empowered to do, therefore, was to receive a completed park budget and hand it to the governor exactly as he received it. And, the bill provided, the council chairman from whom he would be receiving the budget would be elected by the council—not appointed by the conservation commissioner or by the governor. Within the reorganized framework of state government, therefore, parks would be a separate, self-governing, very independent duchy.

As a reformer, Moses had fought for the principle of executive power commensurate with executive responsibility, and, believing in the principle, he had recommended in his Reconstruction Commission report that appointed officials should never have terms longer than the governor's term and that they should always be removable by the governor if they did not follow his orders. But now Moses was to be an appointed official, and although he could count on Smith's support, Smith would not always be governor. So there was another way. The bill that Moses drafted establishing the Long Island State Park Commission provided that the term of its president (himself) would be six years—three times as long as the governor's. And it further provided that no governor could remove the park-commission president just because the president was not following the governor's orders. Removal, the bill provided, could occur only after the governor had filed detailed charges of actual misconduct and a formal public hearing had been held, with both sides represented by counsel.

Yet it was not the violation of stated principles for the purpose of cementing himself in office which most clearly revealed the change in Moses. Rather, it was the method by which he insured that, once cemented, he would have specific powers sufficient for his purpose. The method was that of concealment and deviousness. No reformer, no idealist had believed more sincerely than he that the key to democracy was free and open discussion. No reformer, no idealist had argued more vigorously that all important legislative bills should be fully debated, and that the debates should be published, so that the citizenry could be informed on the issues. But free and open debate had not made his dreams come true; instead, politicians had crushed them. Now he was going to make sure that, with the exception of Al Smith and Belle Moskowitz, no one—not the citizenry, not the press, not the Legislature—would know what was in the park bills to be passed by the Legislature. The best bill-drafter in Albany set to work.

First and foremost, parks were land, and land was generally acquired by government through condemnation. But condemnation in 1924 was a slow process: the state could not take possession of property until a condemnation commission set its value, and the property's owner could appeal to the courts if he was not satisfied with the commission's evaluation. Thus the owner possessed in his opposition to the state a weapon, even if it was a small one—and in the hands of the barons of Long Island small weapons could become large. So one clause within Chapter 112 of the Laws of 1924, "An Act to Provide for the location, creation, acquisition and improvement by the state of parks, parkways and boulevards in the counties of Nassau and Suffolk"—a clause buried deep within the act—empowered the Long Island State Park Commission to acquire land by appropriation "in the manner provided by Section 59 of the conservation law."

In 1924, "appropriation" had only one meaning in legislative context: the allocation of funds by the Legislature. Most legislators—probably all legislators—would have said, if they were asked, that that was the only meaning the word had ever had. And since Section 59 of the conservation law had been passed in 1884, most legislators had not read it. But the best bill-drafter in Albany had read it, and he knew that in that section "appropriation" had quite a different meaning. In 1883, the Legislature, worried about incursions by lumber companies into the Adirondack forests, empowered the Forest, Fish, and Game Commission to condemn the forests and preserve them. But during that year, between the start of the condemnation proceedings and the actual transfer of title, the lumbermen stripped the trees from the parcels being condemned. In 1884, therefore, the Legislature passed an act, Section 59 of the conservation law, empowering the state to "appropriate" forest lands, and defining "appropriation" as a procedure in which a state official



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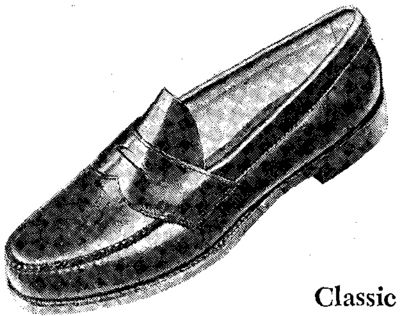

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could take possession of the land by simply walking on it and telling the owner that he no longer owned it, and that if he wanted compensation he would have to apply to a condemnation commission. The "appropriation" method had never been used anywhere except in remote forests. It had *never* been intended for use in urban, suburban, or farm areas. Taking a man's land and telling him it would be paid for later and only if he applied for payment was simply unheard *of if the land had any* substantial intrinsic value, as it always did in settled areas. Moreover, the method had not been used *anywhere* for more than thirty years, because of doubts about its Constitutionality. But somehow the Legislature had never got around to repealing Section 59.

Deviousness was used in other sections of the 1924 bill. Section 8, for example, which was entitled "General Powers," supposedly enumerated the powers of the Long Island State Park Commission over its land, *and these* powers seemed innocuous. But in succeeding sections of the bill each power was "defined," and each successive definition broadened the commission's authority. The commission had the right to operate parks, Section 8 said. But Section 9 said that "the term . . . parks as used in this act . . . shall be deemed to include . . . parkways . . . boulevards and also entrances and approaches thereto, docks and piers, and bridges . . . and such other . . . appurtenances as the . . . commission shall utilize." And the term "parkways" was significant. The Legislature had specifically written into the state highway law the provision that the supervisors of each county had veto power over the location of highways within its borders. But because parkways hadn't existed when the provision was written, the highway law didn't mention parkways, so there was no local check over *their* location. The commission had the right to "acquire . . . real estate," Section 8 said. But Section 10 said that "the term real estate as used in this act shall be construed to embrace all uplands, lands under water . . . and all real estate . . . heretofore or hereafter acquired or used for railroad, street railroad, highway, telephone, telegraph or other public purposes." And the words "lands under water" were significant. By legal precedent, the owners of land fronting on the Great South Bay owned the land offshore to the distance of one mile, so if the commission owned land fronting on the bay it would own part of the bay itself, including part of the "sacred" bay bottoms.

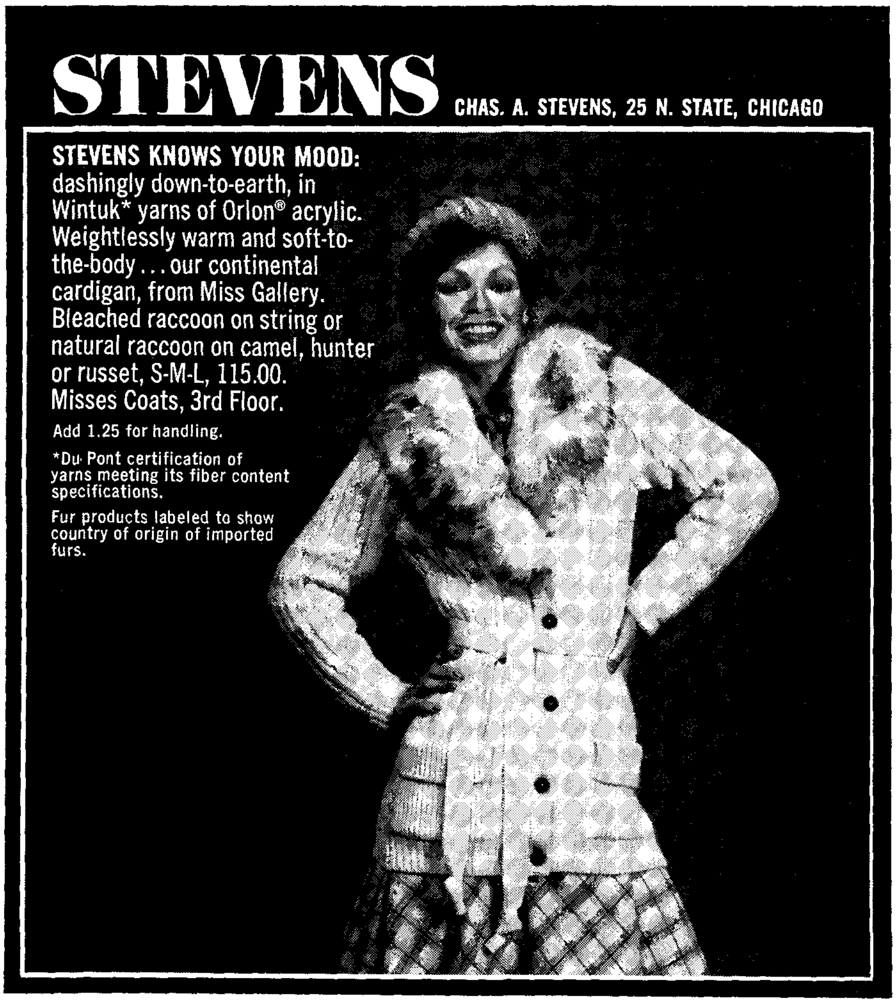
By the time the "defining" of the terms used in Section 8 was finished, the Long Island State Park Commission would be empowered, if the bill was passed, to write its own laws and to hire policemen and prosecutors to enforce them. In fact, the commission would have over its land (forty thousand acres of land, if Moses had his way) *all* the powers granted to the City of New York in the city's charter. Almost every clause in the bill contained a sleeper. Section 15 ostensibly dealt with the procedure to be used in acquiring property owned by other state agencies, but there was another paragraph, apparently tagged on as an afterthought: "The . . . commission shall have power to improve, maintain and use the lands of the municipalities adjoining the parks and parkways of the commission, with the consent of the local authorities hav*ing jurisdiction thereof*." This paragraph, too, appeared innocuous. Since the commission was operating in Nassau and Suffolk Counties, what legislator would stop to consider that some land on Long Island *might be owned* by New York City, and that once the bill was passed the Long Island State Park Commission would not need the consent of Long Island officials to use *that* land, because "the local authorities having jurisdiction thereof" would be not Long Island officials but New York City officials? Once the bill was passed, Moses would be able to use *the city's water*-supply properties despite the objections of the municipalities in which those properties were situated.

Moses concealed his purposes not only from the legislators but from those who thought they were his allies—the old men who had worked on the New York State Association report, and who, through their individual commissions, had been running the parks in the state for so many years. If these men were to oppose his plans, they could, with their control of their local legislators, pose a formidable obstacle to passage of his bill. So he didn't tell the old men about the true scope of his plans for the State Council of Parks. In fact, knowing that they were concerned about the fate of the pieces of land they had guarded so long, he assured them over and over that the establishment of the council would in no way affect their control over those lands. "It is," he wrote them, "merely a coördinating agency." Parks in each region, he promised them, would remain under the control of the regional commissioners.

Moses must have known that what he was saying was false. He knew that since regional commissioners had to submit their budget requests to the State Council of Parks, the council, not the commissions, would decide how much money went to each region. The council, not the commissions, would decide over-all park policies, which would affect each commission's parks. And since the commissions would be rivals for funds, there was little danger of their banding together against the man who ran the council. That man would be in complete charge of all the state parks. Not knowing what was in the bill, believing in coördination and believing in Moses, the old men supported it and him.

Having drafted the bills to establish a State Council of Parks and a Long Island State Park Commission, Moses looked around for someone to introduce them. His choice was F. Trubee Davison, the son of a Morgan partner—Henry P. Davison, of Glen Cove. F. Trubee Davison had been sent by the barons of the North Shore of Long Island to the State Assembly in 1922, the same year he graduated from Columbia Law School. In 1924, he was only twenty-eight years old and, in his own words, "wide-eyed and eager." Not only was he a Yale man but he was, within the limits approved by the barons, interested in reform, and Moses had found plenty to talk to him about. "He was charming," Davison has recalled, "and I enjoyed talking with him a lot, and I admired his obvious brains." And, Davison recalls, he was frankly flattered that a member of the Governor's inner circle would spend so much time with a freshman assemblyman.

When Moses asked Davison to introduce the bills, he told him nothing about his plans for parks and a parkway on the North Shore. In fact, he told him very little about any of his plans, leaving the impression that the bills were routine measures and that the parks he was talking about were parks in the traditional mold. Davison was a believer in parks in that mold. He was flattered to be asked to introduce the bills. And when Moses told him that the Governor would like to see him and thank him for his support, he was overwhelmed. His visit to the Executive Chamber with Moses at his elbow was the first time he had ever met Al



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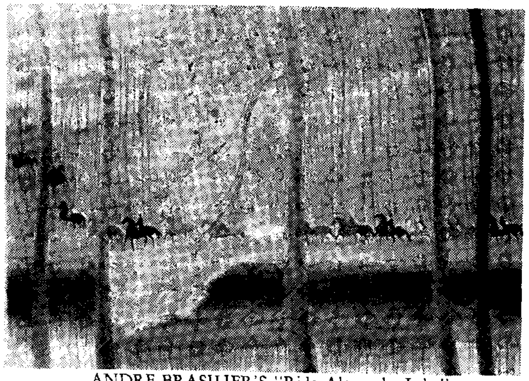

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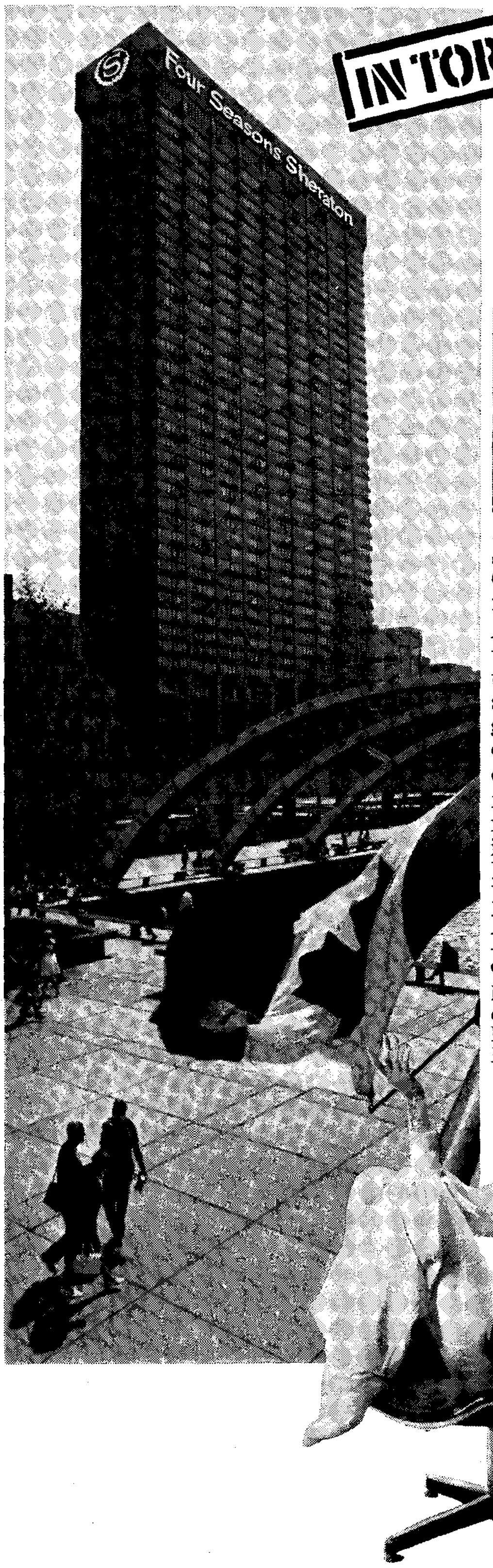

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Smith. He didn't think to ask many questions about the bills, and he certainly didn't think to look up Section 59 of the conservation law or to study definitions of powers. Just to make sure he wouldn't have much time to do such things even if he wanted to, Moses delayed giving him the bills until the last week of the session. "I never realized what the word 'appropriation' meant," Davison has recalled. "I thought it meant what it had always meant, so far as I knew: appropriation of money to be spent. Whenever someone asked me what it meant, I told them that's what it meant." Not that many people asked him, of course. There was little interest in either bill, and when, in the last-minute rush to adjourn, they came to the floor, there was not a word of debate on them. The Assembly and the Senate both passed them by unanimous vote.

Moses was in a fever of impatience. On April 12th, he wrote George Graves, Al Smith's secretary, "My dear George: As soon as you get a chance will you ask the Governor please to sign the bill creating the State Council of Parks so that a meeting of this Council can be held at an early date." On April 18th, Smith scrawled across the bills, "Approved—AES." That same day, Smith appointed to the regional park commissions the men whose names he had previously agreed upon with Moses. He appointed Moses president of the Long Island State Park Commission, a post that automatically made him a member of the State Council of Parks, and as Moses' co-commissioners on the three-member Long Island commission the Governor appointed two men whom Moses knew he could count on to let him run the commission by himself. On April 30th, Moses and the other heads of the regional park commissions met in Albany, and, with paternal smiles in his direction, the older commission heads elected the youngest member of the State Council of Parks its chairman.

At the age of thirty-five, Robert Moses had power. And no sooner did he have it than he showed how he was going to use it. —ROBERT A. CARO

(This is the first of four articles about Robert Moses and the uses of political power in New York.)

* * *

LISBON—Portugal and the Soviet Union have agreed to re-establish diplomatic relations, ending a rapture that had lasted more than half a century.—*Washington Star-News.*

Passion never endures.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Duddy-O

MORDECAI RICHLER'S "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz," just made into a film of he same name by Ted Kotcheff, is a ery long pulp novel, and a longish, ovelistic movie. The Apprenticeship is o Life, and Life is not Earnest here. o is irony fallen. The novel is not litrature, it's book-making, just as the Kotcheff picture of it is not a film but drive-in movie.

Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest ewish community in Canada. Any uccinct Jew would avoid him. This onhero, who is too flabby to be called n anti-hero, has recently graduated rom high school in 1948 in Monteal. His brother Lennie (Allan Rosnthal) is going to be a doctor. His ather, Max (Jack Warden), is a taxiriver who pimps so he can keep up with his brother, Uncle Benjy (Joseph Wiseman), who is paying for the medial training of Duddy's elder brother. The father mildly wants the best for Duddy, and Duddy, for his part, does what he can as a summer waiter at a ulgar hotel, which is simultaneously dmired and made fun of by the film: means of having it both ways which ane Austen, Dostoevski, Dickens, Swift, or any other real master of irony would never have countenanced. Dudly works in the kitchen and he dining room of the hotel, which is full of men in lowery shirts and wives in overstuffed dresses made genteel with pearls. The other summer waiters are irst- and second-year stulents from McGill. They are a cut above Duddy, who comes from a home where his bedroom is an almighty mess and where he aves time at breakfast by eating a bagel as he takes he garbage out. His housekeeping shortcuts stand him n good stead in the steamng hotel kitchen, where he bribes the cook to fill orders quickly by giving him a bottle of rum, a trick within neither the McGill boys' experience nor their generosity. Duddy's philosophy of life is different. He is Candide inside out, and without Voltaire's sweet sarcasm. He believes an edict delivered by his grandfather at the start of the summer: "A man without land is a nobody." "If I got some land, would I be somebody, then?" Duddy asked. He respects his grandfather. The business with the rum is in his beloved relative's tradition, he probably thinks, though a snobbish Jew called Irwin, who is another summer waiter, says contemptuously to Linda, the hotel owner's daughter, "It's cretinous little money-grubbers like Kravitz that cause anti-Semitism." Irwin reads medical textbooks for their pornographic content under the bedclothes at night with a flashlight, and loathes Duddy for catching him at it. Duddy is the sort of boy who is alert enough to land himself extra tables to serve at but too alert for his richer comrades' comfort, who don't invite him on their midnight swims, having a nose for the born outsider, and being determined to undermine his earned reputation for what a rich guest calls "snappy service." The guest tears a hundred-dollar bill in half for Duddy and promises him the other half at the end of the summer if he works hard. Irwin is furious, and not at all soothed by his girl or his medical textbooks.

Duddy consoles himself with a local girl called Yvette (Micheline Lanctôt), who works in the place as a maid. ("Is it true that you and Yvette are cohabiting?" says Linda, with her usual sneer, put up to it by Irwin.) Duddy also dreams of hitting on a way to make a fortune—but "the Toni home perm has already been invented," he says sadly, "and somebody's already thought of Kleenex." (Mordecai Richler wrote the screenplay.) Linda, falling in still further with a plan of Irwin's, takes Duddy to a local gambling joint, where, with the aid of a fixed wheel, he is eventually stripped of every cent of his savings. He is sick outside, as ill-starred, poorer heroes trying to keep up with the boys predictably are in this sort of trite film. Even more predictably, the tragedy is healed by kindness: under pressure from the other waiters, Irwin pays him back to the tune of three hundred dollars, and the guests take up a collection for him. So much for "The Lower Depths." Everyone feels sorry for Duddy and his running to keep up; Yvette, for instance, takes him to a hillside and says how nice it is to see him lying still for once. She is engagingly pigeon-toed, with a benign, round, dairymaid face, and she smiles a lot. Duddy loves her quite a bit, though not as much as himself, or as a lake that he looks at longingly. It's the first time he's seen "anything so big or beautiful," he says, with a ring of the singing abbess in "The Sound of Music." "I want to buy this lake," he says. "There'll be a hotel, a children's camp, everything. And over

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there I'll build a farm for my grandfather."

The best thing in the soupy film is Denholm Elliott and his lines as a grandiose, nonworking film director who goes into partnership with Duddy. Duddy plans to film weddings and bar mitzvahs. It is the folklore side of the idea that entrances the Denholm Elliott character, a caricature of an Eton-and-Cambridge creation who would be much funnier if he were a Charterhouse or English-grammar-school Jew. However, it is the commercial end of things that enthralls Duddy, especially the work of getting as many relatives as possible into any commissioned memento movie. The film director, carried away with Art, even contemplates starting a bar-mitzvah film with the infant boy's circumcision. "There'll be women and children watching," says Duddy severely. At an early screening of a first and very distracted attempt to record a bar mitzvah, with the thirteen-year-old boy being handed a book called "Why I Like Being a Jew," the rabbi finally breaks a difficult silence after shots of Hitler, Chamberlain, lions roaring, planes dropping bombs, and glimpses of people lining up for plates of food reprovingly but mystifyingly crosscut with a Negro eating razor blades. "A most edifying experience. A work of art," the rabbi says oratorically and to everyone's relief. Uncle Benjy thinks that films are vulgar and advises Duddy to take over his factory. "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" is so crass most of the time that it makes you wonder for a moment whether Uncle Benjy could be right.

GERARD OURY'S "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" is about a French Catholic uneasily disguised as a Jew, in a hat with attached ringlets that seem about to come off. The worried "rabbi" is played by the great Louis de Funes. He has eyebrows that seem blackened with a laundry marker, and a nose that looks as if it were perpetually quenching a sneeze. Unlike Mordecai Richler's film, oddly enough, this comedy is not at all anti-Semitic. Nor is it the faintest bit banal. It begins in a New York cab crammed with Jewish friends, the driver complaining bitterly that this is a taxi, not a synagogue, and it includes weddings, Arabs, and Jews (the fake rabbi is an average middle-class Frenchman who is slightly prejudiced against everyone), and the pratfalls are great. There is a very fine sequence in a bubble-gum factory involving de Funes in a slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum.

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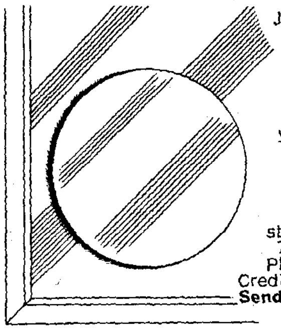

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Many bubbles are blown. (A child in the audience with me solemnly tried in vain to equal the size of the bubbles in the ladies' room, having wheedled thirty cents out of her mother: thirty cents to cover possible mistakes made by the gum machine in providing the required green kind.)

In New York, a real rabbi is on the way to the airport. He expects to be met in Paris by his relatives, who, apart from a deaf old lady, have never seen him. But it is de Funes who first crosses their path, and they happily carry him off. He is disguised as a rabbi in order to avoid some counter-revolutionaries who are out to catch him and a revolutionary named Mohamed Slimane (Claude Giraud). Slimane wants to overthrow his government. The fake rabbi's main resolve is not to get killed. Any more plot-telling here would grow tacky, what with bubble gum, attempts at government overthrow, and remarks about alien dogmas by innocently religious policemen: "Remember, it's like a church. Use tact and diplomacy," says a Catholic detective to his mates who are tracking down some gangsters hiding in a synagogue. And there is a moment of joy when de Funes, longing to be arrested so as to escape from the company of Slimane, makes faces at two policemen on motorbikes. His own face, particularly in this scene, moves much like a gum chewer's.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

The later American decisions have been quite unanimous in holding that, irrespective of whether a criminal offense is charged, the imputation of chastity to a woman is actionable without proof of special damage.—*An American Law Institute Restatement of the Law.*

You've come a long way, baby!

•

Correction!

Due to a printing error, the reproduction of Peter Paul Rubens' masterpiece "Venus and Adonis," used in our April quiz, "Do You Know Art?", appeared in reverse. Venus should have been on the right.—*Cosmopolitan.*

And Adonis should *not* be holding that door open for her, either.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Beverly Hills Courier*]

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Walter Sark, who lived in Beverly Hills briefly in 1926, had two dogs, a female Irish setter and a German shorthair pointer.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 10

EXTREMELY interesting shows commemorating two great Englishmen—highly dissimilar, though both were intolerant aristocrats and both were at school at Harrow—are on view to mark their special year. The exhibition honoring the centenary of Sir Winston Churchill's birth will be open until the end of September, by which time, it is hoped, his national memorials—Churchill College, Cambridge, and the Winston Churchill Memorial Trust, which will provide fellowships for study abroad—will have got some way toward their goal of a million pounds given by a million people: a steep one, perhaps, in a year when everybody feels hard up and tourists in London seem fewer than in usual seasons. The show is in the quaintly named Fine Rooms in Somerset House, the splendid complex of buildings, backing on the Thames, that was rebuilt by Sir William Chambers in the late eighteenth century on the site of the great unfinished Tudor mansion of the Duke of Somerset, Protector to the boy Edward VI. It housed the Royal Academy of Arts and various learned societies until 1869, when these all moved to their present quarters in Burlington House. Since then, Somerset House has been occupied by the offices and the stored records of the Registrar General, and the public gets a peep inside only to hunt up an old birth certificate or a will. Then, three years ago, the Beaverbrook *Evening Standard*, which has often alerted Londoners to some historic bit of their city due to vanish quietly in a new development, began to agitate successfully for government action to clear the apartments known as the Fine Rooms of civil servants and filing cabinets and put them on view again, restored to their original beauty. This has been done with such care that the walls faithfully reproduce the pale pistachio greens and buffs that they were when the first Academy shows were held here, with the plaster nymphs and garlands once more snowily pristine on their lofty ceilings. Eventually, the rooms will house the museum of the new National Theatre, which will open next April on the other side of the river.

Possibly many of the visitors go to see the setting as much as the exhibition, for in advance it seemed rather unlikely that the centenary celebration could add anything to the mass of material that the public has already absorbed about Churchill. The exhibition turns out to compose an unexpectedly vivid full-length portrait through its abundance of fascinating background detail, excellently arranged by Michael Haynes. It begins with the Marlborough and Jerome family relics, and ends with the Union Jack that covered the coffin that bitter January day. In between are the known and less known letters, the manuscripts, the wedding presents and household belongings, some of the flood of wartime memorandums to his staff, on everything from grand strategy to the spelling of foreign place names in the good old British way, and cases of uniforms and siren suits (one a fancy green velvet version with embroidered slippers to match) that seem to be uncannily filled out by an invisible bulk. When, in the war section, the familiar voice booms through the air in a few extracts from the 1940 speeches, elderly visitors often stop in their tracks to listen, and their expressions are as nostalgic as the letters the newspaper correspondence columns frequently carry from readers lamenting that in the country's present troubles there is no leader in sight.

THIS is also Byron Year here. The hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of a death that struck England like a thunderbolt was commemorated by a ceremony in Westminster Abbey, attended by descendants and admirers (though not the present Lord Byron, a retired sheep farmer who lives in Australia), and the laying of English and Hellenic wreaths at his contemplative statue marooned amid the breakers of the Hyde Park traffic. The Byron Society, founded in 1888 but sunk without trace in the war and revived only in 1971, organized several celebrations, including a three-day seminar of members and visiting Byronic scholars at Trinity College, Cambridge—the poet's college. The principal London event is the huge Byron exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, which will be on view until August 25th. It is a rich evocation of every aspect of his genius and life—social, political, and amorous—imaginatively designed by Alan Tagg. It is, however, exceptionally difficult to follow, owing to the absence of a catalogue (it was held up by an industrial dispute) and to an addling system of labelling the contents of the showcases. Added to this, the great wealth of the exhibition—the manuscripts and a hundred or so of the unsurpassed letters that Byron poured out indefatigably all his life and that are here shown—is unaccompanied by the transcription of as much as a paragraph. Progress through the rooms is therefore rather like taking part in a slow-moving reading party, hunched over the

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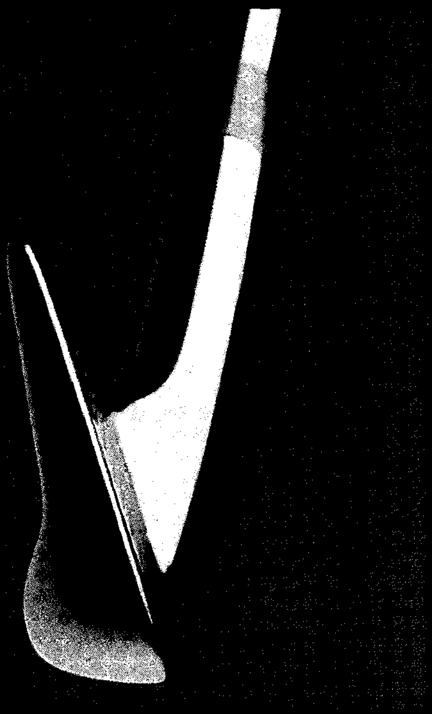

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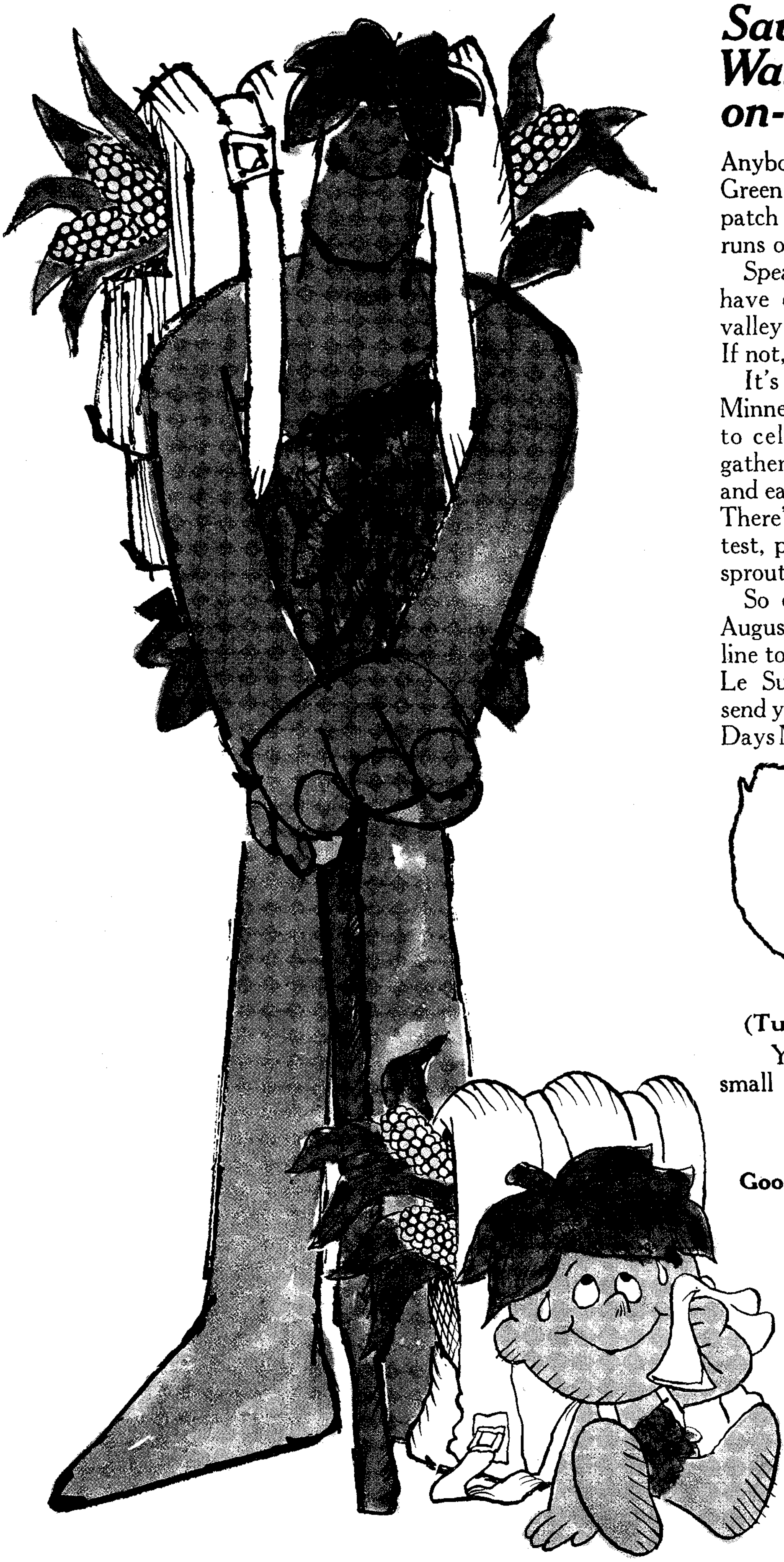

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ases and laboriously puzzling out the mpetuous sloping scrawl, with its tall oops. Some of his women correspondnts were far more legible, if duller. ady Caroline Lamb, who might be xpected to have dashed off a violenty eccentric hand, pens a prim little opperplate, suitable to a maiden lady f Cranford, on a wafer of paper tamped with a coolly chaste seashell notif. Besides the women who plagued im, there were the duns who haunted is doorstep, he groaned, "from morn o twilight." There are bills galore rom tailors and wine merchants, and ne from a man who rendered an acount for the bread and milk supplied o His Lordship's pet bear at Newstead bbey. (A large stuffed specimen, not he original, looms up in a corner.) nd what a hair-conscious generation is was! After every successful beding, it seems, out flashed the scissors. here are tresses tied up with ribbon, laited into bracelets, and imprisoned n lockets, all startlingly alive and right in color, and—cut from the ead of a besotted lady in Seville on his 809 travels—a positive waterfall of air, thick as a horse's tail, that must ave left her *chevelure* much denuded. mong the many intimate objects on iew are the surprisingly elegant surical boots, calf-length and made of ale-beige leather, that he wore to corect his never satisfactorily diagnosed ameness, and Lady Byron's virginal vhite muslin wedding dress. George ruikshank's cartoon "Fare Thee Vell!," from the British Museum, hows Byron quitting England's shores orever after the collapse of the mariage, rowing off in a boat well equipped vith bottles of hock and fine-bosomed emales while uttering the famous bitter arting lyric. The big set pieces of the how include a murky reconstruction of he gilded squalor of the Palazzo Moenigo, on the Grand Canal, which Byron took in 1818, with great hounds nd a cat, representing his Venetian nenagerie, dimly visible among the lutter. Then, eerily lit by a flickering il lamp, there is the dishevelled little oom at Missolonghi in which he died. The final section traces the emergence f the Byronic hero, perpetuated by the reat paintings of Delacroix—domiated by his wild-eyed "Greece Exiring on the Ruins of Missolonghi," ent by the Musée des Beaux-Arts in Bordeaux—and commercialized by a popular industry in Byron mugs, plates, and the like. To judge by the large numbers of young people who were going around the exhibition the other day, its subject's magnetism, his idealistic fervor for causes, and his splendid

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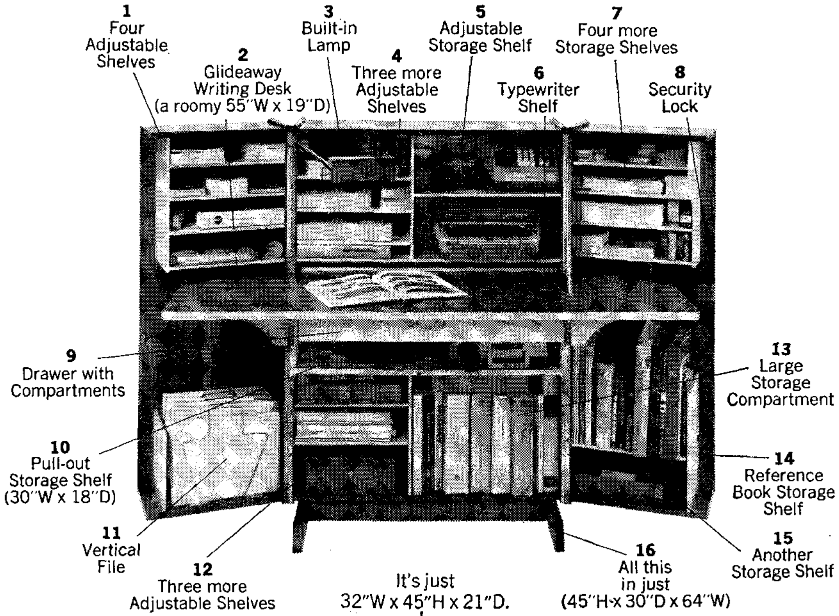
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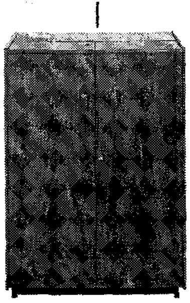

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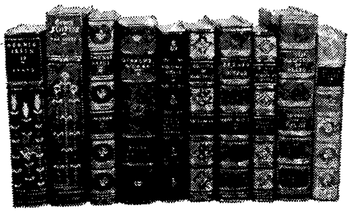

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self-mocking wit make him seem attractively modern.

SINCE last month, when the Conservatives at Westminster gave their first twitch of returning life (greatly to the relief of their worried supporters) and united with the Liberals to inflict a row of Parliamentary defeats on the Government, there has been a great deal of talk about the next election—in early October, most probably, before the autumn's industrial troubles pile up with the leaves, irrespective of who is in Downing Street by then. The depressing possibility, as many people see it, of enduring another campaign so soon and finding themselves with another weak minority Government, Labour or Conservative, at the end of it partly explains why the idea of a coalition of all parties is being taken out of its wrappings and waved enthusiastically in all sorts of places. Harold Wilson has just scathingly rejected the notion as woolly talk, and it is hard to imagine his party's having anything to do with it. Jeremy Thorpe, leader of the Liberals, who refused Edward Heath's offer of a Conservative-Liberal alliance in March, has indicated that he would be open to a genuinely national coalition next time, but many of the young Liberals who voted for him in such numbers are already loudly protesting the idea of any sort of arrangement with the Tories. In the last week or so, various Conservative ex-Ministers have hopped on the coalition bandwagon, from which Mr. Heath remains carefully aloof. Yet there is no doubt but that an increasing number of people feel that if things get as bad as is being chillingly predicted, a temporary pooling of the best brains in all parties will be the only solution. It is not explained how finding common ground between politicians bitterly and totally at odds on the statutory control of wages, remaining in the European Community, and most other major policies could be brought about. But, after all, the argument runs, the parties managed to sink their differences in the face of a common enemy in the war, and surely the threat to England now is as perilous. These wistful thoughts seem something new, anyway, in a summer when a curious political apathy appears to have set in after the gruelling tribulations of last winter. Now that the run-up to the election has clearly begun, it will doubtless end very soon with the electorate's dividing itself ever more sharply into equal parts of left and right that may still be forced to find a center.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

MUSICAL EVENTS

Rally Round the Flag

OVER the last decade or so, the general public, with more than a little assistance from the public-relations industry, has formed an image of Charles Ives. The cranky Yankee, the New English eccentric. The man who made his pile in the insurance business during the week and on Sundays wrote music—reams of it, in which he invented nearly every kind of novel twentieth-century technique, used "real American tunes," and rejected stuffy old European tradition. Color him red, white, and blue, this musical Grandpa Moses. Run him up the flagpole on the Fourth of July while the bands pass by playing "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," the congregation carols "Bringing In the Sheaves," the kids go out to the swimming hole, Sis trims her new dress for the evening barn dance, Ma bakes blueberry pies, and Johnny Doughboy marches off to make the world safe for democracy.

They ran old Charlie up the flagpole on the Fourth of July at the State Fair Grounds in his home town of Danbury, Connecticut, where some seven thousand people gathered for an open-air concert to celebrate the forthcoming centennial of his birth. Leonard Bernstein conducted the Second Symphony, and Michael Tilson Thomas directed "From the Steeples and Mountains," "Three Places in New England," and three choral songs with orchestra. That the Ives banner waved only fitfully that evening could surely be blamed in part on the sodden summer heat, in which the real Stars and Stripes hung limply behind the inadequate band shell borrowed from Bridgeport; on the miserable amplification system, which reduced the sound of live music to an all too faithful simulacrum of a 1920-vintage acoustic recording on a windup Victrola; and on the sometimes scrappy playing of the American Symphony Orchestra, palpably handicapped by the humidity, its ranks of regulars decimated by summer jobs in healthier, more remunerative climes.

But beyond that, some responsibility for the concert's curious character lay with the music—a selection that was symptomatic, if not entirely representative, of Ives' perplexing achievement and of his anomalous position, both in the America of his own time and in today's rather different world. That fond but fuzzy imagery propagated by the record covers is hardly the whole story, and the relatively untempered adulation of recent popular commentary falls short of defining the qualities of his best work, the unquestionable deficiencies of his worst.

Nostalgia for a kind of life he knew was already vanishing is indeed a genuine element of the Ives cosmogony, simply and movingly stated in a brief song of 1917 (apparently based on an earlier, now lost sketch) to his own text: "I think that there must be a place in the soul all made of tunes of long ago. . . . I know not what are the words But they sing in my soul of the things our Fathers loved." The full title of that song is "The Things Our Fathers Loved (and the Greatest of These Was Liberty)." Patriotism and an idealistic faith in the virtues of democracy are equally inescapable aspects of Ives' posture during his years of active composition, although he became very bitter about the electorate's rejection of Wilson and the League of Nations in 1920—witness the choral piece "An Election"—and one hardly dares speculate on what his reactions would have been to present-day techniques of selling recorded music, life insurance, and Presidents. ("The Things Our Fathers Loved," beautifully sung by Helen Boatwright with John Kirkpatrick at the piano, and "An Election," conducted by Leopold Stokowski, are both to be heard in Columbia Records' big Ives-centennial package, of which more anon.)

Yet turn-of-the-century America, where the words of the patriotic songs and hymns really meant something, the swimming hole was not polluted, an evening's pastimes revolved around contacts with people, blueberry pies were always homemade, and a world safe for democracy still seemed possible, afforded no satisfactory place for the kind of composer Charles Ives wished to be. His father, George, a gifted and adventurous musician, was the bandmaster of Danbury. Father and son shared a distaste for the frilly apparatus of "art music," a fascination with the cruder sounds made by common people in the course of daily life. But George Ives was not a success by the lights of Danbury's upwardly mobile society and hardly a suitable career model for the obviously bright boy. Equally unacceptable was the only visible alternative: Professor Horatio Parker, the European-oriented teacher of composition at Yale, whom Ives respected for his craftsmanship but who stood for the wrong kind of music—and life—altogether. So Ives made a vastly successful career in the insurance business, and took his composition underground. The tensions of his adolescence in Danbury and the years at Yale—between his music and his standing as a talented athlete, a "reg'lar feller"—were exacerbated by the death of his father shortly after Ives entered college, and led directly into the tensions of the dual life he maintained until a heart attack in 1918 effectively halted significant compositional activity. (These matters have been sensitively examined, with the support of fascinating social documentation, by the historian Frank Rossiter, in a book to be published next year.)

The Second Symphony, which Ives began before his graduation, in 1898, and finished in 1901, was not played for fifty years. Leonard Bernstein's performance in 1951, recorded a few years later, is justifiably regarded as a landmark in the public discovery of Ives, but one is sorry to see the piece accorded any sort of central position today. The First Symphony, written directly under Parker's tutelage, is a concise, competently worked emulation of Dvořák, but the Second, at least in the version that survives, is loosely developed, awkwardly scored, and—despite the conspicuous use of American tunes as thematic material—broadly derivative of European exemplars, not only in its reliance on Dvořák and Brahms but in blatantly Wagnerian touches, such as the "Meistersinger"-like peroration at the end of the last movement. (The final bars, with a dissonant flourish that Mr. Bernstein is fond of extending into a Bronx cheer, were apparently tacked on in the nineteen-forties.) Doubtless, easygoing audiences find both the domestic and the imported elements comforting, but the whole is neither a good symphony nor good Ives. If we claim credit for at last giving "our first great composer" his due, it ought not to be on the ground that we play and applaud the Second Symphony. (A similar, if lesser, failure of focus is to be noted in the Columbia anniversary set, which devotes more than a record side to "The Celestial Country," a still earlier score, which probably should be available on records but ill represents to a general public the true nature of what we celebrate in Ives.)

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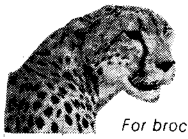

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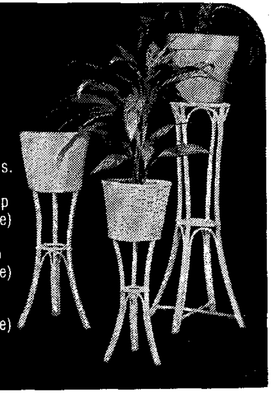

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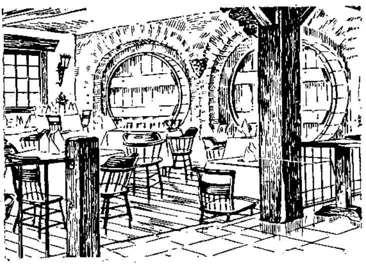

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Danbury program, was the presence of "Three Places in New England," a set of orchestral pieces that, although now more or less fixed in the repertory, was certainly unfamiliar to many in the audience. Nearly all of Ives' music gives evidence of inspiration from extramusical sources; in this he is a true child of the nineteenth century. The roots may be literary, scenic, or—most originally and compellingly—auditory. Ives' autobiographical "Memos" (meticulously edited and annotated by John Kirkpatrick, published by Norton in 1972) contain many descriptions of musical sounds in everyday life, of the unregular musical practices of ordinary people, and the attempt to reproduce these in all their tumult and disorder is at the heart of his mature work. The composer Bernard Herrmann, one of many Ives friends and relatives interviewed by Yale's indefatigable Vivian Perlis and heard on a disc in the Columbia package, describes the composer's purpose as "a photograph of a happening." This is a good phrase, for the "Three Places," the "Holidays," and many other works do aspire to the particular (if often overrated) objectivity of the photograph. There results as well a decidedly un-Romantic expressive neutrality, a vacuum that we may well not notice (or, noticing, do not mind), because the associations of the quoted "tunes of long ago" and the literary suggestions of the composer's titles and prefatory notes allow us to supply a context with its own expressive connotations. Not infrequently, the appropriate reaction seems to be—as with an old family photograph—not "How beautiful!" but "Gee, is that what it was like? How fascinating!" The sound of New York on a summer evening long ago ("Central Park in the Dark") and of the crowd at the Hanover Square station of the Third Avenue "L" on the day the Lusitania went down (the last piece in the "Second Orchestral Set"), the multilayered murmuring of the Housatonic River (the third of the "Three Places") are vividly imagined, and, like the work of a fine photographer, carefully structured as well.

Even the less ostensibly pictorial works evidently represent attempts to realize some kind of mental image. Ives' comments in the score of the Second Piano Sonata, "Concord, Mass., 1840-60," are a bewildering but suggestive mixture of performance instructions and programmatic explanation: certain notes in the "Emerson" movement, for example, "are but to reflect the overtones of the soul of humanity and as they rise away almost inaudibly to the Ultimate Destiny." This attempt to capture in sound the thought and character of the great New England writers went through many forms, and at the keyboard Ives kept improvising new versions, some of which are made public for the first time in the Columbia set, in the form of private recordings that he himself made in 1933, 1938, and 1943. Along with his technique of "layered" simultaneous conflicting meters, this open-ended view of the compositional process is Ives' chief legacy to recent writing. ("I don't know as I shall ever write [the new variants for "Concord"] out, as it may take away the daily pleasure of . . . seeing it grow.") Hence the many unfinished works, unrealized sketches, alternate versions—the extraordinary chaos of the Ives musical legacy, from which new things are still turning up, and to the ordering of which many musicians have devoted countless hours of painstaking cataloguing and decipherment. (The Danbury performance of the "Three Places" incorporated some additional percussion from the recently recovered large-orchestra version, but largely retained the scoring of the standard small-orchestra version, including some of the conspicuously awkward piano part that fills in for missing instruments.)

Conceivably, the centennial year, with its superfluity of performances and other festive acts, will give us a firmer picture of Charles Ives. I wonder—but at least the contradictions in his life and work may become clearer, more bothersome to listeners. One imagines he would be happier down here, making us think about life and music and what they have to do with each other, than up there on that flagpole. In this connection, the Columbia set is decidedly provocative, offering a variety of lively personal reminiscence, the rough but enthralling playing (and singing) of the man himself, Miss Boatwright's affectingly sweet and natural performances of twenty-five songs, and a stimulating selection of good and bad works. —DAVID HAMILTON

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AUTHOR'S QUERY

For a projected critical book on formally innovative writing in the sixties and seventies, could I please see works of poetry, fiction, drama and non-fiction that are previously unknown to me.

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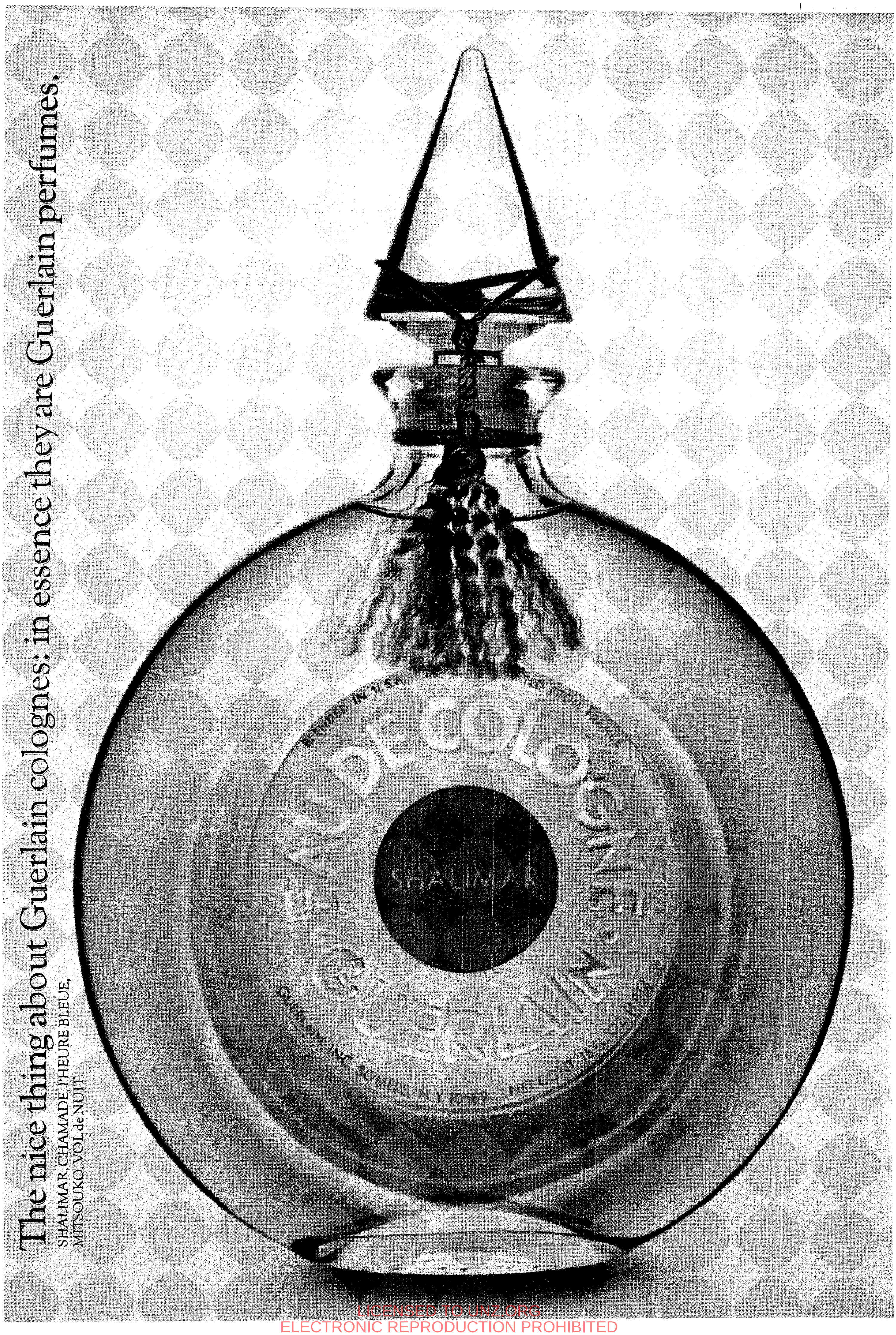
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DANCING

Makarova's Miracle

A BREATHLESS week—in dance—for American-Soviet relations. Mikhail Barishnikov, about whose appearances in Montreal I wrote two weeks ago, defects in Toronto—the greatest male dancer to have escaped Russia since Nijinsky got himself fired by the Imperial Ballet in 1911. Three days after Barishnikov's break, Natalia Makarova's staging of "La Bayadère" is presented by American Ballet Theatre. It is an astounding success—more evidence that self-exiled Russian stars have as much to give as to gain in the West. "La Bayadère" (short for "La Bayadère, Act IV: The Kingdom of the Shades") is an old Petipa classic of which most Westerners were unaware until the Kirov Ballet toured it in 1961. When Rudolf Nureyev, who defected on that same tour, produced it two years later for the Royal Ballet, it seemed that a miracle of transposition had taken place. Makarova has wrought an even greater miracle. She's not only reproduced a masterpiece of choreography, she's taken Ballet Theatre's corps—hardly the most sensitive choreographic instrument in the world—and recharged it from top to bottom. In place of the lifeless gray ensemble that has skated through "Giselle" and "Swan Lake" all these many years, there is now in "La Bayadère" an alert, disciplined, and expressive corps de ballet, trembling with self-discovery.

The process of transformation is as yet incomplete, but never in my experience had the company danced a classical piece in so strict a style, on so broad a scale, and with such clarity of rhythm. Without these qualities, "La Bayadère" wouldn't be fun—it wouldn't even be "La Bayadère"—and what's *most* fun about this production is that every girl on the stage seems to be aware of the sensational progress she's making. When the famous single-file entrance down the ramp began, at the back of the State Theatre stage, I looked at those unconditioned thighs and jelly waists and thought, They'll never manage it—their backs won't hold, their legs won't keep lifting free. But they did manage it, and not so much by force of will as by force of energy correctly sensed. If the bodies looked underbred, they didn't look strained, and the losses of control that appeared at one or two points were minor. It isn't easy for these girls to take a développé to the peak of a diagonal and hold it, unsupported, at full turnout. One day it will be easier and the backs will be stronger, and more beautiful, too. What matters now is that the motor impulse is there, solidly pumping energy into the right channels.

Makarova's direction has been faithful and revealing. That motor impulse is basic to Petipa's exposition of movement flowing clean from its source. It flows from the simple to the complex, but we are always aware of its source, deep in the dancer's back, and of its vibration as it carries in widening arcs around the auditorium. This is dancing to be felt as well as seen, and Petipa gives it a long time to creep under our skins. Like a patient drillmaster, he opens the piece with a single, two-phrase theme in adagio tempo (arabesque, cambré port de bras), repeated over and over until all the dancers have filed onto the stage. Then, at the same tempo, with the dancers facing us in columns, he produces a set of mild variations, expanding the profile of the opening image from two dimensions to three. Positions are developed naturally through the body's leverage—weight, counterweight. Diagonals are firmly expressed. Returning to profile, the columns divide and flutter one by one to the rear. The final pose is of two long columns facing the wings with annunciatory arms. Now, to a collection of beer-garden tunes (the composer is Ludwig Minkus), Petipa sets dances for five soloists—a ballerina, a danseur, and three principal Shades—while behind them the vast, tireless corps responds in echoes, diverges, vanishes, regathers into garlands, into gateways, tosses, and freezes. The choreography is considered to be the first expression of grand-scale symphonism in dance, predating by seventeen years Ivanov's masterly designs for the definitive "Swan Lake." But our first reaction is not to how old it looks but to how modern. Actually, the only word for this old-new choreography is "immemorial." "La Bayadère" (1877) looks like the first ballet ever made: like man's—or, rather, woman's—first imprint in space and time.

The subject of "The Kingdom of the Shades" is not really death, although everybody in it except the hero is dead. It's Elysian bliss, and its setting is eternity. The long, slow repeated-arabesque sequence creates the impression of a grand crescendo that seems to annihilate all time. No reason it could not go on forever. And in the adagio drill that follows, the steps are so few and their content is so exposed that we think we'll remember them always—just like dancers, who *have* remembered them for a hundred years and for who knows how long before Petipa commemorated them in this ballet. Ballets, passed down the generations like legends, acquire a patina of ritualism, but "La Bayadère" *is* a ritual, a poem about dancing and memory and time. Each dance seems to add something new to the previous one, like a language being learned. The ballet grows heavy with this knowledge, which at the beginning had been only a primordial utterance, and in the coda it fairly bursts with articulate splendor. My favorite moment comes in the final waltz, when the three principal Shades are doing relevé-passé, relevé-attitude cambré to a rocking rhythm, and the corps, seeing this, rush to join them in the repeat. They—the corps—remember those cambré positions from their big dance.

It's the corps' ballet—a fact the management should recognize by allowing a company call after, as well as before, the soloists have taken their bows. But the soloists in the performance I saw—Cynthia Gregory, Ivan Nagy, Karena Brock, Deborah Dobson, and Martine van Hamel—deserved their applause. Gregory was at her greatest. She took her grand port de bras the way it was meant to be taken—straight up out of the floor and through the body. Van Hamel, who may be the most talented of the company's younger ballerinas, did her variation the hard way by not coming off point until she was well up and into arabesque, and the excessively slow tempo made it even harder. Nagy has a way of filling a role superlatively without actually doing the steps. In his variation, he gathered himself powerfully and unfurled something that started like double assemblés and ended half-

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way to double sauts de basque. In the pas de deux with the veil, he didn't parallel the ballerina's steps and poses—but this is one of the differences between Makarova's staging and Nureyev's. Another difference is that she doesn't stroke the upbeat, or break the path of a gesture in order to "point" it. The way these two have staged the piece corresponds to their styles as performers—hers, musically more fluid; his, more emphatic. Also, her arabesques are not penchées, the solos are arranged in a different order, and she ends the ballet with the corps stretched along the floor in a semicircle rather than backbent in a sunburst. I prefer the Royal Ballet's orchestration, with its drumrolls and its protracted climax that accompanies the sunburst, and I think I prefer the sunburst, but apart from those things there's little to choose between these productions. They're both marvellous. Marcos Paredes' costumes for Ballet Theatre are in the Victorian style traditional to this ballet, and I liked his headdresses for the women—beaded circlets à la Anna Pavlova.

"LA BAYADÈRE" is a ballet to grow on. Because there is no retreat from its severities—it must be performed with rigor and concentration or not at all—it is an excellent fortifier of technique. That's the way it has served the Royal Ballet for over a decade, and now, thanks to Makarova, Ballet Theatre has a base on which to rebuild its style in "Giselle," "Swan Lake," and the rest of the classical repertory. On the previous night, the company introduced *another* Petipa excerpt, staged by David Blair—Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty"—but what *it* was meant to serve I can't imagine. Blair's interpolations include two men's variations in the precious-gems-and-metals quartet that are gruelling rather than rigorous. Aurora and the Prince are brought on early, in heavy costumes, to dance the Sarabande with their wedding guests and then leave during it, but the music that Tchaikovsky wrote for bringing them on isn't used. Nor are we given the lovely dance he wrote for Cinderella and Prince Charming, though these two are among the guests. Cuts of this sort are usually made in full-length productions of the ballet, but in an excerpt they are unaccountable. The Bluebird pas de deux was taken at half-tempo, which robbed it of all spontaneity, and it looked like a weak compromise between the Royal and Kirov versions. Makarova seemed to be dancing a version she'd learned as a little girl but had lost the point of, and Fernando Bujones' magnificence as the Bluebird had no impact at this speed. Gregory, as Aurora, had no trouble at all, but in her variation she cut her sissonnes at a groaning tempo, and the conductor followed her instead of leading. (This business of following tempi set by the dancers is one Kirov trait I'd rather not see imported.)

Although it's a brand-new production, with scenery by Oliver Smith and costumes by Miles White, this "Sleeping Beauty" seems straight from the warehouse (and someone should blow the dust from those orchestral parts in the Mazurka). Why not put on an authentic warehouse production instead? In the forties, the company used to do a "Princess Aurora" in which both costumes and scenery were executed "after original designs by Léon Bakst." A contemporary observer, Grace Robert, wrote of this production, which I never saw, that it was "the most beautifully mounted classic revival yet to be seen in New York. . . . It was evident that this was to be no semi-resurrection in bargain-basement costumes, but a full-dress production worthy of the ballet's status in the history of the dance." Reverse that judgment and you get a picture of what Smith and White have done.

As for Barishnikov, news of whom travels all too slowly, word comes as I write this that he will make his American début with Ballet Theatre on July 27th, partnering Makarova in "Giselle."

—ARLENE CROCE

• •

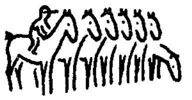
INTIMATIONS OF MORTALITY

Something that has no existence is absent here
and that absence is louder than any sound.
You have been hearing it all your life
and will hear it
till it grows so faint it overwhelms everything—
as a summer cloud
no bigger than your hand
will blot out the sunset that was never really there.

—JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

THE RACE TRACK

Tricks of the Trade



BLINKERS (in England they're called the rogue's badge) are a ig help to horses who may have per-onality problems. The devices make unners look straight ahead, which essens the chances of their swerving nd, if they're at all fainthearted, keeps hem from seeing—and being cowed y—anything running beside them. There are a lot of tricks in racing. If he sound of hooves on the track upsets horse, his trainer will stuff his ears vith cotton.)

As a rule, horses win the first time hey race in blinkers. The Greentree table's three-year-old Hatchet Man lid just that in the Dwyer Handicap t Aqueduct last Saturday, leading all he way and running the mile and a uarter in the lively time of 2:01⅕. ive lengths or so behind him, Rube he Great, who had polished off his op-osition in the Gotham and the Wood Memorial Stakes, led Kin Run by four engths. Cannonade, who won the Kentucky Derby, if you've forgotten, nd who hadn't been out since he was eaten in the Belmont Stakes, was op weight in the Dwyer, under 126 ounds, and finished fifth, a few strides head of Accipiter, the winner of the Withers Stakes and the Saranac Handi-ap. Accipiter had beaten Hatchet Man n an overnight eight days earlier, whereupon John Gaver, who trains Hatchet Man, decided to run him in blinkers. A well-made roan colt by The Axe II out of Bebopper (by Tom Fool), Hatchet Man didn't run last year, but this spring it was said that he was the most highly fancied three-year-old in the Greentree Stable. The rumor was correct. Skipping the classics, he won three overnight races in a row at Belmont Park, and while he had a big pull in the weights in the Dwyer, carrying only 114 pounds, I'm sure we will be hearing more from him at Saratoga.

ON the record, Ruffian, a whopping, powerful dark-brown filly, is the best two-year-old to have come out this season. In her third appearance under colors—in the Astoria Stakes, at five and a half furlongs, at Aqueduct last week—she rolled home by nine lengths with her ears pricking, showing that she was enjoying every minute of it. She ran the distance in 1:02⅘, just a tick behind the track record. She had won twice by lengths before that at Belmont Park, so only three other fillies followed her to the post. When the stall gates opened, she took off like a streaker—the quarter in 0:21⅘, the half in 0:44⅖, and five furlongs in 0:56⅖. Clockers say they've seldom seen such speed. Of course, she was a short price, paying only ten cents to the dollar if you bet at the track and half that if you bet with OTB. Her next start will be in the Sorority Stakes, at six furlongs at Monmouth on the twenty-seventh. It should be easy.

DARBY DAN FARM's True Knight, like Ol' Man River, just keeps rolling along. Last weekend, he came from about twenty lengths out of it to win the Amory L. Haskell Handicap at Monmouth. Finishing with a great rush through the stretch, he beat Ecole Etage, to whom he gave twelve pounds, by three and three-quarter lengths. Hey Rube was third.

HOLLYWOOD PARK is where the action is this week. On Saturday, it will put on that East vs. West match race between Chris Evert and Miss Musket, this season's best three-year-old fillies, at a mile and a quarter, for $350,000, winner take all. Match races, as you probably know, were the foundation of racing in this country. The most famous were those between Northern and Southern horses before the Civil War. As the sport became more organized, and less sporting, match races became rarer and rarer. No matter what kind of show this one turns out to be, it will still go down in the records for the biggest purse ever put up for a match. Since her arrival out there, Chris Evert has been galloping over the track to accustom herself to the footing, but as of this writing she hasn't had a serious workout. Miss Musket whizzed a mile in 1:35⅕ on Friday. I am stringing along with Charlie Whittingham, who trains Miss Musket, and who in answer to a foolish question said, "If I didn't think she'd win, I would not have entered her."

BY the way, OTB reports a drop of $473,000, or more than twenty per cent, in its revenue for the first week since the five-per-cent surcharge was put on winning tickets. The key to the Crying Room is just around the corner.

—AUDAX MINOR

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 12

IN less than two minutes, Henry Kissinger, called as a defense witness at the District Court trial of John Ehrlichman and others criminally charged over the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office, swore under oath that he had never, as had been alleged, requested a psychological study of Ellsberg and that he knew nothing about the matter. He was not questioned about the part he has been said by some to have played in tapping the phones of former associates in the National Security Council—it had no bearing on the burglary case—but his appearance in Judge Gesell's court probably relieved him of any need to carry out or renew the threat of resignation he issued at an angry session with the press in Salzburg a few weeks ago, and freed him to devote all his energies to diplomacy. Kissinger's widely acclaimed wizardry is partly a product of an extraordinary flair for public relations and partly a matter of luck and timing, but his gifts and insights are genuine, and there is little room for doubt that he is—as a negotiator, if not as an administrator—the most effective Secretary of State we have had in the last few decades. Yet there is here—and probably in other capitals, too—a feeling that he has gone about as far as he, or anyone else, could go by diplomatic means. He has extricated our troops from Indo-China, and while we are still participants in a financial and logistical sense, the troop withdrawals have largely removed the issue from domestic politics. Almost single-handed, he arranged a ceasefire in the Middle East and cultivated the good will of several Arab leaders, but he has, as far as is known, no plan for the future of the Palestinian Arabs, who will settle for no less than national sovereignty and the destruction of Israel as a state, and this will not be tolerated by us or, in all likelihood, by the Soviet Union. The logical arrangement would seem to be the creation of a Palestinian state on the east bank of the Jordan, but neither the Palestinians, who claim a historic right to govern on both banks, nor King Hussein would find this a comfortable arrangement, and Kissinger's powers of persuasion, formidable as they are, would find no takers for this solution, which could be made to work only with outside military force.

In Moscow, Kissinger and the President completed a few agreements involving a minimum of danger, and perhaps some benefits, to the economies of both countries—the deployment of anti-ballistic missiles at only one site in each country, a 1976 cutoff of underground testing of large atomic weapons, and a series of joint research projects in outer space, on the ocean floor, and in other places of mystery. But the spokesmen for the superpowers failed altogether to come to terms on any kind of agreement that might have assured, or might have seemed to assure, an acceptable balance in offensive nuclear warheads. Evidently, there was a moment when Kissinger came up with a formula that aroused a show of interest in Brezhnev, but before discussing it further Brezhnev put it before the Politburo, which lost no time in saying it wouldn't do. (Had the Politburo thought it a good deal, congressional opinion would probably have become suspicious and scotched the plan.) The yearning of both sides for détente is evidently real enough, but it is accompanied by a desire for something like parity of overkill. The cost of a new competition in MIRV construction, according to economists, is approximately equal to the amount that would be required if this country and the Soviet Union joined forces in averting the famines that threaten several large parts of the underdeveloped world in the months and years ahead. But the choice between defending national sovereignty, even at the cost of several million American lives, and saving others besides ourselves presents few difficulties to the general run of politicians. National sovereignty seems always and everywhere to have the highest priority.

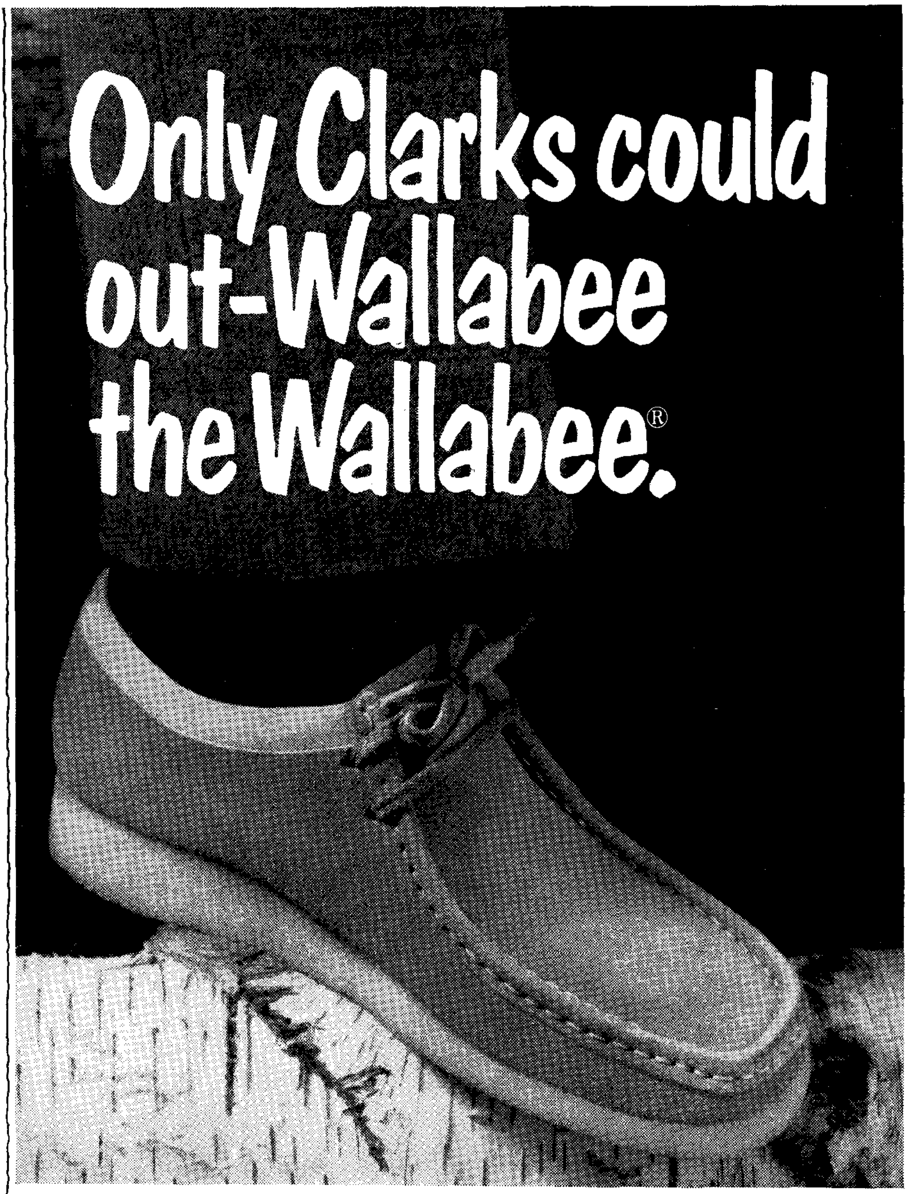
In any case, the future seems to hold few new opportunities for Kissinger. If he withdrew today, his record would still be a remarkable one, but it would not be enough to save the Administration, which is what Nixon's supporters were hoping for when the domestic storms first began to brew. Indeed, it may well be that a time will come when Kissinger will seem as much a liability as an asset. The Indo-China withdrawals were gratifying, but it took four years and several extensions of the war to achieve them, and this is held against the Administration with great fervor by those who perceived the war as unjust and immoral as well as needlessly destructive. Many partisans of Israel are suspicious of Kissinger's attempts at amicable dealings with the Arab states and his efforts to buy them off with technological aid. And the "preparedness" advocates, who are as honest in their convictions as is their spokesman, Senator Henry Jackson, fear anything that is or appears to be a diminution of our "lead" over the Soviet Union.

UNTIL this week, there was a feeling here—buttressed by several samplings of public opinion—that Watergate had turned into a great national bore and was becoming a minor factor in determining political attitudes. But that, it seems, was largely because the investigators appeared to have nothing new to disclose and the press was dwelling overlong on material that had lost its freshness. In the last few days, however, Watergate has once more moved to the center of consciousness. John Ehrlichman and the others charged in the matter of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist have been found guilty and are to be sentenced by Judge Gesell at the end of this month. The Supreme Court is on the verge of delivering a historic decision on whether the incumbent President is subject in the way a private citizen is to the law that the President is sworn to uphold—and in particular whether he is, while holding office, subject to indictment. Also, the Ervin and Rodino committees have made public their reports—the Ervin committee's in its entirety, the Rodino committee's mainly on matters no longer under study. There is too much in both to have been thoroughly digested thus far, and the committees have been careful not to point up hitherto unrevealed findings. Yet it is clear that the revelations were not complete when the Ervin committee went off the air and when the Rodino committee went into executive session.

In a way, the most sensational news is that broad disparities have been found between the tapes the White House reluctantly parted with and the "transcripts" of many of those same tapes made public by the White House. It is understandable why anyone wishing to conceal the truth or part of it should alter the contents of a document never to be made public. But there would seem to be a kind of madness at work in releasing a falsified version of a document whose original is already widely available. Yet that is what the White House has done. It now seems plain, according to the Rodino committee, that when John Dean first attempted to make clear to the President the involvement of White House personnel in the original Watergate burglary, he was confirming news, not bearing it. Unless someone has pulled a gigantic hoax on Judge Sirica and the congressmen, the President was at work on the coverup and the obstruction of justice at a time when he claimed he had no knowledge of the original crime. This alone constitutes a highly impeachable offense.

Several other such offenses appear to be well documented in the House and Senate studies, and there are probably more in the materials still in the possession of the White House. It is doubtful, though, if a bill of impeachment (assuming that one will be drafted and accepted by the Judiciary Committee) will catalogue any large number of them, since to do so could lead to endless debate and factional splintering on both sides in the House and, if it got that far, in the Senate as well. The Special Prosecutor, apparently, has gone to the Supreme Court not so much in the hope of acquiring evidence of more offenses as in the hope of getting a clear ruling on the meaning, if any, and limits of "executive privilege." If the Court rejects the President's broad construction of the term, it will make matters a good deal simpler for Jaworski, Doar, and others arguing the anti-Administration case. But it is expected that the impeachment case will be based not on a large catalogue of offenses but on a small number of readily established ones, and, in particular, offenses that could apply to any citizen. For even among Nixon's firmest opponents there is a realization that terms like "abuse" and "misuse" of Presidential power, no matter how valid they may be in particular cases, are so lacking in specificity that they could be mischievously employed against practically any President, and could drain the impeachment process of the solemnity the Framers evidently sought.

At the moment, the prospects for both impeachment and conviction seem greater than at almost any time in the past. It is reasonably clear that the President will be unable to stabilize the economy, and that, even if he could, the



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Democrats would be reluctant to render much assistance between now and the election. With Kissinger's help, he has enjoyed several successes in foreign policy, but his failures have been numerous, too, and he can expect little credit for his exercise of American power. It is a moment the Democrats should cherish, and many of those engaged in the congressional politics of 1974 can hardly contain their glee. But the Presidential-election situation is uncommonly murky. In the past, a good deal of contempt has been expressed for Gerald Ford's abilities, but in the last six months he has displayed a considerable amount of skill, and he has conveyed an impression of himself as a man conspicuously in possession of precisely those qualities of character that Nixon so conspicuously lacks. He may not be as forthright as he looks, but at this stage of the game it is the look that counts. His rhetoric may be deficient in elevation, but it is not overblown or self-pitying. On the surface, the difference between Nixon and Ford seems more important than their adherence to the same party. If the Democrats had someone to match Ford, they might have little cause for alarm, but the fact is that they have no one of national prominence to charm the electorate. In manner and style, Senator Jackson is every bit as attractive a man, but his support of the military might lead to mass defections in a party as nearly pacifist as the Democratic Party is today. Edmund Muskie has many of the same attractions, but he, like most of the rest of the Senate, seems rather old hat. Governors are less prominent as national figures today than they used to be, but it looks as if the Democrats would have to turn to one of them to find a suitable opponent for Ford. In any event, they will have to do a lot of searching if Gerald Ford continues to display the skill he has shown in the last six months.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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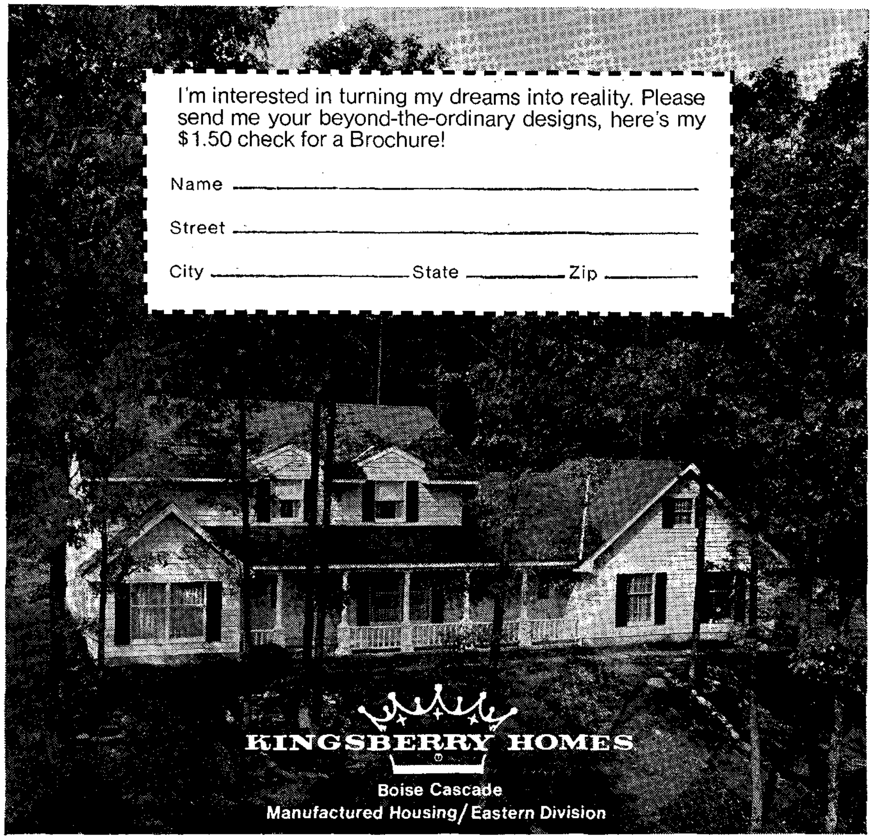

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

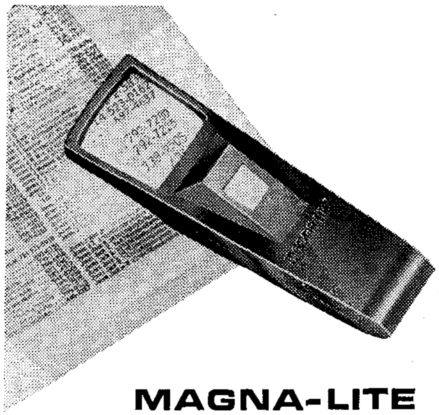
TRAIN WHISTLE GUITAR, by Albert Murray (McGraw-Hill). An autobiographical novel whose hero has a variety of nicknames (Scooter, Jack the Rabbit, Mister Man), all of them relating to a bright and inquisitive black boy growing up on the outskirts of Mobile in the nineteen-twenties. Mr. Murray (or Scooter) speaks a highly mannered tongue—a hybrid of Joyce, Faulkner, and Negro hyperbole—as in this passage: "Because it [a clock] hockey-tock rocked to jangle like such honky tonk piano mallets as echo midnight freight train distances beyond patch-quilt horizons and bedside window-panes." This address is not immediately engaging, and there are times when its word associations and blues-line repetitions tend to exasperate, but it has an undeniable power to draw us on and down into the specialities of that wholly vanished time and place, condition and culture. Mr. Murray's voice is an odd one, but it is admirably and effectively his own.

TINKER, TAILOR, SOLDIER, SPY, by John le Carré (Knopf). There are no tinkers, tailors, or soldiers here—only spies, dozens of spies. But this is not much more a spy story than "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus' " is a sea story. The chief spy, and the hero, is the "small, podgy . . . middle-aged" George Smiley, a familiar in the le Carré opera. The circumstances that form the action are these: There has been an executive upheaval in the British secret intelligence agency called the Circus, and Whitehall has come to suspect that the new leadership includes a Soviet double agent. Smiley is recalled from retirement to try to root the traitor out. It is his search—into the past, into character, into motives, into loyalties, into the quagmire of contemporary standards, into the provocative suggestion that "secret services were the only real measure of a nation's political health, the only real expression of its subconscious"—and the reverberating complexity of his discoveries that give the book its fascination and its excellence. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

GENERAL

THE GREATEST MEN'S PARTY ON EARTH: INSIDE THE BOHEMIAN GROVE, by John van der Zee (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). The Bohemian Club was founded in San Francisco in 1872 as a club for working newspapermen, with artists, actors, authors, poets, and playwrights accepted as honorary members, but then, as so often happens to simplicity in the United States, it almost at once became both fashionable and expensive—like bluejeans. Oscar Wilde, who dined at the club in 1882, reported, "I have never seen so many well-dressed, well-fed, business-like-looking Bohemians in the whole course of my life." Today's Bohemians are almost exclusively men in the top Republican ranks of politics, industry, business, and the more lucrative professions. Its newspapermen are mainly publishers now, and its literary members are Allen Drury and Herman Wouk. The Bohemian Grove is a three-thousand-acre preserve to which a thousand or more members and compatible guests repair each July for a two-week luxury encampment. Mr. van der Zee, who infiltrated a recent encampment in the guise of a waiter, most entertainingly describes the drinking, the overeating, the singing of old college songs, the elaborate amateur theatricals, the whoring, and the dealing with which the Bohemians enliven their stay. His book is only slightly marred by his occasional reminders that many of the campers were his friends, and that he, too, could be a Bohemian if he wished.

KHRUSHCHEV REMEMBERS: THE LAST TESTAMENT, translated from the Russian and edited by Strobe Talbott, with introductions by Edward Crankshaw and Jerrold L. Schecter (Little, Brown). After the former ruler of the Soviet Union was deposed, he was stowed away under guard and never publicly mentioned in his own country. This treatment was particularly unsettling to a man who had long been in the limelight, and Khrushchev's memoirs, of which this is the second volume, were his effort to insure that he would not be forgotten. His successors, the present rulers, refused to allow the work to appear in Russia, and cast doubt on the authenticity of the first volume when it appeared abroad in 1970. The Messrs. Crankshaw, Schecter, and Talbott explain why they believe the memoirs genuine, and they make a plausible case, particularly since—along with rem-



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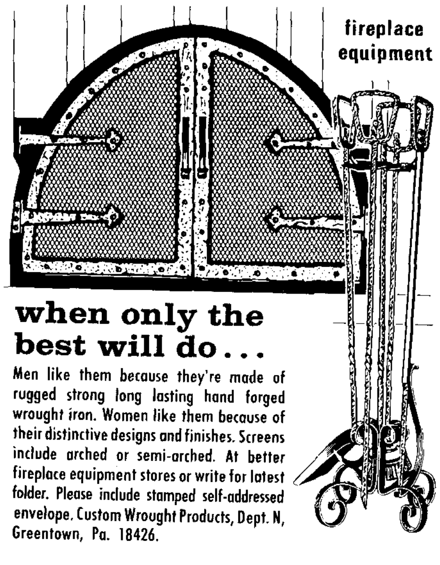

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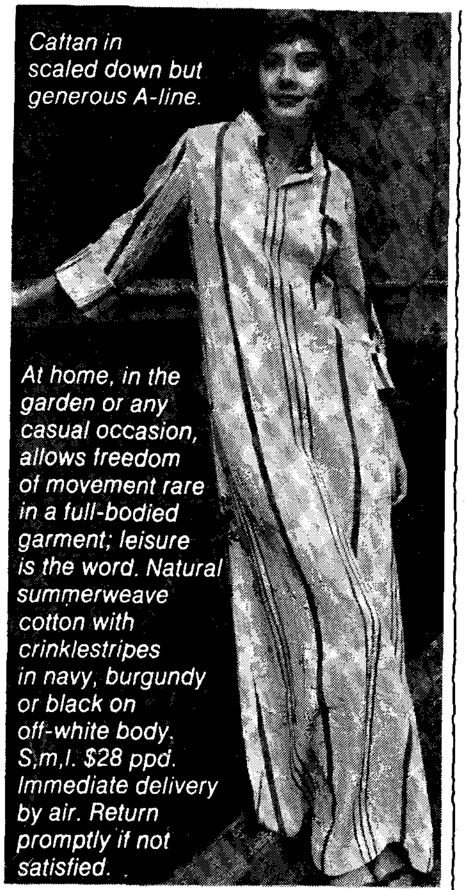
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iniscence, description, and opinion—there is a strong vein of self-justification throughout the book. Mr. Crankshaw reminds us that Khrushchev and his colleagues were not cultivated or educated men, but he cannot prepare the reader for Khrushchev's insensitivity (or is it naïveté or ignorance?) when dealing with foreigners. Khrushchev admires specific achievements he sees in capitalist countries, but it would not cross his mind that the perfection of Danish dairy cattle, say, might argue in favor of Danish social and economic arrangements—at least for Danes, or for cows. On the contrary: Khrushchev apologizes for liking anything or anybody not firmly in the Soviet orbit. He remembers with considerable satisfaction having sent President Kennedy away from their first meeting in an extremely depressed mood. The book makes it very clear that his frequently voiced longing for peace meant peace on Russian terms and no other. Nonetheless, Khrushchev as a man is an engaging personality; he expresses, even in his old age and toward his death, a kind of zest—real gusto and excitement—as he relives his voyages abroad and his feats at home. A Russian leader decides everything—even such minutiae as the dimensions of banknotes—and Khrushchev evidently loved every aspect of being a czar.

YOUNG MR. PEPYS, by John E. N. Hearsey (Scribners). A short, happy substitute for reading the enormous original diary. The author sketches Pepys' background—his family, his education, and English history itself—down to 1660, the year of the Restoration of Charles II, when Pepys, a humble and hopeful civil servant, began to keep his diary. He kept it for just under ten years, until his eyesight failed. That decade was as eventful as any—the Great Plague, the Great Fire, the Dutch Wars. Pepys was an eyewitness to the first two, and bureaucratically involved with the last; he was also a passionate playgoer, music lover, and science hobbyist. Mr. Hearsey strings Pepys' words together with discreet, useful explanations of his own; he has done a very good job on a very great work.

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Another player with a chance to break into the lineup is freshman Gene Mayer. Mayer, a year younger than the normal freshman, is best known for a superb forehead.—*Stanford University Daily.*

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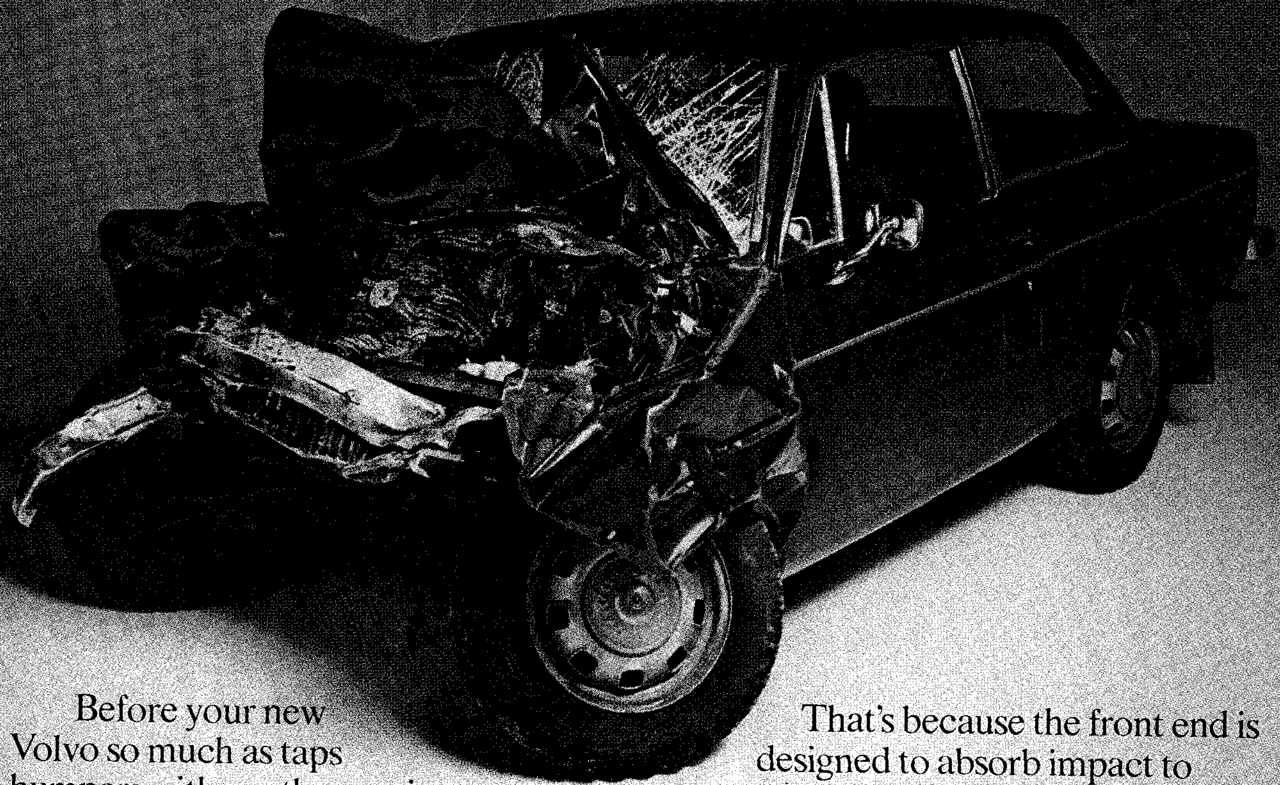

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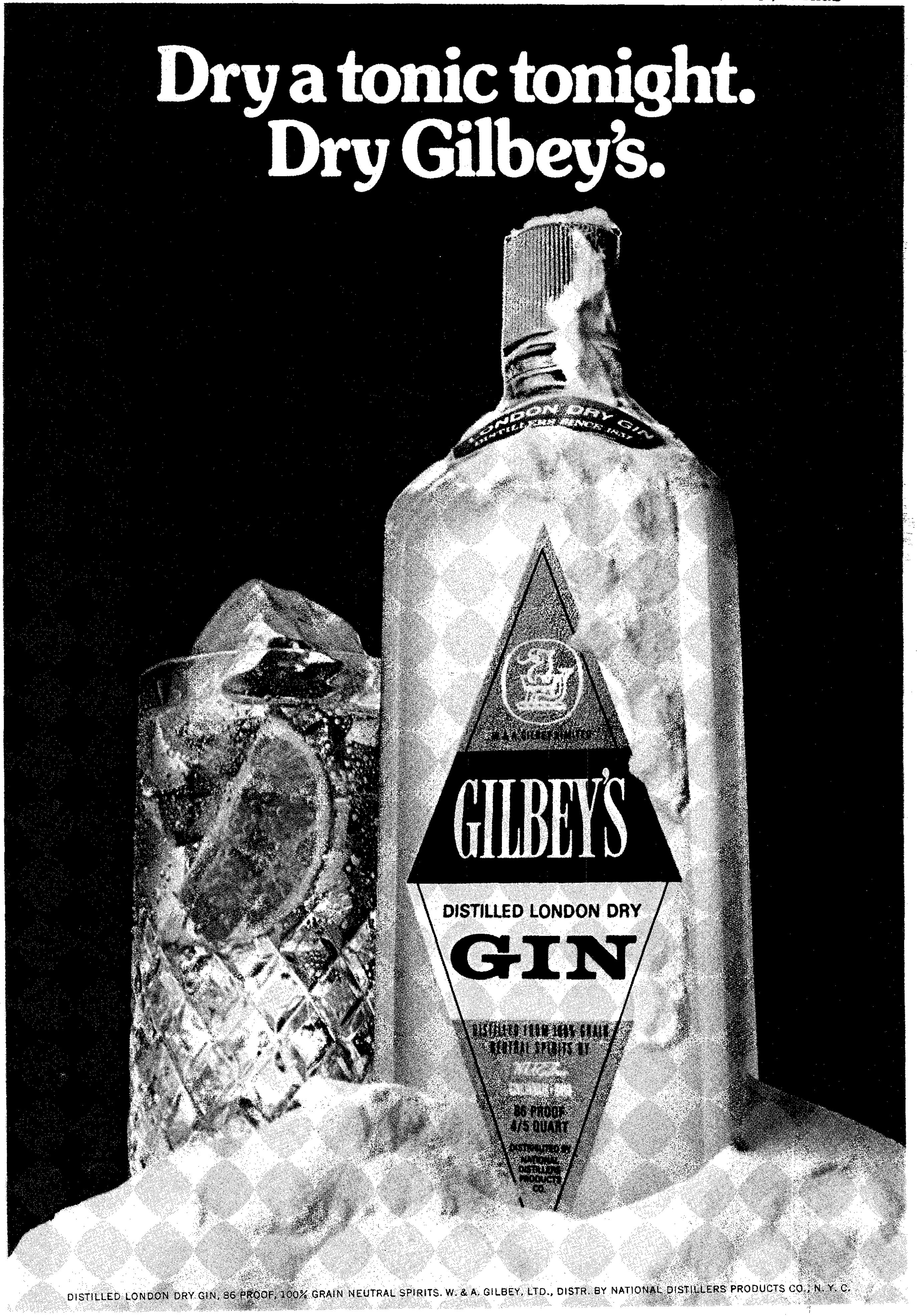
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